JUN 1 8 '57

The Saturday Evening
POST
June 22, 1957 - 15¢

The Town That Lit the "Integration" Fuse

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

KIRK DOUGLAS TELLS HIS OWN STORY

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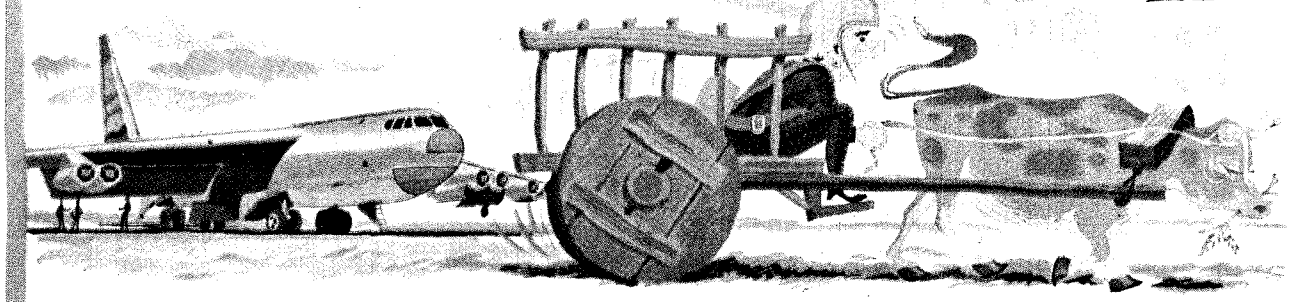
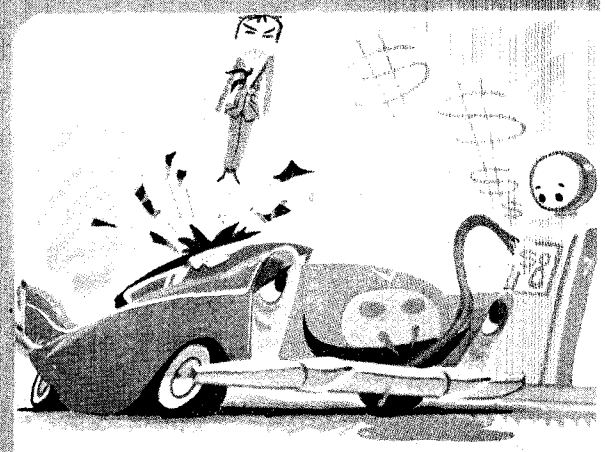
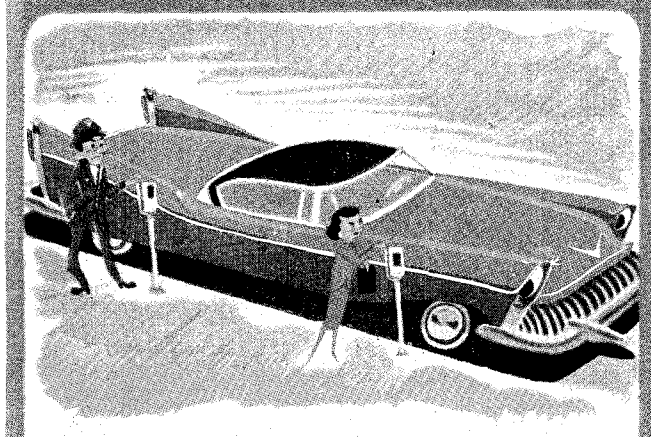
The Jet Pilot Who Drove An OXCART



❶ There was this jet pilot who flew the newest, fastest bomber in the world. But on the ground, he drove an oxcart. That's what he called it. Actually, it was a big monster of a 1957 automobile. It had modern-looking imitation jet-fin fenders. But underneath, the body was held to a separate, flat frame by old-fashioned bolts. It was built just like his great-grandfather's oxcart. It even squeaked like it.

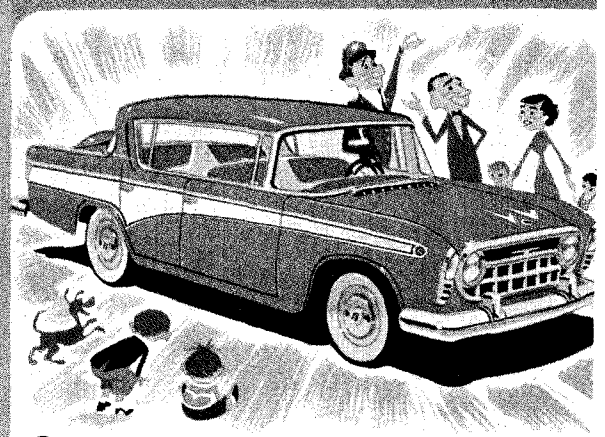


❷ It was so overweight, its engine was always thirsty. It was persnickety, too. If he fed it anything but 40¢ a gallon double-premium gas, it knocked and clanked like a threshing machine.



❸ Its tin bustle stuck out so far behind it needed two spaces to park. It was too fat. When he squeezed it into the garage, he couldn't open the car doors. He thought about getting a cute foreign car—but where would they put four kids?

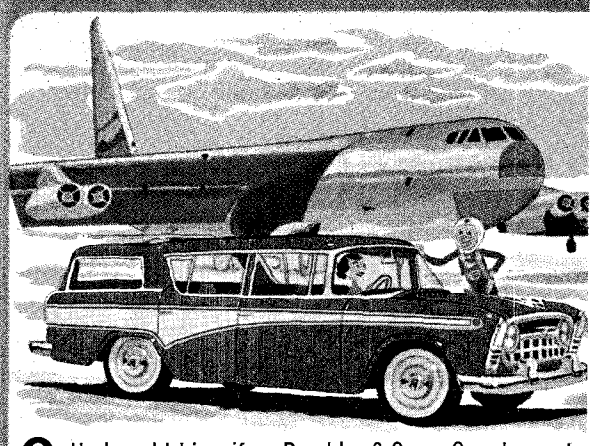
❹ Finally he blew his stack. "Why don't cars wake up to airplane construction methods, so they could have room inside without useless bulk outside?" "Come, come, buster," said his co-pilot. "Rambler has it now—all-welded single unit body-and-frame."



❺ So the pilot and his wife rushed to see the new Rambler. Its advanced, jet-bomber construction was stronger and safer than his big oxcart. It was just as roomy. Yet the compact Rambler turned like an imported sports car.

❻ Rambler even had Airliner Reclining Seats and pressurized airplane-type All-Season Air Conditioning. With Deep Coil Springs on all four wheels, it rode as smoothly as the biggest cars. His wife loved it.

❼ And Rambler cost least to buy! Less to run, less than 1¢ a mile (border-to-border and coast-to-coast economy records by a "6"). With all these savings, they could afford to trade the big oxcart for two Ramblers! So they did.



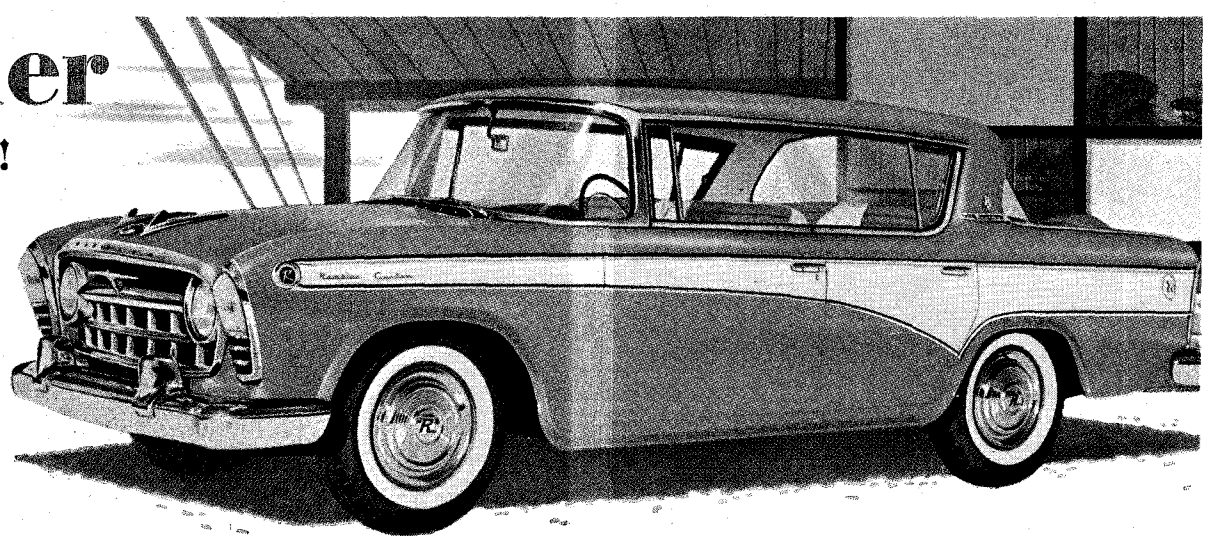
❽ He bought his wife a Rambler 6 Cross Country and bought himself a new Rambler V-8. Why don't you investigate the new Rambler today? Get big car room and comfort with European car economy and handling ease. See your Rambler Dealer today!

"FUN TEST" A Rambler 6 OR V-8 TODAY!

America's LOWEST PRICED ...To Buy and Own!

Tops in Resale Value Too!

Economy Star! 255 HP Rambler Rebel V-8 topped all other low-price V-8's in actual miles per gallon . . . 1957 Mobilgas Economy Run . . . 21.62 M.P.G.



See Disneyland—Great TV for all the family over the ABC Network.

AMERICAN MOTORS MEANS MORE FOR AMERICANS

AT ALL HUDSON DEALERS • AT ALL NASH DEALERS

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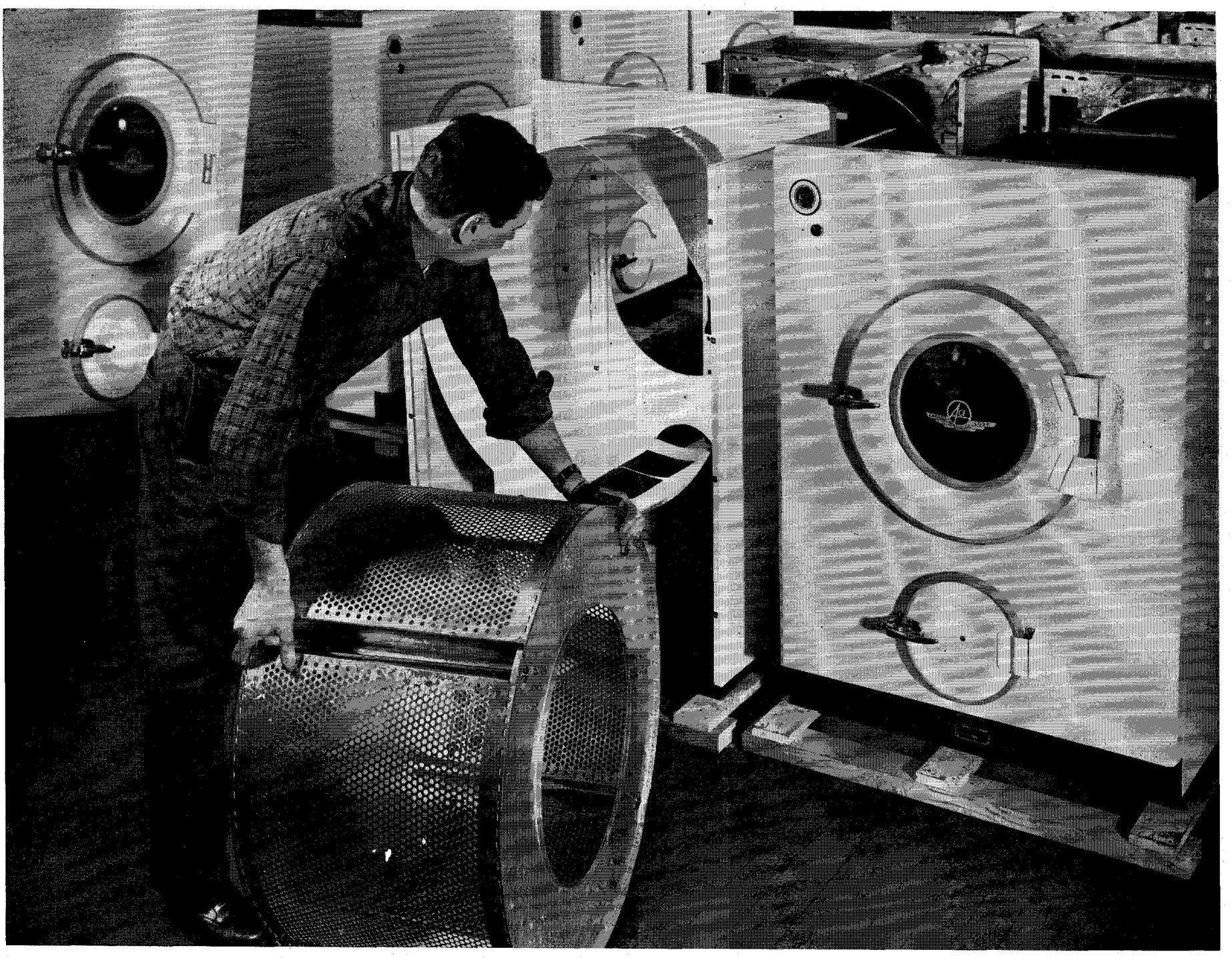


Bostitch staples permit New Bedford plant to assemble dryer tumbler in jig time, eliminate need for costly framework.

Assembles dryer tumbler 50% faster with stapling

To Ace Cabinet Corp., the satisfactory way to assemble tumblers for clothes dryers seemed to be spot welding. Only trouble: it required an extra section of costly protective framework.

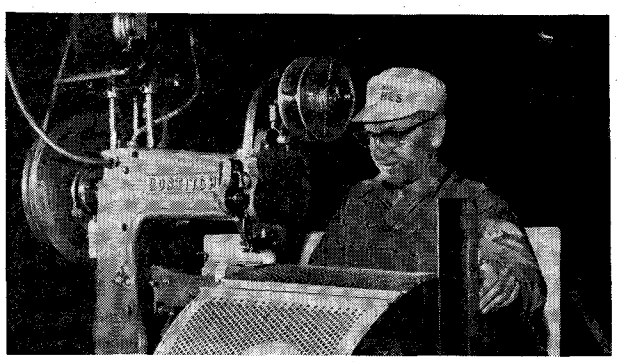
So engineers looked around the plant for a better way. On the freezer production line were several Bostitch S-13-C Metal Stitchers which had successfully replaced spot welding of freezer cabinet seams. Why not try one on dryer tumblers?

Here's what happened—

The powerful Bostitch Metal Stitcher plunged rugged steel staples through the edge of the perforated metal tumbler wall, fastening it securely to the tumbler frame. This direct fastening eliminated the extra protective support needed with spot welding. Furthermore, stapling, the company finds, is 50% faster than welding—a *second* cost improvement where only *one* was sought.

Stapling now helps the company produce lint catchers for dryers, too. With stapling, one man makes 20 to 30 a day. With welding, his limit was 10.

A similar look at fastening operations and methods in your plant may uncover important cost savings opportunities for you. Bostitch Economy Men—375 of them in 123 U. S. and Canadian cities—will be glad to show how stapling can help you. Call your nearest Bostitch office or mail coupon.



Workers prefer the cleanliness and comfort of stapling.

Fasten it better and faster with

BOSTITCH®

STAPLERS AND STAPLES

Look up Bostitch in your phone directory or write:

Bostitch, 406 Briggs Drive, East Greenwich, R. I.

☐ Please send me information on ways stapling speeds metalwork assembly.
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I want to fasten: ☐ light metals ☐ corrugated cardboard ☐ cartons ☐ fabric ☐ leather ☐ plastic bags ☐ wood ☐ roofing ☐ rubber

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Today! A Motor Oil with a built-in thermostat! Adjusts automatically to all engine temperatures

It's Actually 3 Grades of Motor Oil in One

SAE **10** W — For cold starts, it's a light grade oil that gives full power fast

SAE **20** W — For short-trip driving, it's like a medium grade oil

SAE **30** — For highway driving, it's like a heavy grade oil . . . protects a hot engine

Flows freely when cold, yet resists thinning out when your engine's hot
Prevents sludge which makes engines noisy and sluggish
Neutralizes acid action—the major cause of engine wear

NO MATTER where you live or what the season, your engine needs 3 different grades of motor oil *every day*. That's because normal engine temperatures vary by more than 100 degrees, and you need a different grade of oil for each temperature range. But now in Shell X-100 Premium, you get the benefits of all 3 grades.

Let's see how this works on an average day.

7 A.M.: Starting time. Engine's *cold*—summer or winter. That's when X-100® Premium acts as a light oil. Unlike conventional oils, it flows freely to save horsepower that would otherwise be wasted pushing cold, thick oil; and it prevents sludge which cuts down oil flow—makes engines noisy and sluggish.

11 A.M.: You've made only short trips—your engine's only half-warm. Here you need a free-flowing motor oil like X-100 Premium to cut friction drag.

2 P.M.: A long trip. At highway speeds your engine really starts to heat up. And X-100 Premium adjusts again to give you the protection of a heavy grade oil. It resists thinning out.

Moreover, Shell X-100 Premium is an alkaline motor oil. It neutralizes acid action . . . prolongs the life of your engine. And it has special properties which keep valve lifters from sticking.

See your Shell Dealer for new X-100 Motor Oil Premium—the finest you can buy.

Change to the oil in the new white container

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Glory be! School's out and there's nothing to do for a billion tomorrows except nothing much. At least until dad starts getting notions in his head, such as that it won't harm the vegetable garden to hoe it. But shucks, why worry about anything until it happens? So in the azure mirror of the lazy river the ex-students skip stones; and this is done by selecting pancake-shaped missiles and propelling them with an underarm delivery which—but you know all this, assuming that you were young once. A nice thing about skipping is that even nonexperts often can get swell scores; the last hops go dit-dit-dit so fast they can't really be counted, and imagination is a swell scorekeeper. Another nice thing is the loveliness of the land that John Clymer always gives his people to live in.

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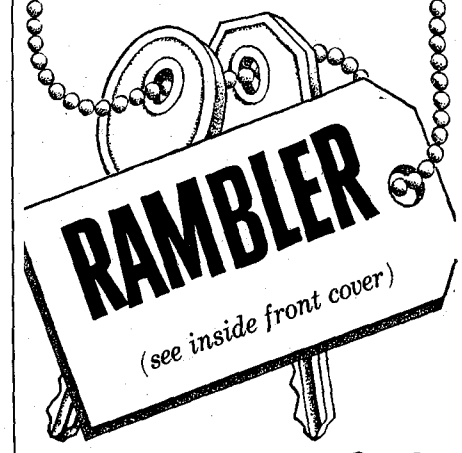

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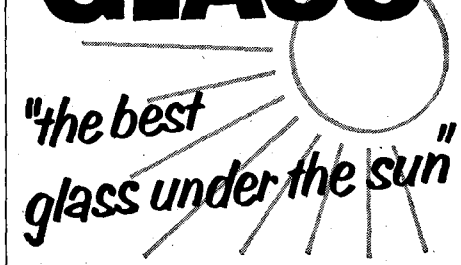

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You'll find the moderate additional cost will repay you many times over. It's a good idea, too, to ask for Solex Safety Glass when replacements are needed.

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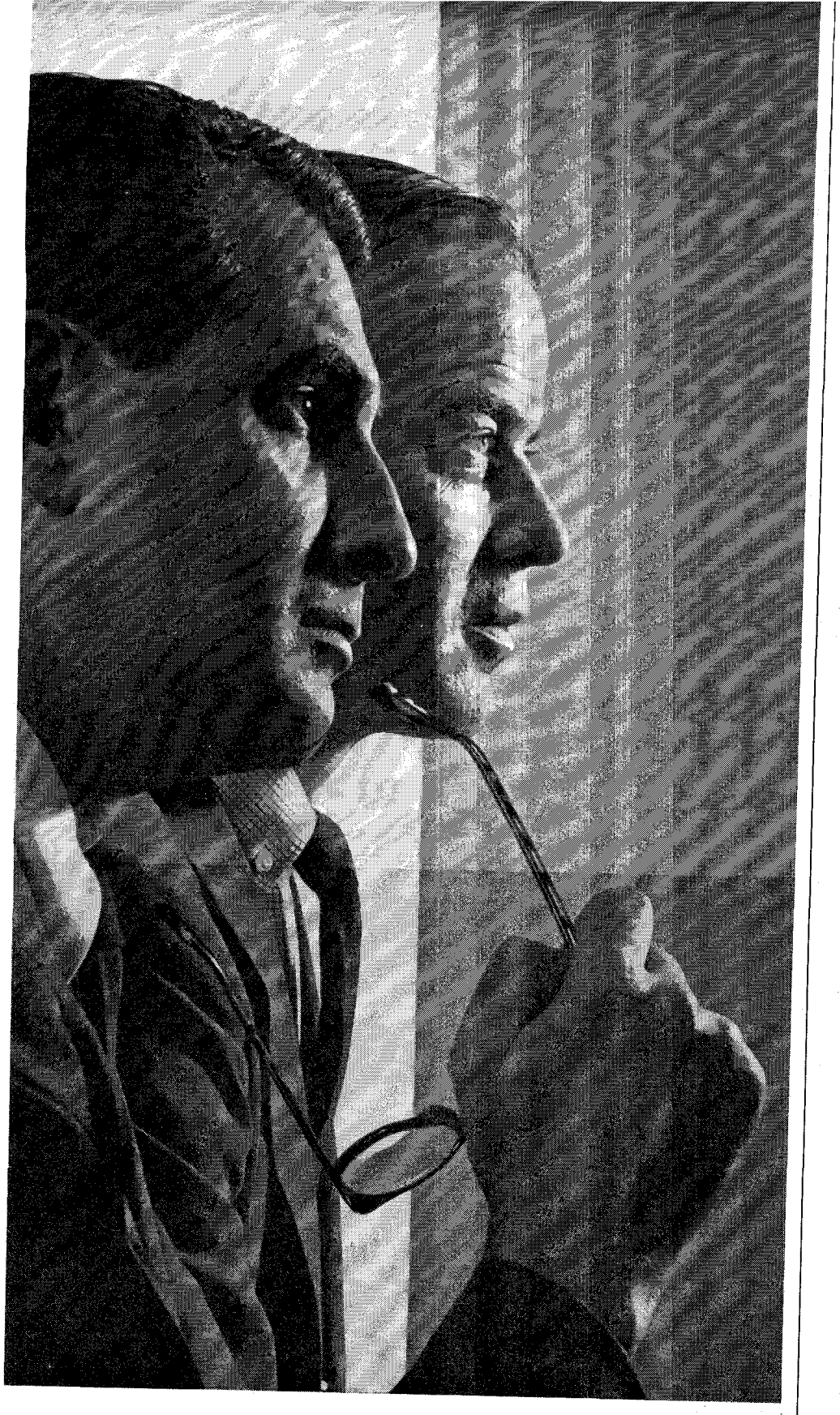

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Select and consult an independent insurance agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer

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Letters

Strasberg's Suits

Dear Sirs:

[In re: THE STARS RISE HERE, by Maurice Zolotow, May 18]

That my husband is or is not a genius, I would not argue with you. That he has made the greatest contribution to theater and motion-picture acting and discovery of new directors, stars and writers in two generations, I would not dispute.

But that he is badly dressed, I will not hesitate to refute loudly. His shirts are from Brooks Brothers, his suits of Italian silk by one of the finest English tailors, his shoes are Italian and he never leaves the house unshaved. I do buy his socks at Macy's and perhaps your perceptive Mr. Zolotow noticed them.

Strasberg (with daughter Susan). Is he rumpled?

MRS. LEE STRASBERG
New York, N.Y.

● *Author Zolotow wrote that Mr. Strasberg's "badly fitting suits are usually rumpled." —ED.*

Last Run

Dear Sirs:

It was with a great deal of pleasure that I read Harry Bedwell's novelette AVALANCHE WARNING in the May eleventh issue.

One could always count on Mr. Bedwell for a top-notch railroad story—his untimely passing left the world with one less great railroader as well as an A-1 author.

WESLEY N. STEAD
Effingham, Ill.

Colonel's Court-Martial

Dear Sirs:

THE CASE OF COLONEL NICKERSON, by Clay Blair, Jr., May 18, has done much to clear away the muddle which has existed about the Army missile program, and its great need for such a program. One important aspect which Mr. Blair's article did not bring out is the fact that this court-martial will point the white light of truth into some dark corners of political maneuvering, lobbying, special-interest pressure groups, conflicts of interest, and arbitrary and unrealistic military-policy decisions. Of course, this is the reason that strenuous efforts are presently being made in certain quarters of the Military Establishment to dismiss the trial and bury the issue.

CAPT. DANIEL J. MYERS
Fort Bragg, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

If the Russians have a better missile than ours, as Mr. Blair implies, it is probably because they have employed concentration of effort as opposed to our duplication, even triplication, of effort.

BRADLEY BAKER
Huntsville, Ala.

Burma Surgeon

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your fine article about Dr. Gordon Seagrave, by Arthur Bonner [THE BURMA SURGEON CARRIES ON, May 11]. I followed Doctor Seagrave's brave exploits during the war, and had wondered many times since whatever became of this wonderfully dedicated person and his band of brave little nurses after they were forced to retreat with General Stilwell.

MRS. J. E. COUNTS
Arnold, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

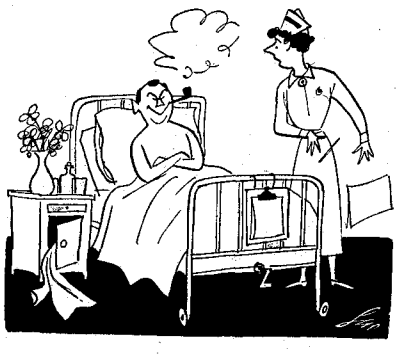
The example which Doctor Seagrave sets through his work and personal living is one of highest dedication and character. Credit and appreciation are due him for the job he is doing for his God and for his fellow men.

GEORGE B. MUSSON, JR.
Granville, Ohio

About Hospitals

Dear Sirs:

HOW DO WE FEEL THIS MORNING?, by Corey Ford, May 18, aptly expressed my experiences and sentiments on hospital visits and the attendant indignities. . . .



I personally licked the problem of those indecent nightgowns by tossing mine into the bedside cabinet. That gave the nurses something to chirp about.

WILLIAM T. TAYLOR
Bethayres, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Ford was in the wrong hospital! Next time he needs hospital care, I sug-

Continued on Page 6)

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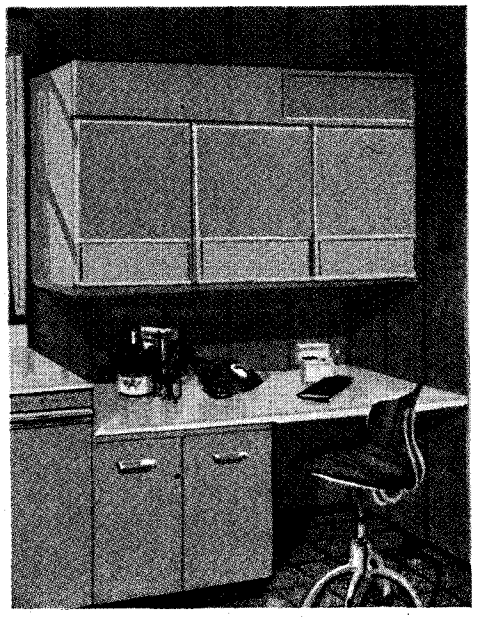
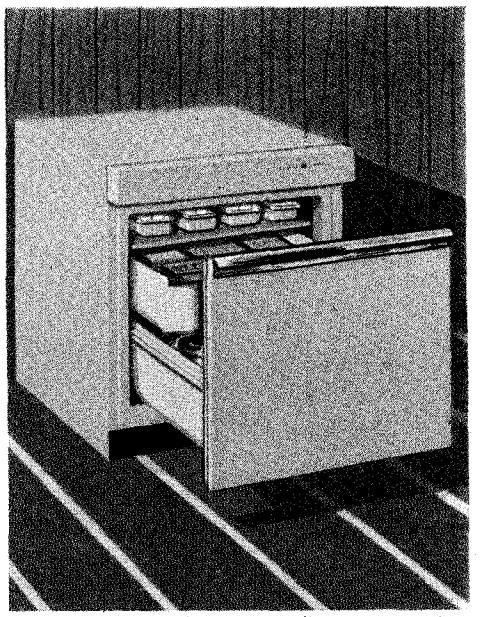
Newest idea in refrigeration

General Electric Refrigeration Center

Available in Mix-or-Match colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Woodtone Brown—or White

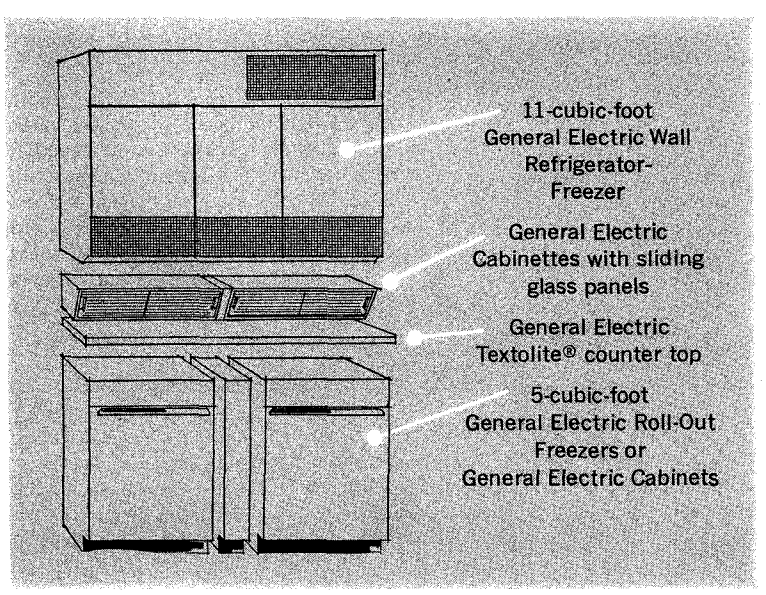


GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER



GENERAL ELECTRIC ROLL-OUT FREEZER

"Eye-level" General Electric Wall Refrigerator-Freezer . . . plus two "Roll-Out" Freezers . . . put all foods within easy reach, and provide 21-cubic-foot capacity



Units are "Stacked on" to give the capacity you need

Basically, this Center combines two new exciting products: the luxurious, 11-cubic-foot Wall Refrigerator *above* the counter at your eye level . . . plus one (or two) 5-cubic-foot General Electric Roll-Out Freezers *below* the counter.

You can choose the capacity that fits your needs. For the large family, there's the 21-cubic-foot center, shown above, consisting of the Wall Refrigerator and *two* Roll-Out Freezers.

If you require less freezer space, you can choose the 16-cubic-foot center with *one* freezer under the counter. Or you can simply use the 11-cubic-foot Wall Refrigerator-Freezer that hangs on the wall like a cabinet.

You can install the entire unit as a dramatic and practical room divider . . . or you can place it against a wall. Your General Electric dealer will be glad to show you how easily and economically this can be done.

Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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now MAX FACTOR

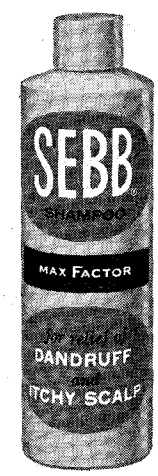
SEBB® SHAMPOO

brings you the joy of hygienically clean hair and scalp

Maybe you and your husband don't wash your hair in a bowl; or maybe you do. But, however you shampoo, your hair never felt so clean as it will now... with sparkling, new liquid Sebb Shampoo that smells like bottled sunshine.

Sebb Shampoo gently washes dandruff and itching scalp out of your life. Regular use frees you of dandruff problems.

Light, quick-foaming, it cannot dry hair. Instead, Sebb Shampoo leaves your hair silky soft, easy to manage, and lustrous with life. Only healthy, **hygienically clean hair** can be truly beautiful hair. Make Sebb Shampoo your regular family shampoo.



Family-size unbreakable bottle **$1.25**

For severe dandruff and itching scalp Max Factor also recommends use of Sebb amazing scientific formula between shampoos. Results guaranteed, if used regularly, or money back. 8-oz. bottle $1.50

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

gest he come to our hospital here in Rutland. Having made two trips there recently, I recommend it most highly for service, interest in the patient and good food. Mr. Ford would find plenty of sympathetic listeners and absolutely no "cold-handed" nurses!

MRS. E. L. MERRILL
E. Wallingford, Vt.

Dear Sirs:

Corey Ford . . . left one point out. It never fails when you fall off to sleep on your own, a nurse comes in and wakes you up to give you a sleeping pill which takes forever to work.

MRS. J. E. MCKENZIE
Castro Valley, Cal.

Muddy Surprise

Dear Sirs:

I knew without looking [at the May 11 cover, by Dick Sargent] that it was drawn by a man. A woman wouldn't have the heart. I've had the exact thing happen to me, and I must confess that I was torn between hugging him and crying out my anguish at the destroyed rug.

It's a wonderful cover though.

MRS. CHARLES CAMMER
Santa Barbara, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Re cover picture . . . that's what comes of the ridiculous modern fashion of designing a fifty-or-more-thousand-dollar home with no front porch—cold, wet, and snow and rain blow into the living room along with the other items depicted.

But isn't he cute?

H. W. S. SOULSBY
Victoria, B.C.

Dear Sirs:

This week's cover was immediately torn from the magazine, framed and hung (just in case I forget how wonderful a little boy's smile is, in comparison with a spotless rug.)

MRS. BERT JODY
Sewickley, Pa.

Ham Lovers

Dear Sirs:

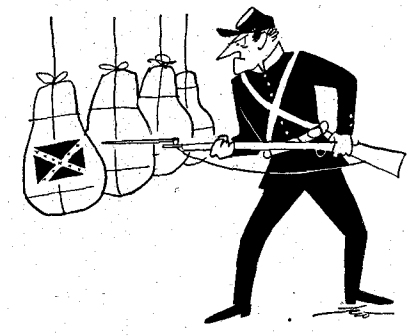
PLEASE PASS THE HAM [by Rufus Jarman, May 18] . . . was the juiciest, completest, and most satisfying article that a former country girl or boy could read.

MRS. EMMA ALLEY
Flint, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Having been a four times victim into alleged goodness of old Deep South country ham, I am positive that Jarman never lost a tooth trying to eat the stuff. . . .

Every year, from the smudge-pot city of Paducah, Ky., to the lovely Shenandoah Valley, the eyes of hapless tourists



are assailed on every side with hanging hams for sale. Best way to be happy is to buy one, try to cut it with your ax, then go to the nearest grocery and buy a regular ham for real enjoyment.

THOMAS B. DAWSON
W. Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

No self-respecting Smithfield ham would be profaned by appearing with a marmalade glaze (see photo, page 41). Brown sugar with mustard and bread crumbs, yes; cloves, yes; honey, yes; pineapple, perhaps. Marmalade, ugh!

MRS. JAMES D. LOOMIS
Roanoke, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Jarman is a damnyankee deserving the oubliette, the rack, the stocks, disembowelment and boiling in oil. Ask any Orange (Va.) County man. Man's noblest dish is Virginia baked ham. Done properly with scuppernong wine, preferably homemade. Time about 72 hours. Tennessee-fried with red eye is only sub-Olympian.

BILL LYELL, SR.
Flemington, N.J.

● *Rufus Jarman is a Tennessean.*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

What heresy is this that Mr. Jarman speaks when he says "Virginians make no gravy at all"? Baked ham is served at lunch or dinner—without gravy, of course. But the breakfast delicacy—fried ham—is always served in a platter of red gravy, *made with coffee*, and accompanied by fried or scrambled eggs and buttermilk biscuits.

W. L. TUCKER
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Wide World. • 19–Jacob Lofman. • 20–Globe, John Springer (Reportage), Gene Lester. • 21–Penguin, Roy A. Jubinville (Globe), Gene Lester, Phil Burchman. 22, 23–Kurt Ard. • 24, 25–Robert Leahey. • 26–Dick Stone. • 27–Wide World, Deseret News, Pat Coffey. • 28, 29–Pat Coffey. • 30–Ollie Atkins. • 31–Bob Hilbert. • 32, 33–Bill Shrout. • 34, 35–Thornton Utz. • 36, 37–Larry Fried. • 38, 39–Lynn Buckham. • 43–Robert Meyers. • 80–Larry Fried. • 112–Three by Larry Fried; Delaware Park.

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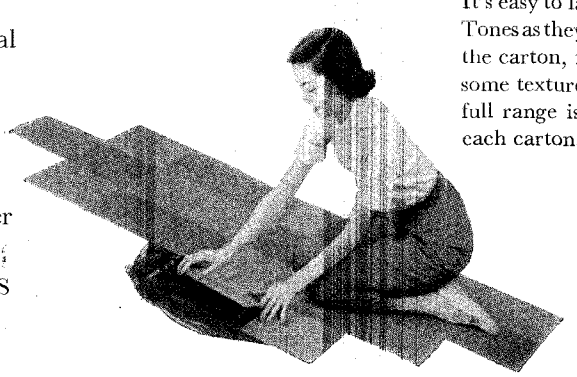
Today's smartest floors wear KENTILE®

Such fascinating conversation pieces as a built-in home aquarium, a copper-hooded barbecue, and Rose Random Tones will make a family room famous! Wall base is Russet KenCove.®

It's new and you'll love it! The textured look of exciting Random Tones in KENTILE *Asphalt Tile!*

SUBTLE SHADINGS OF ROSE, GRAY, OR GREEN! SMOOTHER SURFACE! SO INEXPENSIVE, TOO!

Suddenly there's a new look in floors—the excitingly different Random Tone look! Created expressly to blend with either traditional or modern, the subtle shadings of its muted colors add texture interest and excitement to *every* room! Like all Kentile Asphalt Tile, Random Tones have a finer, smoother surface that makes your floor far easier to clean—and *keep* clean. Just a whoosh of a damp mop and an occasional no-rub waxing keep colors richly glowing year after year after year. Sounds wonderful? . . . it is! Do see Kentile Random Tones at your dealer's very soon. He's listed under FLOORS in your classified phone book. Kentile, Inc., Brooklyn 15, N. Y.



It's easy to lay Random Tones as they come from the carton, for a handsome textured effect. A full range is packed in each carton.

KENTILE FLOORS

AVAILABLE IN ASPHALT TILE • SOLID VINYL • VINYL ASBESTOS • CUSHION-BACK VINYL • RUBBER AND CORK TILE . . . OVER 150 DECORATOR COLORS!

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To r[illegible]ce Accid[illegible]ts

Children Involved in Traffic and Highway Accidents
AGES 1 TO 14
1954
Deaths 4,196
Injuries 146,860
1955*
Deaths 4,350
Injuries 152,250
* Latest full year figures of National Safety Council
CAMP
CHEERFUL

175,000 CHILDREN SHOULD NOT BE INJURED IN TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS!

These youngsters represent a few of the boys and girls already severely injured in traffic accidents. This group is being taught to walk and play at the Society for Crippled Children, in Cleveland, Ohio—one of the largest Easter Seal Centers affiliated with the National Society for Crippled Children.

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get the General Dual 90

The NYGEN tire with 2 treads!

Gives astounding mileage . . . better stability and quick straight-line stops

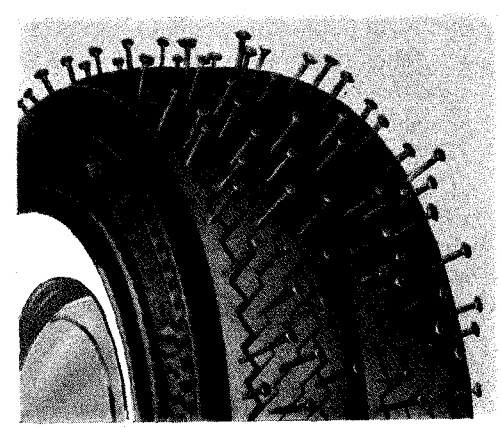
This is the most remarkable tire ever designed. It could not be built with conventional materials. Or with a single tread.

It is designed to last as long as you keep your car and give you a better, safer ride and astonishingly quick, safe stops.

With a strong NYGEN body and HI-DENSITY Rubber the General Dual 90 is the ultimate for high-speed safe driving.

To appreciate all the advantages of the Dual 90 with two treads, see it at your local General Tire Dealer's.

NO FLATS FROM PUNCTURES. Not merely "puncture-resistant," the Dual 90 permanently seals as it rolls. No repair needed when puncturing object is removed.



GENERAL DUAL 90

AMERICA'S FIRST DUAL-TREAD TIRE

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Editorials

Britain's Doctors Weary of Socialism

Americans often complain of the cost of medical care, and there is no doubt that a real bout with doctors and hospitals can all but destroy a family budget. Nevertheless, when an American calls in his doctor, he wants to be assured that the physician has time to give him a thorough examination and an adequate diagnosis, and that he can rely on the doctor to treat him as an individual and not as an item on an overloaded workday.

The failure of one system of state medicine to provide these essential elements in the relation of doctor and patient accounts for the revolution now in progress among Britain's medical practitioners. Thousands of doctors are bitter and feel frustrated in their work. Obviously much of their complaint is on the economic level. Meetings have been organized by the British Medical Association (46,000 members) from one end of the country to the other to protest the low fees prescribed by the National Health Service.

Under the British scheme the physician is allowed an average of one pound, one shilling—about three dollars—a year for each patient, whether or not they are actually treated. This means that a doctor with a "case load" of 2500 potential patients, which is pretty heavy, would have an income of $7500 a year. British doctors, who were assured when the National Health plan was up for discussion that their incomes would not suffer, naturally feel let down. They do their best to point out that under present rates of compensation a doctor is forced to take on so many patients that he has little time to investigate, diagnose, treat and follow up his patients as individuals. He tends to become a mere dispenser of the fast prescription.

The government has up to now resisted the efforts of the doctors to get more money, largely because the National Health Service is already costing the country far more than it ought to or was expected to. Completely free medical care and hospitalization, plus free false teeth, eyeglasses and drugs, have run up the bill to almost a billion dollars a year. Of this the general practitioner receives less than a fifth. This worthy individual, the backbone of any medical plan, publicly or privately supported, naturally feels that he is playing the role of stepchild in the general scheme.

There are, to be sure, a number of doctors who are outside the National Health Service and see private patients. However, their patients, who are paying taxes to support state medicine, cannot avail themselves of the free medicines and other advantages open to those who rely on the "panel doctor." A physician capable of surmounting such formidable obstacles must indeed be little short of a wizard.

Curiously enough, most reports from England, even including those by members of the medical fraternity, indicate little popular dissatisfaction with the National Health Service. Few people have much knowledge of medical problems, and the services of a doctor—however harassed or overworked he may be—are usually accepted by the patient as routine procedure. Besides, it's all free. He probably has no objection to a 24 per cent raise for the doctor, but he rarely rails against the health plan itself.

Perhaps this illustrates one of the basic curses of socialism: that, when enterprise and the spirit of progress have been throttled, these qualities, once considered to be the lifeblood of any civilization, are missed by only a few.

Making a Will May Become a Job for Sociologists Only

Trustees of endowed institutions, executors of wills and philanthropists with money to be distributed after their death are in a tizzy, on account of a recent ukase by the Supreme Court in the case of Pennsylvania vs. Board of City Trusts of Philadelphia, more widely known as the Girard College case. By this decision the high court declared that Girard College, which was established in 1831 by the will of Stephen Girard for the education of "white orphan boys," must now accept Negro boys as well. The court's reasoning was that, inasmuch as the Board of City Trusts, which administers Girard's will, is an "agency of the state," it may not practice discrimination on racial grounds, since such discrimination is forbidden by the Fourteenth Amendment.

It can hardly be doubted that efforts to upset trusts administered by private trustees, which are not agencies of the state, will soon be made, on the ground that equity requires that practices declared to be unconstitutional when engaged in by a state agency can hardly be tolerated merely because a trust fund is administered by a private corporation. And anyway, is a trust company, or even an individual trustee, so very private? A trust company operates under a charter granted by the state, and an individual administrator is an appointee of a court and subject to its control.

Furthermore, if racial discrimination is prohibited to makers of wills a century and a quarter ago, what about religion? May a man safely leave his money for the comfort of aged and indigent female Seventh Day Adventists without having his will set aside on the ground that it discriminates against Presbyterians? And must the maker of a will in 1957 anticipate every quirk of the laws in 2107, by which time it may be considered immoral to bequeath money to anybody not a member of the Americans for Democratic Action?

If a man may not dispose of his estate as he sees fit, a pretty wide breach has been made in our private-property system. As the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, which passed on the case before it was appealed to the Federal Courts, expressed it: "The beneficiaries of the charity of Stephen Girard are not determined by the State of Pennsylvania, nor by the City of Philadelphia, nor by this court, but solely by Stephen Girard himself in the exercise of his undoubted right to dispose of his property by will and . . . to say, within the bounds of the law, who shall enjoy its benefits."

What you might call a layman's *obiter dictum* on this case appears in a letter to the Philadelphia Inquirer signed by Michael Perry. Mr. Perry wrote: "As a Negro born and bred in the immediate vicinity of Girard College, the recent court decision should have greatly pleased me. After considerable thought however, I have the gloomy thought that a sane man's will, regardless of its right or wrong, has been set aside."

One need not be a Great Constitutional Lawyer to have a lot of common sense.

Congress Can't Bring Itself to Cut Out the Tax on Dividends

Apparently there is to be no abolition of the double tax on dividends by a Government which is supposed to stand for private initiative, equality of treatment for all and even-handed justice in fiscal as well as all other matters. There is already evidence that even a minimum measure of tax relief would benefit investors, companies in need of capital and the taxing authority itself. In 1954 Congress granted an exemption for the first fifty dollars in dividends and a 4 per cent tax credit on the remaining dividends. The result was a greater public investment in stocks, partial relief from the need of borrowing by corporations and a larger tax yield.

Some object to relief from the double tax on dividends on the ground that this would benefit only a small minority, which is pictured as rolling in money. Actually an estimated 300,000 investors earning less than $5000 a year were wholly relieved of double dividend taxation. Suppose Congress were to permit a further "grant" by increasing the present tax exclusion from fifty to one hundred dollars and by raising the dividend tax credit from the present modest 4 per cent to, say, 10 per cent. That would be an approach to equity.

Then, the next fiscal year the lawmakers could increase the credit from 10 per cent to 20 per cent. As a precedent for such "liberality," our neighbor to the north, Canada, allows a 20 per cent credit and there is some talk of abolishing the discriminatory double tax altogether.

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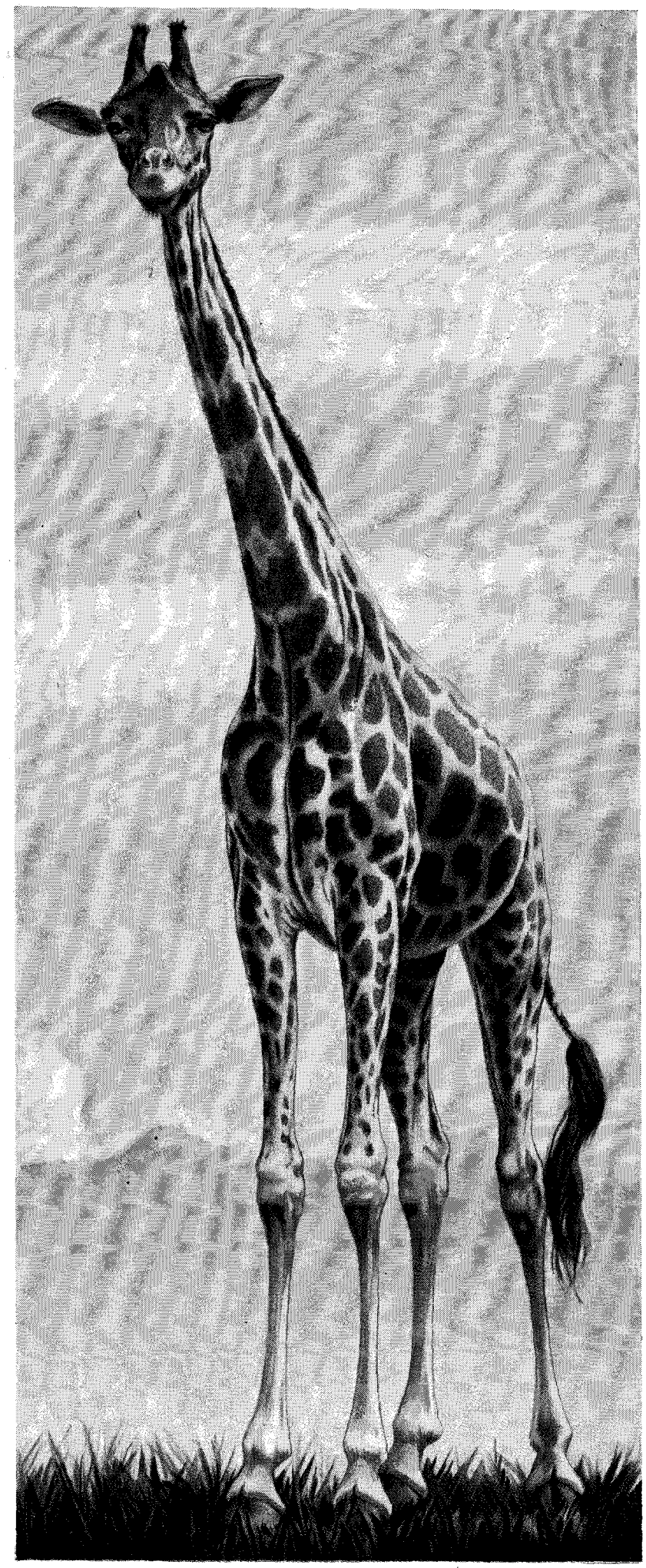
What do giraffes have to do with High Blood Pressure?



IN ITS SEARCH for more knowledge about baffling diseases, medical science takes some strange turns. For example, doctors have gone to Africa to study the blood pressure of giraffes.

They found that it takes an unusually high pressure to pump blood from the giraffe's heart to his brain—a distance of some 14 to 15 feet. Yet, its heart and blood vessels are not under strain.

Doctors are trying to learn more about how this is accomplished for it could shed new light on the disorder affecting an estimated 6 million Americans—high blood pressure or hypertension.

This condition causes certain of the smallest blood vessels to tighten up and make the heart work harder to maintain the flow of blood through the body. Fortunately, most cases of hypertension can be helped by proper treatment.

This condition can often be controlled simply by relieving day-to-day emotional stresses . . . worry, tension and "drive" . . . which push blood pressure up and tend to keep it excessively elevated.

If you have hypertension, your doctor may suggest a way of life especially adapted to your needs. Among other things, he will probably recommend—

1. Plenty of rest, including a short daily nap and 8 to 9 hours of sleep every night, since blood pressure usually falls during rest.

2. Avoidance of fatigue. If you stop short of tiredness, you can accomplish more in the long run and also overcome the tenseness and irritability that come with fatigue.

3. Weight control. This is an important factor in treating, and possibly *preventing*, hypertension. In fact, hypertension is four times as common in overweight men as in those who are underweight. Remember that most overweight comes from overeating.

If changes in living habits do not control this disorder, then other treatments . . . including medicines, special diets or surgery . . . may be used.

Hypertension is usually more easily controlled when discovered early. This emphasizes the importance of periodic health examinations for *everyone.* Those who have reached middle age, are overweight, or whose parents or close relatives had elevated blood pressure should be especially watchful.

When hypertension is diagnosed, a patient should continue to see the doctor regularly. Then possible complications can be prevented, postponed or, if they occur, treated promptly.

But those who go ahead with less speed and less worry usually have the best chance to live long and usefully, despite high blood pressure.

Other helpful and encouraging facts about hypertension are given in Metropolitan's booklet, "Your Heart." Return the coupon for your free copy.

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Please send me Metropolitan's free booklet, "*Your Heart,*" 7-57-E

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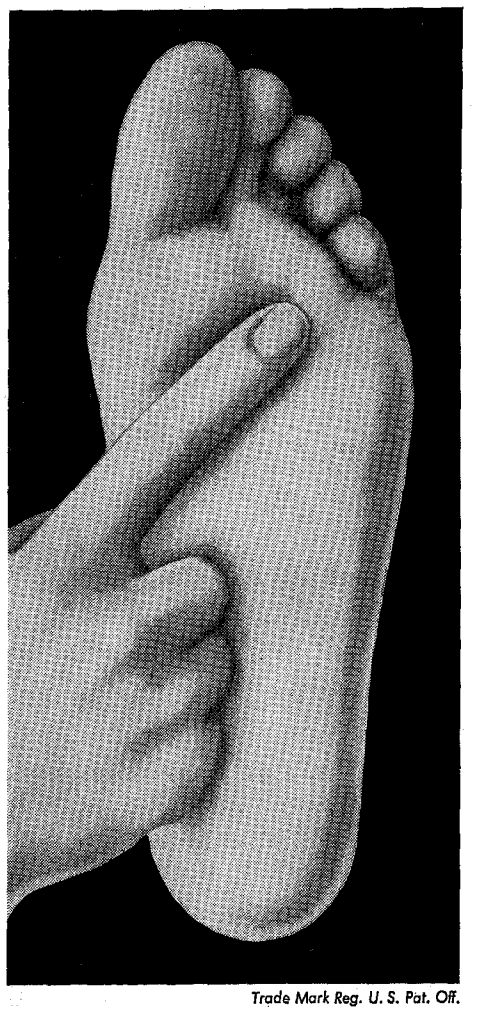
Dr Scholl's

The Name That Means Foot Relief!

World's Largest-Selling Aids For The Feet



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

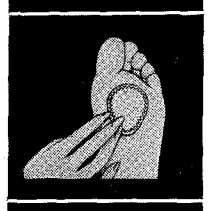
Pain-lined faces . . . ruined dispositions . . . worn nerves . . . tired, aching feeling . . . pains in parts of the body remote from the feet—these are some of the ill-effects foot troubles can cause. Don't pay dearly for something so needless when quick relief can be yours—whatever common foot or leg ailment you may have!

Get relief *this week*—during Dr. Scholl's FOOT COMFORT WEEK. Drug, 5-10¢, Department, Shoe Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops everywhere are featuring more than 100 different Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Appliances and Remedies. Their cost is small. So, go to your favorite store *this week* and see for yourself how easy it is to get quick, inexpensive foot relief. For FREE booklet, *The Feet and Their Care*, write DR. SCHOLL'S, INC., Dept. C, 213 West Schiller Street, Chicago 10, Illinois.

There is a Dr. Scholl Relief for every common Foot and Leg Trouble—
Remedies, Appliances, Arch Supports, Pads, Plasters, Shoes and Elastic Stockings.

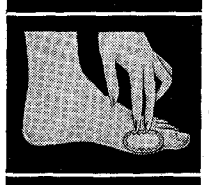
CORNS—SORE TOES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain and *gently remove corns; lift* shoe pressure. Prevent corns, sore toes, blisters, tender spots. Soothing, soft, cushioning. 40¢.



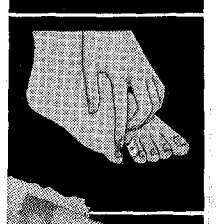
CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, cushion, relieve painful pressure on sensitive spot. Quickly, gently and painlessly loosen and remove callouses. 40¢.



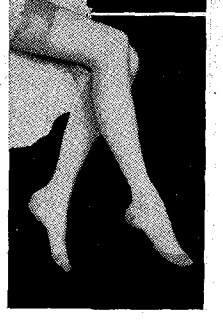
BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for bunions, relieve tender and painful enlarged joints; lift shoe pressure at once; soothe, cushion, protect the sensitive area. 40¢.



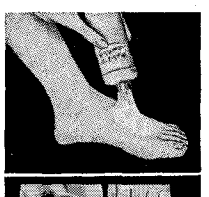
SOFT CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size and shape for soft corns between toes, give quick relief: lift painful pressure and *gently, speedily remove* soft corns. 40¢.



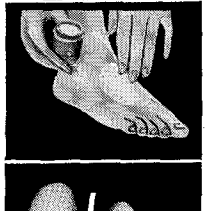
VARICOSE VEINS, TIRED LEGS

***Dr. Scholl's Super-Sheer* Elastic Stockings** — nylon, full-fashioned, full footed. So sheer, they look like regular nylons. No overhose needed. Give comfortable, uniform support to varicose veins, tired, aching legs, leg cramps. Help prevent leg trouble during pregnancy. Colors: French Nude, White and Black. All sizes, $12.95 pair.



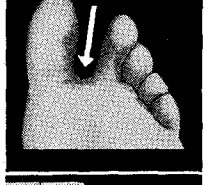
TENDER, HOT FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, *sensitive feet. Soothes* irritated skin. Eases new or tight shoes. Helps prevent infection of Athlete's Foot. 40¢, 75¢.



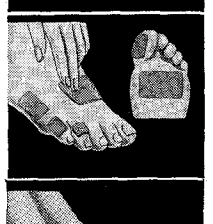
ACHING, TIRED FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet caused by exertion and fatigue. Soothes, refreshes feet. 50¢, $1.



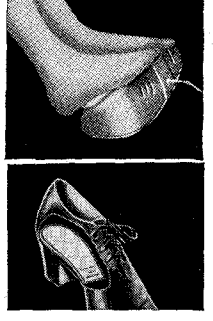
ITCHING FEET and TOES

Dr. Scholl's Solvex relieves Athlete's Foot, itching feet and toes. Kills fungi on contact. Aids healing of raw, cracked or peeling skin. Liquid, Ointment or Powder. 60¢, $1.



PROTECTS TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, soft, soothing, cushioning, superior moleskin, relieves shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots. Cut to any size, apply. 35¢, 40¢, 90¢.

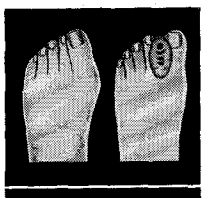


MASSAGE YOUR FEET

Dr. Scholl's Electric Foot Massager gives you the benefits of professional-like massage while you relax at home. Exclusive 30 degree angle. Choice of pastel pink, green, ivory white. Model for both feet $16.95; for one foot $8.95.

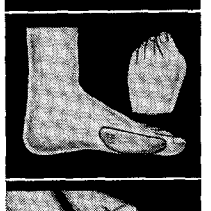
SORE HEELS

Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushions relieve tender heels by giving them a soft cushioning bed to rest upon. Made of rubber, leather covered. 75¢ pair.



CROOKED TOES

Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex of soft, cushioning rubber, tends to gradually straighten crooked or overlapping toes. Very comfortable. Worn invisibly under the stocking. 75¢ each.

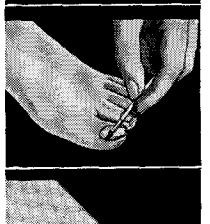


BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer, of soft rubber, relieves painful shoe pressure, hides the bulge, helps *preserve shape of shoe.* 75¢ each. **Leather Bunion Protector,** $1.25 each.

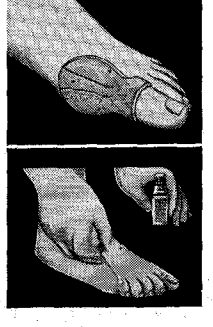
ODOROUS FEET

Dr. Scholl's Bromidrosis Powder *is specially formulated* to stop excessive perspiration and bad foot odor caused by a disorder of the sweat glands. *Very soothing. 60¢.*



INGROWN NAIL

Dr. Scholl's Onixol. A few drops of this soothing preparation in nail *groove relieves soreness,* pain; softens embedded part of nail in skin for easy removal. 75¢.



SHIELDS, CUSHIONS BUNIONS

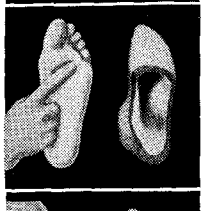
Dr. Scholl's Foam-Ease Bunion Shield stops shoe friction, lifts pressure on the sensitive joint. Made of Latex Foam. Band at forward end slips over *toe.* Sizes: Small, Medium, Large. $1.50 each.

CORNS, SOFT CORNS

Dr. Scholl's "2" Drop Corn Remedy (liquid) helps to relieve pain and remove hard corns on toes, soft corns between toes. Dries quickly. 40¢ bottle.

TIRED, ACHING FEET, FOOT AND LEG PAINS

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise quickly relieve these distressing symptoms of foot arch weakness. Light, flexible, adjustable. Fit in any shoe. Only $7.50 pair.

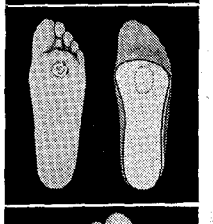


PAIN HERE?

Dr. Scholl's Metatarsal Arch Supports and exercise relieve pains, cramps, callouses, *burning sensations* at ball of foot due to weak arch. Light, adjustable. $2.50 pair, up.

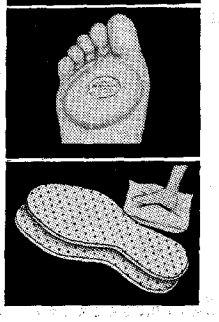
RELIEVE CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Bev-Edge Pads of soft, cushioning felt with new beveled edge, quickly relieve painful shoe friction and pressure. 40¢ box.



CALLOUSES, CRAMPED TOES, TENDERNESS

Dr. Scholl's Foam-Ease Arch Cushion. Cushions the foot and Metatarsal arch. *Gives priceless walking* ease. Made of soft Latex Foam. Only $1 pair.



RELIEVES PAIN, BURNING, CALLOUSES AT BALL OF FOOT

Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot ***Cushion,*** *made of soft* Latex Foam, loops over toe. No adhesive. Flesh color, washable. $1 pair.

LIKE WALKING ON PILLOWS

Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo Insoles of soft Latex Foam, relieve pain, callouses on bottom of foot. For men, women. 60¢ pair.

Act This Week— JUNE 22-29

Dr Scholl's FOOT COMFORT® WEEK

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Whatever the Season

Ponderosa Pine WINDOWS

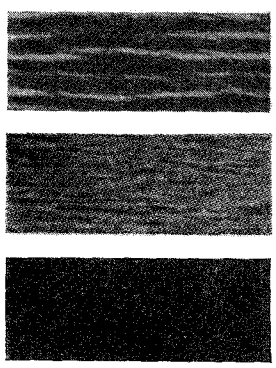
Give you Beauty, Comfort and Durability

Ponderosa Pine casement windows offer you a beautiful, modern way to view your world, any time—be it June or January. Wood windows can give you so much architectural charm and grace . . . weather tightness to keep out cold, heat and dust . . . resistance to Winter's contraction — Summer's expansion. And, only wood's natural insulation keeps undesirable moisture from forming on the frame.

Easy to operate . . . these complete window units are preservative treated for long life. Ponderosa Pine Windows can't rust, nor can they be affected by corrosive elements.

Choose one of the many wonderful Ponderosa Pine Window styles for a housetime of carefree living.

(Note the warm, lovely character and texture of the companion Ponderosa Pine Louver Doors).



Only the versatility of wood allows you to finish or refinish at any time with STAIN, PAINT, VARNISH OR WAX.

QUALITY FABRICATOR APPROVED NO. 000 — American WOOD WINDOW Institute — CONFORMS - UNITED STATES COML STND-205-56

YOUR GUIDE TO WINDOW QUALITY

The American Wood Window Institute Seal on windows is your guarantee that they conform to U. S. Dept. of Commerce Standards and are:

- Correctly designed
- Properly constructed
- Preservative treated
- Made from carefully selected kiln-dried lumber
- Properly balanced
- Efficiently weather-stripped

SEE YOUR ARCHITECT, BUILDER, OR LUMBER DEALER

for Ponderosa Pine windows; panel, louver and combination doors; entrances, moulding and trim. You get advanced styling and precision manufacturing in these "Beauty Spots" which are all available for quick, easy installation.

Ponderosa Pine WOODWORK

PONDEROSA PINE WOODWORK, 39 South La Salle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois
An association of Western Pine producers and Woodwork manufacturers.

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Air Cargo includes almost anything from small but precious packages—vaccine and whole human blood, for instance—to bulk shipments including even heavy machinery. Much of what we wear, what we eat, and what we read is newer, fresher, more attractive, and more easily available because of air transportation. Hundreds of tons of cargo are aloft at this minute, in air freighters and passenger airliners. Efficient air freight service is just one example of the many benefits we derive from aviation.

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What does Aviation mean to you?

To millions of Americans, modern aviation is bringing benefits of better living, faster transportation, and greater national security.

For today's travelers, it has opened opportunities never before possible. A network of airlines links 544 cities and towns throughout the nation, and brings any place in the world within hours of air travelers wherever they may live.

But whether or not an American travels—he benefits from aviation. Air cargo, for example, makes important contributions to better living throughout the nation. Last year, commercial airplanes carried 670 million ton-miles of freight of every kind—mail, express, foodstuffs, medicines, latest fashions and publications . . . even heavy machinery. Air cargo has grown about five-fold in the last 10 years alone, and its major period of growth is still to come.

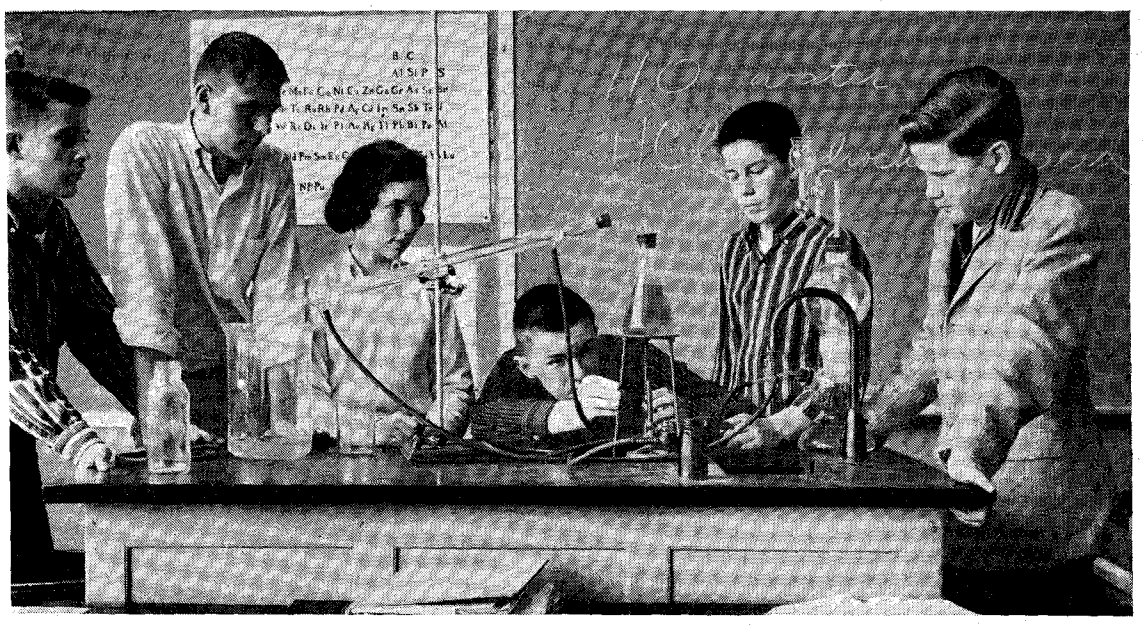
In other ways, aviation contributes substantially to the wealth and prosperity of America. Just one example is the aviation industry payroll . . . now one of the largest in the country. It is estimated at more than $6 billion a year and it is paid to over a million men and women in manufacturing plants, in large and small businesses and commercial airlines in every state of the union.

Also vitally important to you, the U. S. aviation industry makes a powerful contribution to peace. Its continuous achievements in designing and producing the best bombers, fighters, guided missiles and helicopters help provide our armed forces the superior equipment needed to protect this nation against aggression.

Our Students Are Key to Future Greatness

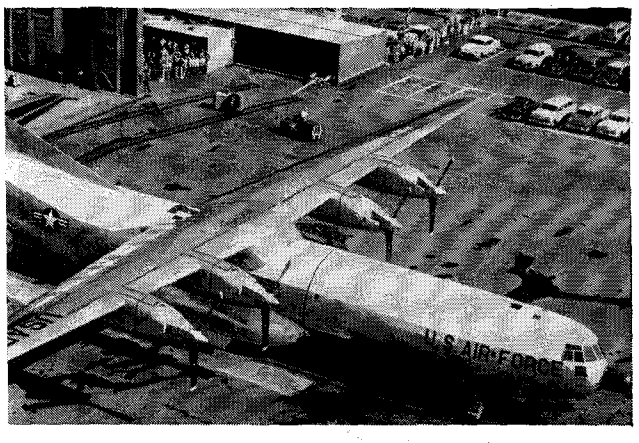
But American leadership in aviation will require more skilled scientists, engineers and technicians. Today there is a dangerous shortage of these experts both in industry and the armed forces . . . and it takes many years to train them. Essential education for such specialists must include mathematics and science in grade school and high school.

Many opportunities in tomorrow's scientific activities await those who qualify themselves for continued and advanced education in these subjects. A growing number of such students can help increase the benefits of aviation to the nation's economy and to military security.

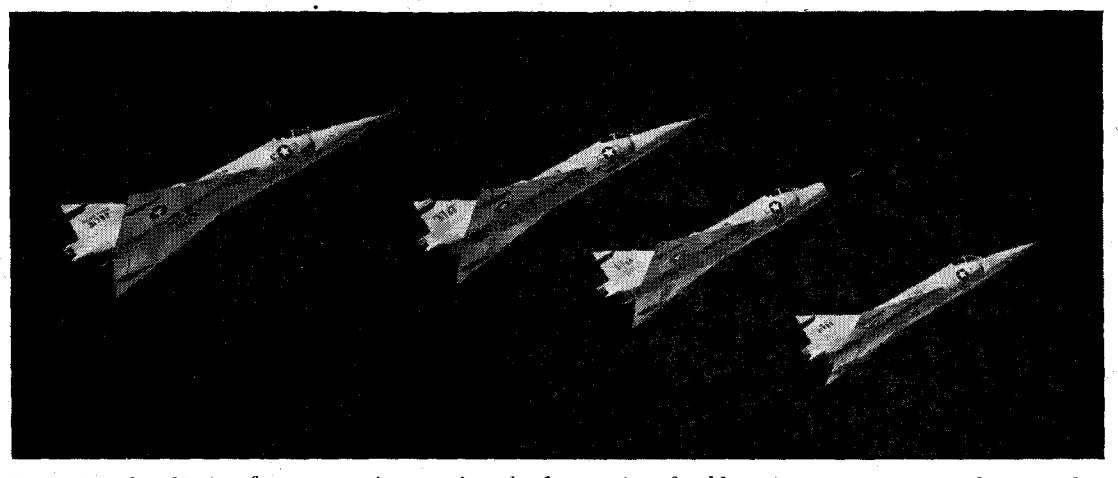


Unusual Opportunities are ahead for young people who will be the engineers and scientists of tomorrow. Their vision and their skills will be vital as our world becomes even more technical. To be ready for the higher education they will later need, these young people must have the right grounding in basic mathematics and science, while in grade and high school.

Big Jet Engines such as Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's J-57 have more than doubled the speed of airplanes since World War II. To design and produce them, Pratt & Whitney alone employs 40,000 skilled people, and gives work to more than 3400 other companies, large and small, who are subcontractors and suppliers.



This Huge Cargo Airplane has turboprop engines for long range and great speed. The Douglas C-133, built for the U. S. Air Force, carries 100,000 pounds of cargo in its 90-foot cabin, hinting at size of future air freighters. Pratt & Whitney T-34 turboprop engines develop 6000 hp each at takeoff.



Protecting Our Nation from aggression requires the fastest aircraft, able to intercept an enemy day or night. Among the most advanced fighters in Air Defense Command units are the missile-armed Convair F-102As, above. A small, lightweight Hamilton Standard air-conditioning unit holds down heat caused by high speeds and electronic gear. Without it, cockpit temperatures could exceed 150°F. even at zero air temperatures.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT *In Canada:* CANADIAN PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT CO., LTD.

Designers and builders of: PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT *engines,* HAMILTON STANDARD *propellers and turbine aircraft equipment, and* SIKORSKY AIRCRAFT *helicopters—for our armed forces and the finest airlines in the world.*

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Faster paste waxing!

Easier paste waxing!

Start right in waxing!

Johnson's new J-wax does the cleaning work for you!

No extra cleaner needed

—nothing else to buy!

J-Wax has just what paste wax needed—a built-in cleaner! The exclusive J-Wax formula goes to work fast. Cleans while it waxes—saves you hours of work. J-Wax replaces grime with a glistening coat of wax. *Tough* wax. *Hard-finish* wax that protects your car in any weather.

J-Wax puts more wax on your car—*leaves* more wax on your car than other one-step waxes. And J-Wax goes on smoothly, easily—evenly. Leaves no dull spots or streaks. You are sure of more all-around protection with J-Wax from bumper to bumper—including the chrome!

Look for Johnson's J-Wax in this new key-opening can. Only J-Wax guarantees sealed-in freshness. It's the fastest, easiest way to genuine wax protection—*paste wax protection!*

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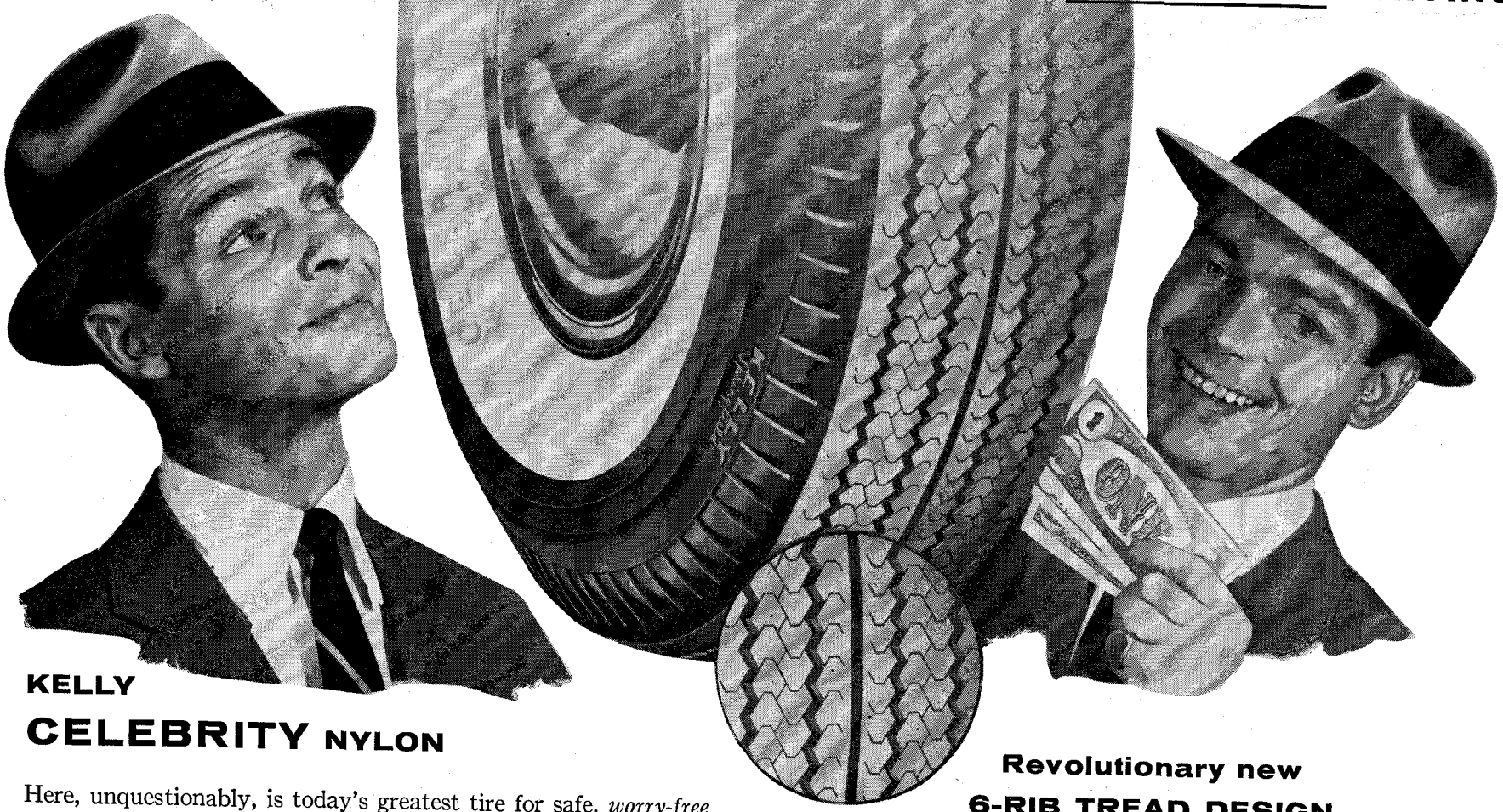
COMPARE QUALITY! COMPARE VALUES!

YOU'LL FIND KELLYS ARE TODAY'S BEST BUYS FOR WORRY-FREE DRIVING!



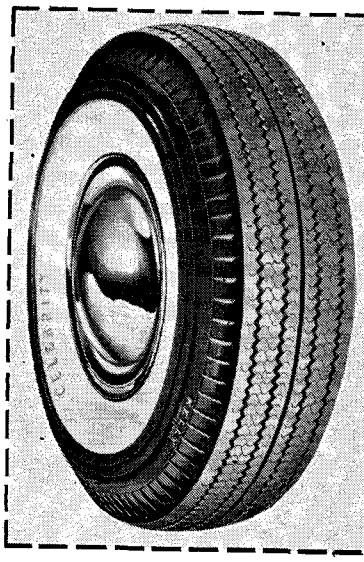
KELLY CELEBRITY NYLON

Here, unquestionably, is today's greatest tire for safe, *worry-free* driving—in *any* car, on *any* road! Its super-strength nylon tubeless body is built to resist the strains and hazards of today's tough driving conditions—and its new six-rib tread gives driving control and safety never before possible. Yet with all the extra service it gives, the Celebrity Nylon costs amazingly little more than standard tires! Well worth looking into! Whitewall, blackwall, all sizes including 1957 models.

Revolutionary new 6-RIB TREAD DESIGN

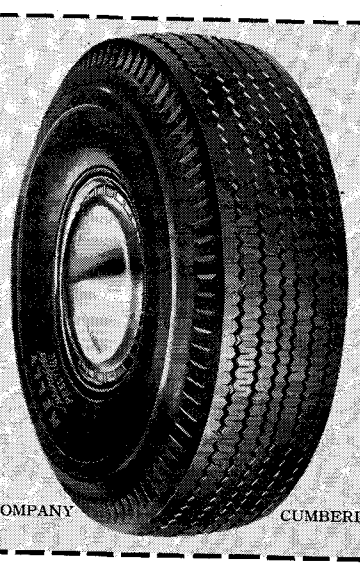
Celebrity Tires bring you the one really new advance in tread design! Wider, flatter ribs put more surface on the road . . . permit unique pattern of over 8,000 separate angled gripping edges . . . give you far more safety, far more control in starting, steering, stopping!

LOOK FOR THE SIGN OF WORRY-FREE DRIVING



KELLY CELEBRITY RAYON

Another outstanding Celebrity that surpasses every tire in its price class for safety . . . long wear . . . durability. Features the famous Celebrity 6-rib tread and a body made of a new, improved rayon cord that is remarkably stronger, more resistant to road hazards! Tubeless. Whitewall and blackwall. All sizes including 1957 models.

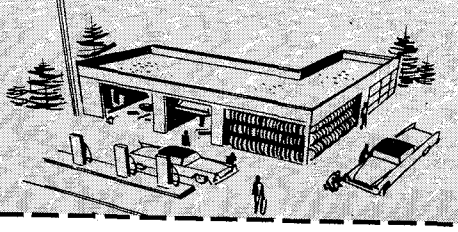


KELLY PRESTIGE

Famous as an outstanding tire for long, safe mileage at lowest possible cost! Has many engineering and construction features usually found only in higher-priced tires, including safety-designed non-skid tread for controlled steering, fast stopping . . . improved rayon cord body for strength and durability! Available in whitewall and blackwall.

KELLY Springfield TIRES

Your Kelly Dealer will gladly pay you full value for your present tires on a trade for safe, new Kellys. See him soon!



THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

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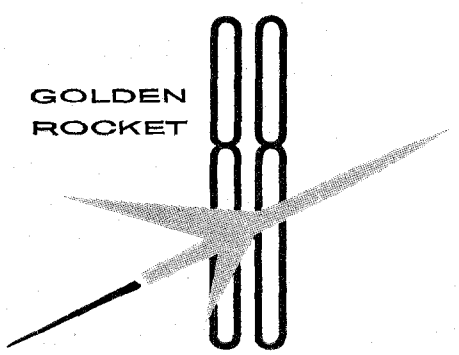
GOLDEN ROCKET 88 HOLIDAY COUPE

For the fun of it . . .



STEP OUT IN AN OLDS!

You're certain to be the center of attraction . . . when you step out in an Olds. For owning an Olds sets you apart as someone special. And naturally so.

Oldsmobile's clean, low-level styling, with classic sculptured rear fenders and lighthearted Accent Stripe—all put the *accent on you!*

And Olds has a powerful new engine story for you—called the J-2 Rocket*. If you haven't already tried J-2, you'll want to soon—it's an unusual combination of economy when you want it . . . power when you need it.

Remember, your Authorized Oldsmobile Quality Dealer extends a standing invitation for you to step out in an Olds, any time. Come on along . . . for the fun of it!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

*Optional at extra cost.

OLDSMOBILE

SEE YOUR AUTHORIZED OLDSMOBILE QUALITY DEALER

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Beware those Phony Stock Salesmen!

Walter F. Tellier (right), a convicted "boiler room" operator, leaves court on April 12 after he was sentenced on a $900,000 stock-swindling charge. Pending an appeal, he was freed on $50,000 bail brought by a bondsman (left).

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

Increasing numbers of Americans are falling prey to a special breed of gyp artist—the fast-talking con man who sells fraudulent securities by long-distance telephone.

It happened yesterday and it will happen tomorrow. It happened to this half dozen people, only six out of thousands. They had this in common: at one time or another in 1956 each received a long-distance telephone call from New York, 100 to 2000 miles away. When they answered the phone they were unknowingly listening to uninhibited liars, quite possibly professional felons. A voice on the phone was offering—and the half dozen accepted—a speedy route to riches. It was simple: Buy this stock from me and it will soon double, triple, quadruple in value. In short, bait was dangled; the half dozen bit. They have paid a high price.

There was G.W.J., of a small Midwestern city. He should have known better. He runs a successful retail business, has a good reputation, lots of friends and excellent credit. In his own sphere his judgment has been good enough to provide for his family a more than comfortable way of life. But he entrusted $24,000 to the stranger who phoned. Fortunately there was a public market for the stock he bought, and when he came to his senses he sold out. He (Continued on Page 104)

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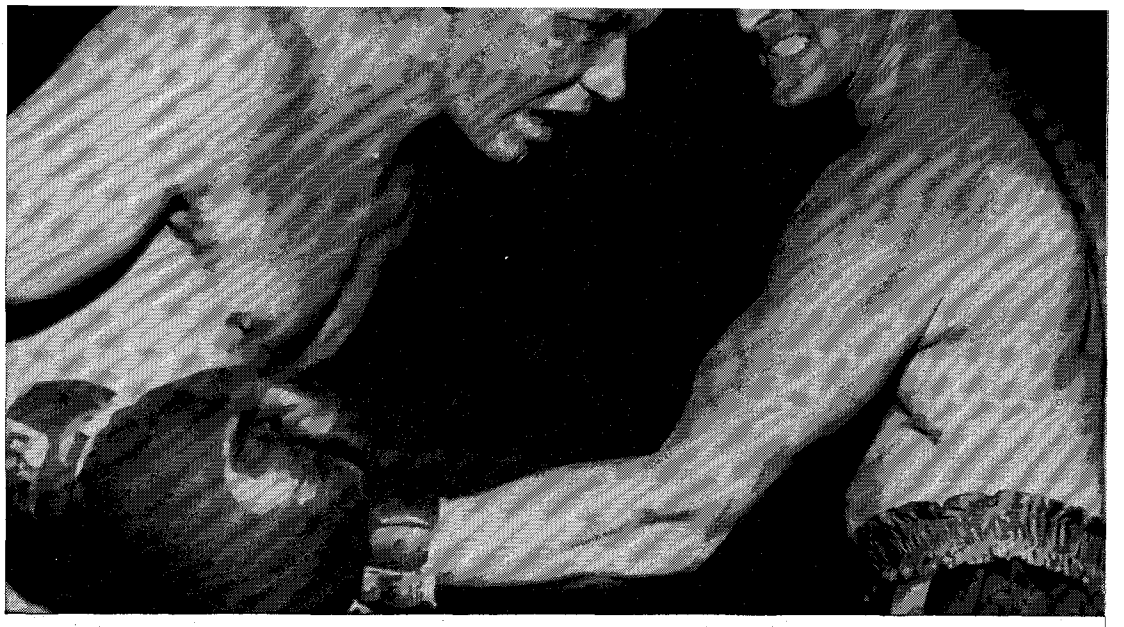
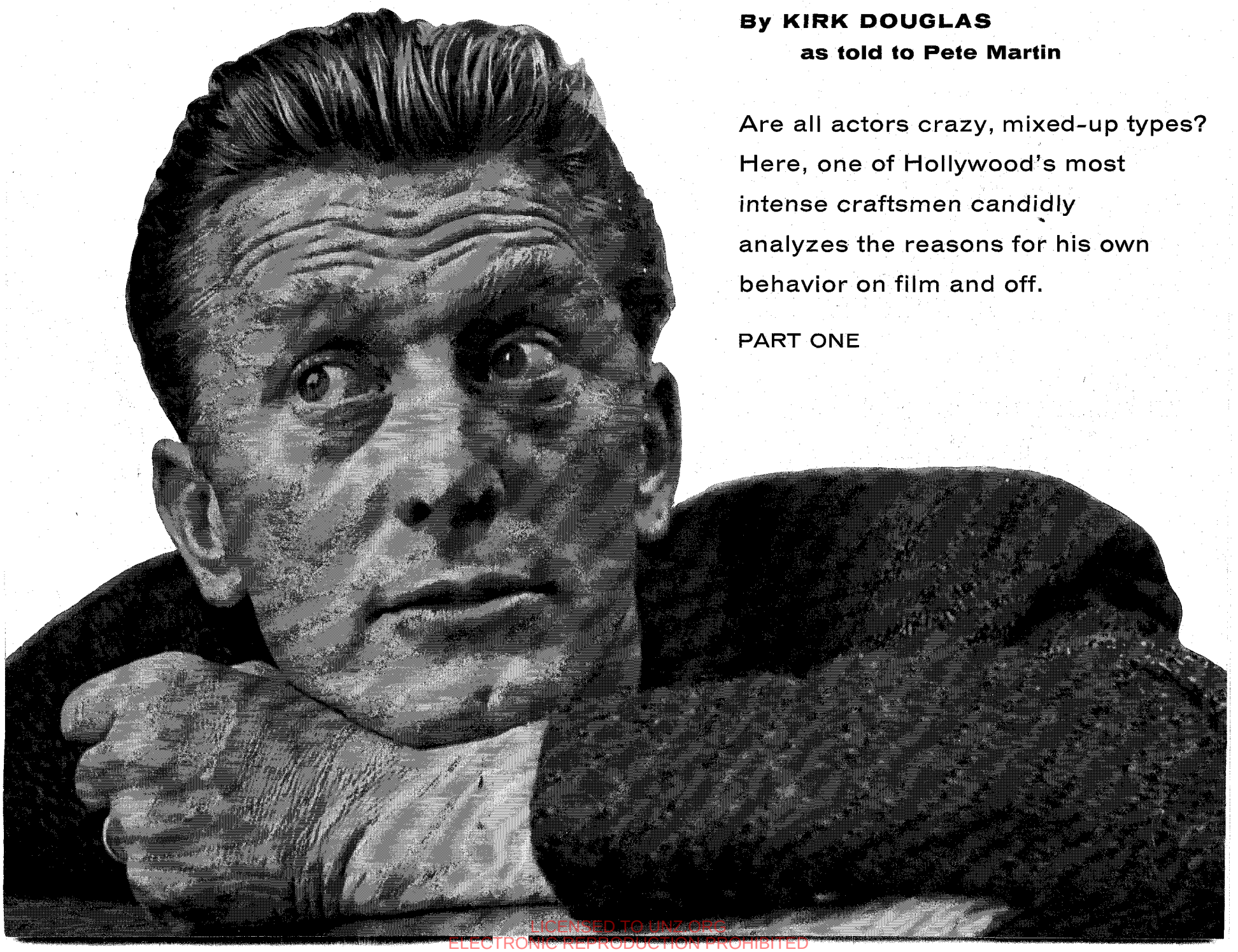
Kirk and actress Gina Lollobrigida. He wore the beard as the mad painter, Van Gogh, in Lust for Life.



"Champion (1949) was the first movie in which I made a splash," says Kirk (right). "When I think about Champion, I think about a guy who put all his money on the long shot in a horse race and won."

THE ACTOR IN ME



By KIRK DOUGLAS
as told to Pete Martin

Are all actors crazy, mixed-up types? Here, one of Hollywood's most intense craftsmen candidly analyzes the reasons for his own behavior on film and off.

PART ONE

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In Young Man with a Horn (1950) Douglas played a struggling trumpeter. Lauren Bacall was his wife.

In his senior year at St. Lawrence University, in Canton, New York, Kirk wore this dashing uniform as leading man of Death Takes a Holiday. He was also a varsity wrestler and student-body president.

Apparently the public takes it for granted that if you're a successful actor you must be a schmoe. There's nothing like scoring a hit to make people hunt for new, unpleasant traits in your character. Searching for them, they discover them whether they're there or not. Then they say, "What did I tell you? He's changed."

Usually the change is in other people, not the actor. As a raw newcomer to Hollywood, I had trouble getting a table in the swankier local restaurants. Now I can get a table most of the time, although I don't deserve it any more than I did ten years ago. What has changed is not me but the attitude of the headwaiters toward me.

The first movie in which I made a splash was Champion. After I appeared in it I was told by a woman columnist, "You've changed. Now you're sexy."

A writer told me: "Making a hit in Champion changed your personality. I don't like you now."

"I haven't changed," I told him. "I was an s.o.b. before I did Champion and I'm still an s.o.b., only I was too unimportant for you to notice it before."

Until Champion was released I was driving a five-year-old car. Then, flushed with glory, I bought a new coupé in what is laughingly called the low-price field. I took quite a panning for being a Scrooge, but I had an answer for my needlers.

"This is not the time for me to drive one of those big, expensive road yachts," I said. "I'll get around to that (Continued on Page 45)

Above: Kirk, his first wife, Diana, and their sons, Michael and Joel. They were divorced in 1950.

Douglas with his present wife, Anne, and their son, Peter Vincent. They met in France while he was making a picture and were married in 1954.

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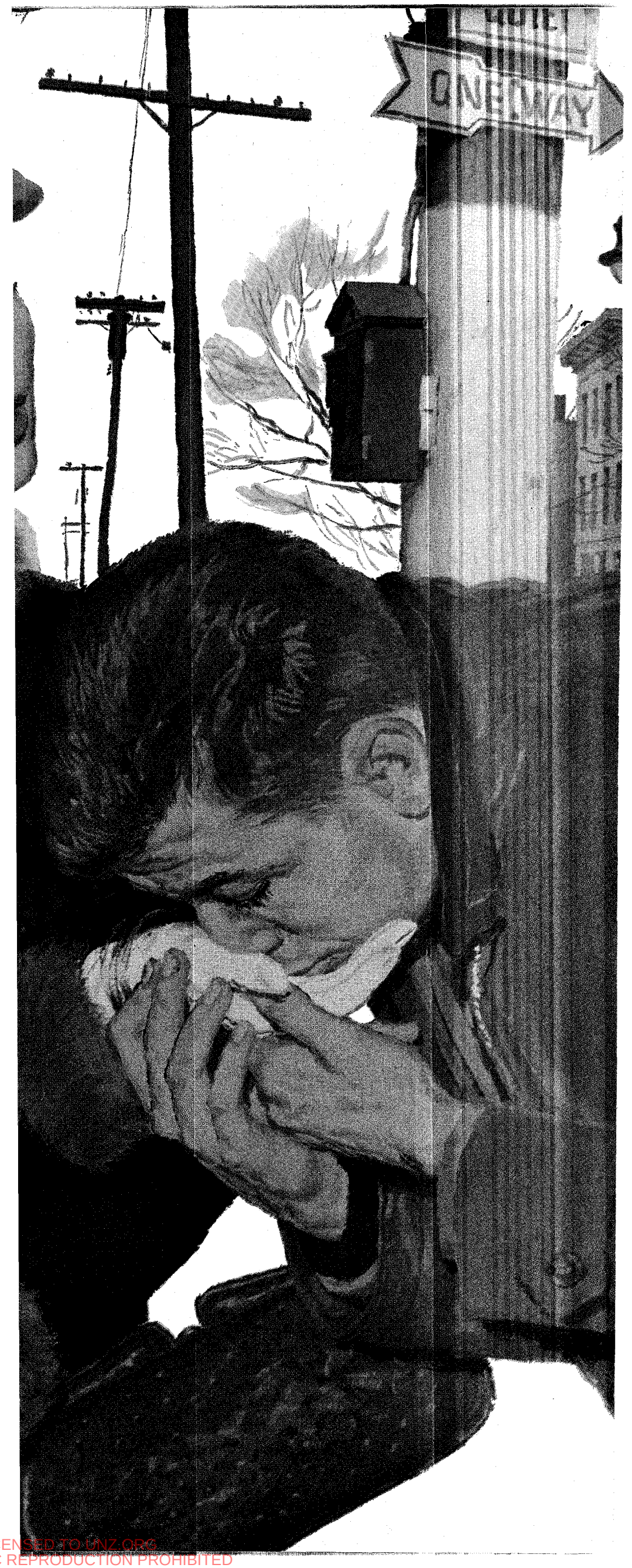

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LOVE WASN'T ENOUGH

Even at the cost of all her pride, she had to find out why he had left her.

By JOHN F. WALLACE

Parker lounged against his old car, puffing some because he'd just heaved in a couple of sacks of grain, and looked at his shopping list. Stovepipe was next. Yards and yards of the stuff. He guessed he'd have the job of putting it up when he got back to the farm; and the thought gave him pleasure.

When he looked up, she was walking along the street toward him, coming from the station, and his heart turned over. She came toward him as she had dozens of times before in his life: as though she were cutting through Rockefeller Plaza, say; or coming along Fifty-ninth Street. She was wearing a gray hat, and the angle was such that you knew that the back of her head and the nape of her neck had to be utterly feminine.

They were. Every part of her was utterly feminine. But it was just one more of his dreams of her, Parker thought; and she would just keep on walking toward him in that hat and that dark dressmaker suit that were so right for the time of day and only a few hundred miles out of place.

And here was her hand and this was no dream. Her hand in a white kid glove, feeling exactly as Parker knew it should feel, the warmth of her radiating mysteriously and strongly from the leather and right into Parker. He was very confused, but he wanted nothing so much as to turn the hand palm upward and place a kiss in it. So he did so.

"Well, Parker," she said and there was no doubt that she was feeling a little upset by all this, too, by the way her voice fluttered in her throat. "Whatever my other shortcomings," she said, "you have to admit that I'm a good bloodhound."

Parker's heart was up in his throat by then, breaking, and his young-old (Continued on Page 73)

Illustrated by Kurt Ard

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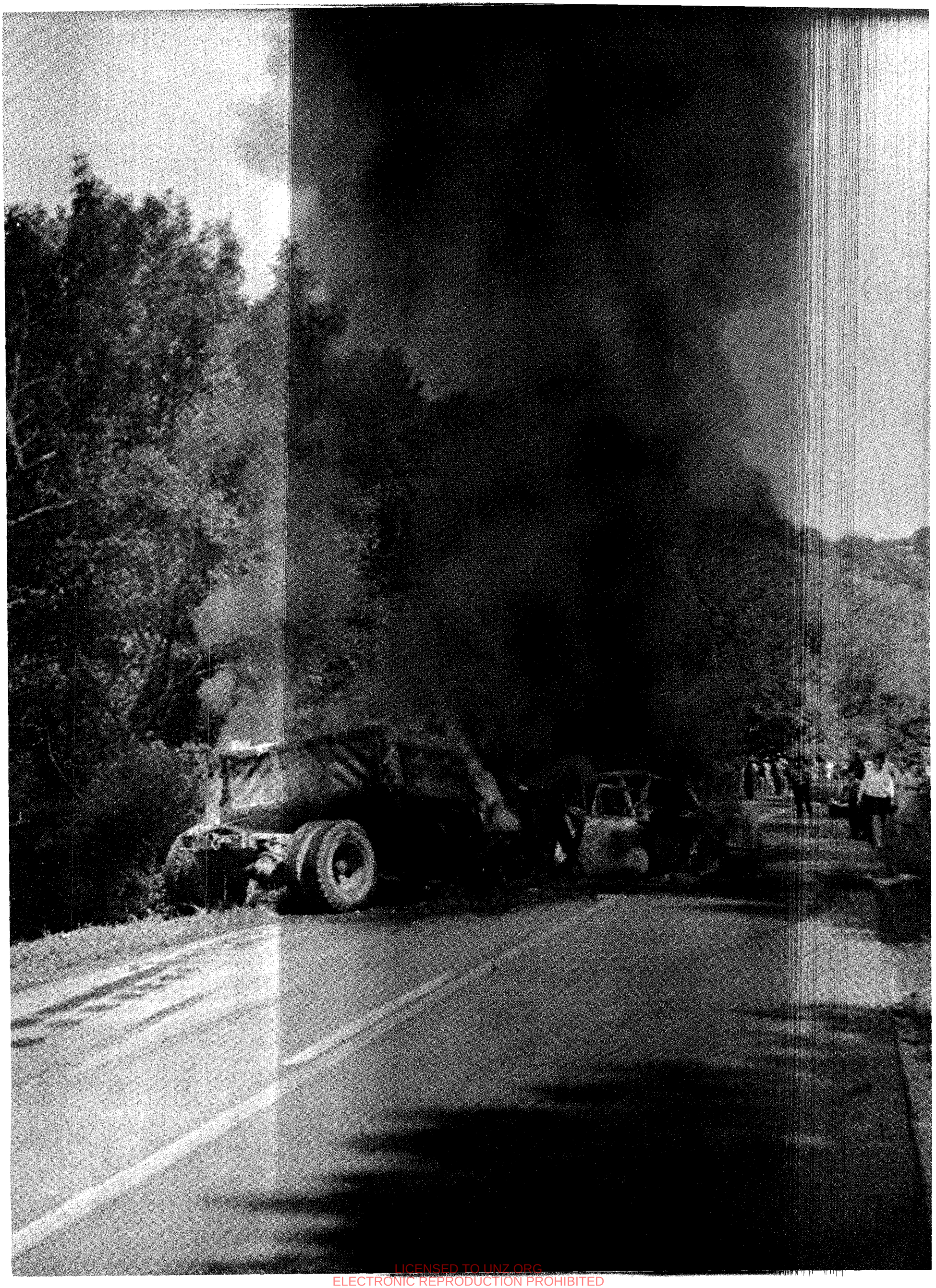

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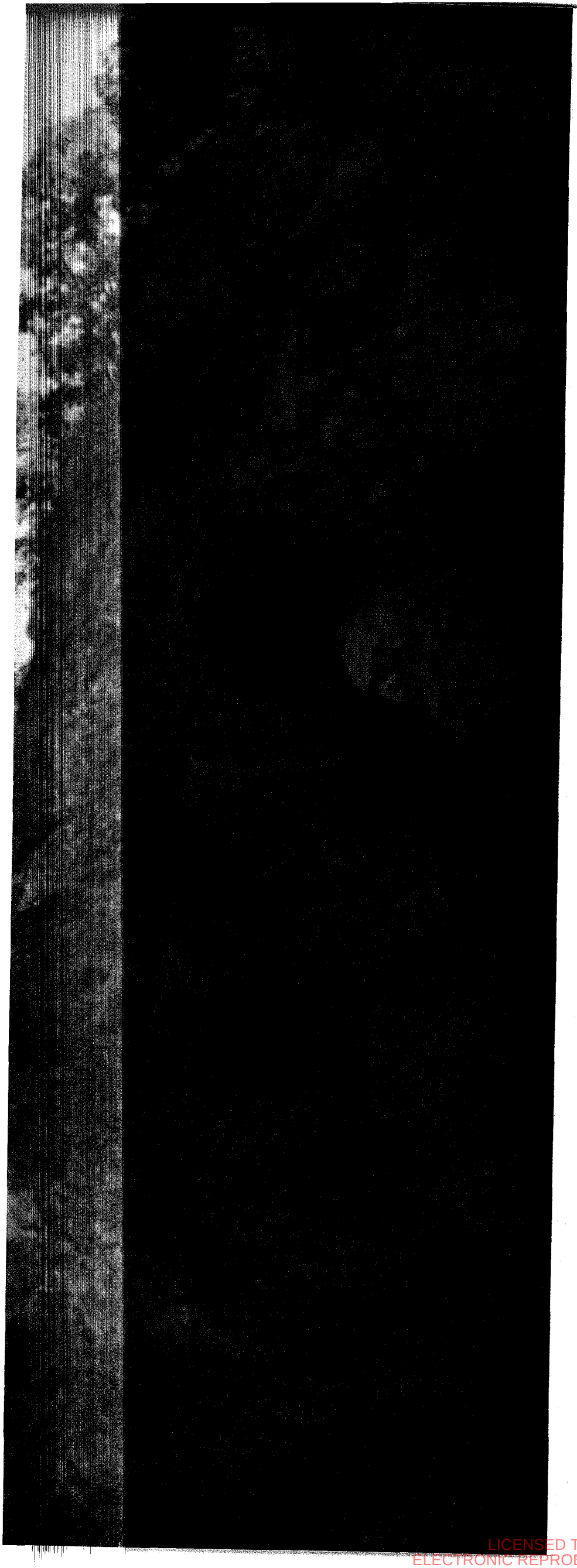

The Face of AMERICA

The High Price of Haste

On August 23, 1956, on Highway 25–70 near Marshall, North Carolina, Robert Ramsey, a state-highway foreman, was driving his truck to a road-repair job. On a curve, he tried to shoot around the automobile ahead and crossed the yellow line. He had no luck, and neither did anyone in the oncoming car which Ramsey failed to see until it was too late. In the car which he met head-on were the Reverend and Mrs. T. H. Shackelford, their missionary daughter, the Reverend and Mrs. Robert N. Barefoot and their seven-year-old niece. Car and truck careered down the road for sixty-nine feet; the truck's load of hot asphalt shot through the windshield of the car, splattering the horrified passengers. Then the entwined vehicles burst into furious flames, which burned alive Ramsey and four of the car's six occupants. Only Mr. Barefoot and his young wife managed to get away from the wreckage, but they died a few days later of their hideous burns and injuries, making the toll entire. ● Photograph by Robert Leahey

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Mike had the baton and came toward him swinging it.

By WALTER MACKEN

Rage on the Mountain

Clancy had a near-impossible order: Bring back a maniac.

Tom Clancy was bored. He decided he was as bored as the cheese with all the holes in it. He walked slowly through the village, his hands clasped behind his back, the timeworn picture of the policeman on duty. He shouldn't have been bored. He was only twenty-five years old. It was evening. It had been a fine day. There were low, plump, blushing clouds around the horizon. The village was very pretty, consisting of ten houses, a small village hall, three shops, the tidy police barracks (if you could call a four-roomed house a barracks) and Bartley Finnegan's pub.

All right. Nothing much if you like, but the neatly painted houses had for a background a towering, benevolent mountain which would break the heart of the highest wind; and they looked out at a placid bay enclosed by low hills. There was a new concrete pier, admittedly not as beautiful as a stone-built pier, but the fishermen thought a lot of it; and the three masts of the fishing boats rising over the pier—the black rope-ribboned tips of them catching the light of the dying sun—looked good. But Tom Clancy would have sold you the lot of them, with the village thrown in and the mountain and the sea and all the minerals it might contain, for sixpence-halfpenny.

So he strolled through the village, almost unseeing, a tall lad with wide shoulders and a slim waist, and as he turned down toward the pier his mind's eye was occupied with a far different horizon. This consisted of thousands of ragged chimney pots silhouetted against a light green sky. Later, when the sun would be lowered, the clouds would be tinged with the reflected glory of neon lighting. And if you stood to listen among your chimney pots you would hear the roar, constant and unceasing, of heavy tires on tarmac, and screaming brakes, and the sound of thousands of people conversing above the noise of the streets. And as he walked along the stony road of the pier, it gave way to block pavements that you could feel through the thin soles of your shoes. He could see all the big windows lighted up, with colorful goods displayed in them, and the plush, inviting look of the bedecked cinemas, and the lush hotels where you would go all dressed up, with a laughing girl on your arm—she smelling like a flower garden.

He sat down on a stone bollard. Before his eyes the sky was blazing, and the (Continued on Page 53)

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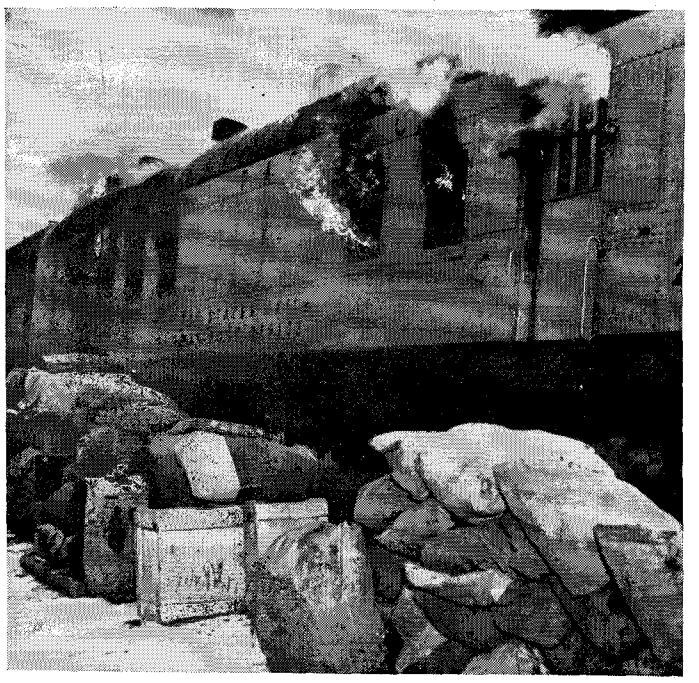
Workers painstakingly comb the scene of an air disaster for mail. The search took place after an Italian airliner crashed into Jamaica Bay during a landing attempt at New York's Idlewild Airport in 1954.

They Rescue the Mail

Here's how dogged postal sleuths find and deliver letters that have been lost, stolen, burned, drowned or macerated by catastrophe or crime.

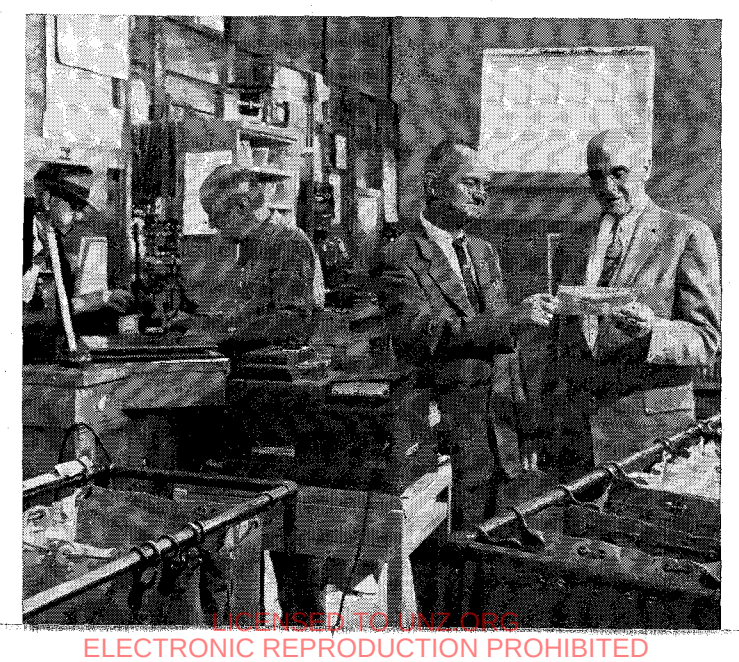
By ROBERT M. YODER



Mail sacks saved from this flaming train near Morgan, Utah, await forwarding from the scene.

A thoughtful secretary took time one November day to write a friendly letter to the Denver post office. The company she worked for in Chicago had received mail bearing a stamped message: "Delay caused by air-mail interruption near Denver, Colorado, November 1, 1955." She had noted that the delay was remarkably short in view of the shocking and violent nature of that "interruption."

On November first, a four-engine airliner had taken off from Denver; a few minutes later it had exploded like a great shell high in the night sky northeast of Longmont, Colorado, snuffing out forty-four lives. The Chicago girl couldn't know just what effort was required by the postal authorities (Continued on Page 109)



Robert B. Dunbar (far right), veteran chief postal inspector at Denver, Colo., whose crew diagnosed one plane crash as the work of a dynamiter.

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Bargain Bonanza

Hoss Monday in Canton, Texas, is the day for swapping lies, knives, horses, dogs and any kind of livestock you can name. The big question is always, "Who skinned who?"

By LEWIS NORDYKE

With a monkey sitting beside him, W. B. Andrews drove his overloaded pickup truck into Canton, Van Zandt County, Texas, just before dawn on the first Monday in March. Horse collars, saddles, harness, ax handles and an assortment of tools and plows were piled in the truck bed, and atop all this a bird dog lay on an old yellow saddle blanket, half asleep.

Barnyard sounds came from the very back of the truck, where there were coops of Bantam and Cornish game chickens. At intervals of about forty-five seconds, a Bantam rooster crowed shrilly, importantly, as if it were his job, and his alone, to herald the break of day.

The truck pulled a trailer, and in it were a large black mule named Coaley, a potbellied paint pony called Dolly, and a burro. There was a homemade "For Trade or Sale" sign nailed to the tail gate of the trailer.

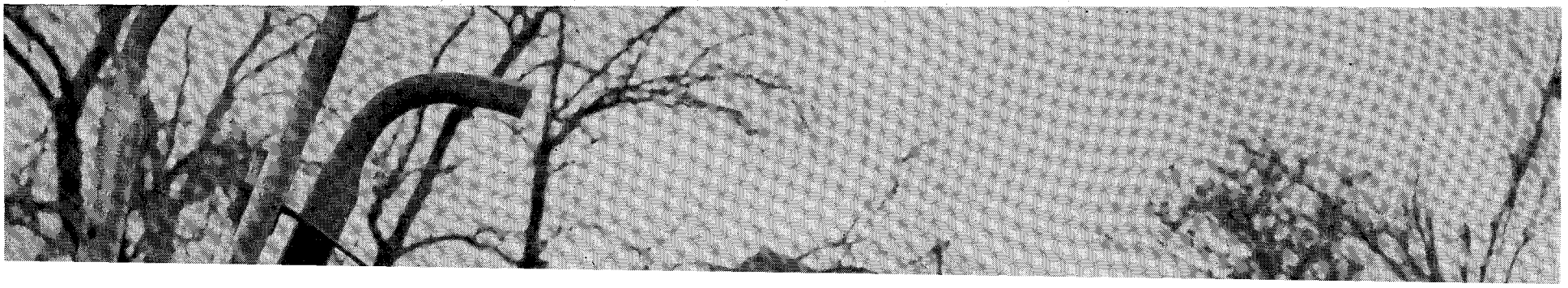
The whole conglomeration stopped at the edge of a large vacant plot about a block up a side street from the town square. Andrews, a tall, farmerly fellow in bib overalls, crawled out, stretched himself all over and yawned big and loud. Then he called to a clot of men who were looking at old cap-and-ball six-shooters in the early morning light.

"Well, boys," he said, "I've got my trading clothes on."

Soon Andrews and the other men had lots of company. By good sunup, 3000 or 4000 men, women and children and almost half that many trucks and cars from at least 100 towns in Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky jammed the usually vacant area and the streets nearby.

This grassy patch is known as the jockey ground. Across a street from one corner the slender-spired and gleaming white First Baptist Church rises serenely above the live oaks. All around and about are homes, and the residents thereof were serenaded by the squealing of pigs, quacking of ducks, snorting of mules, the babble of excited (Continued on Page 83)

W. B. Andrews shows his mule's teeth, trying to lure an onlooker into a swap. Andrews' monkey, his constant companion, can be had for $100.



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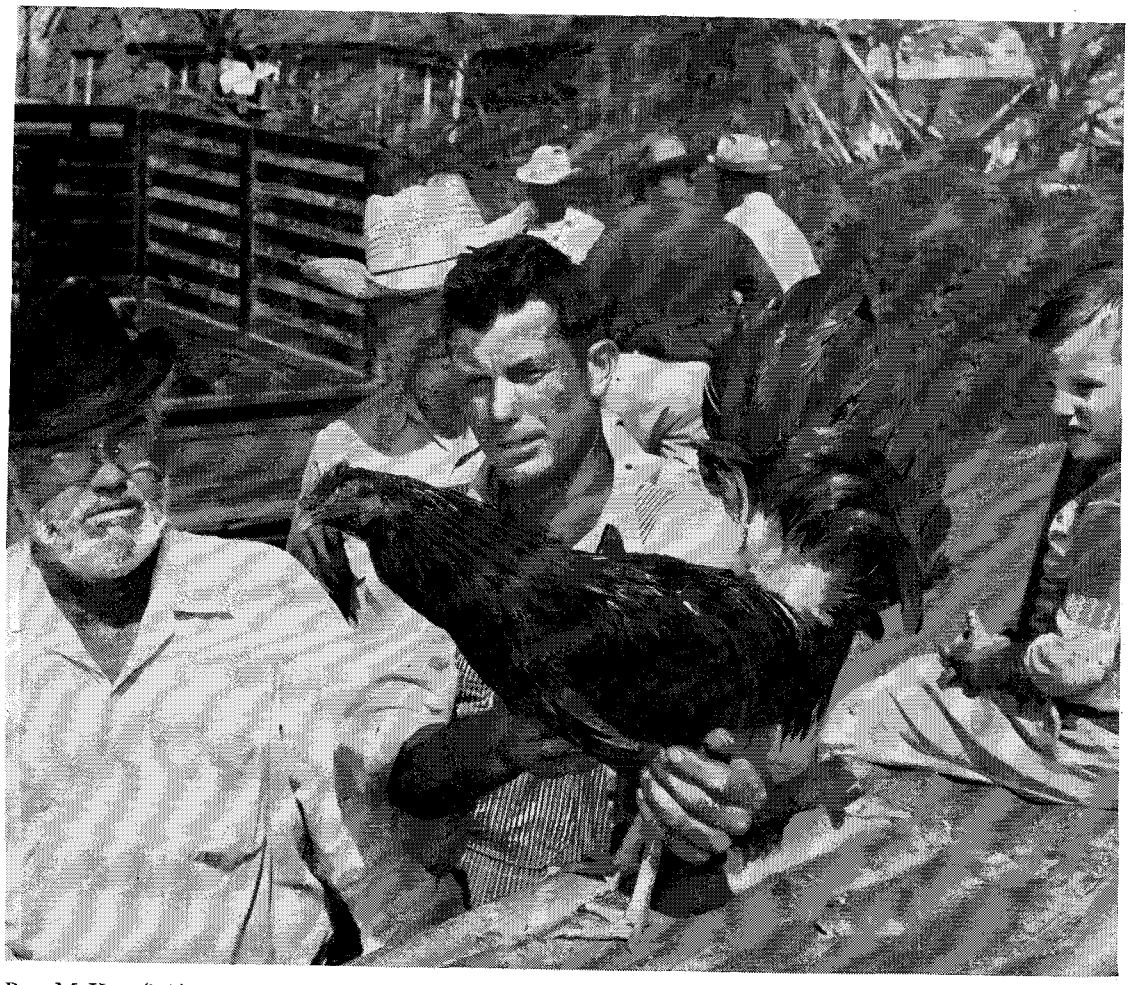
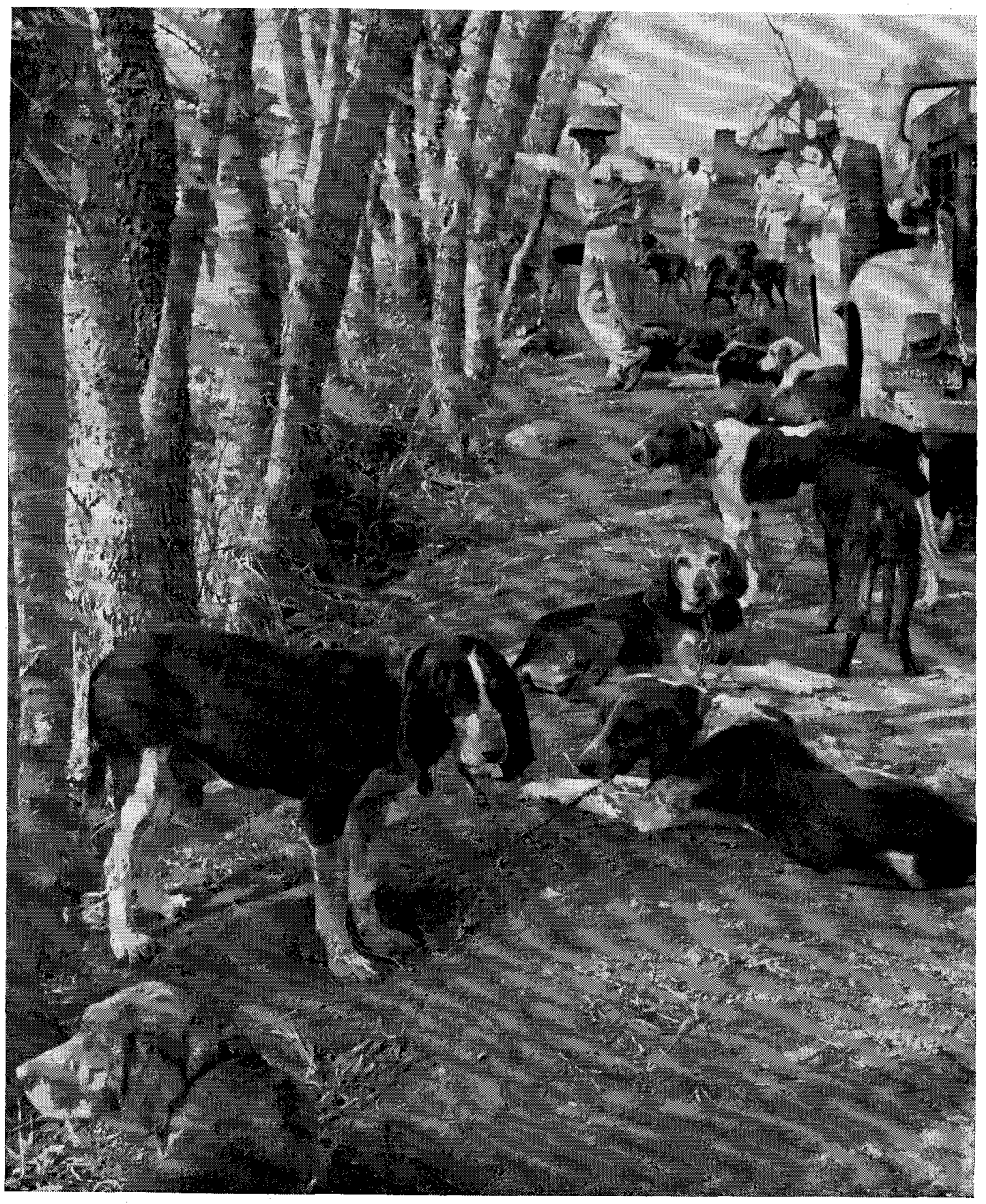


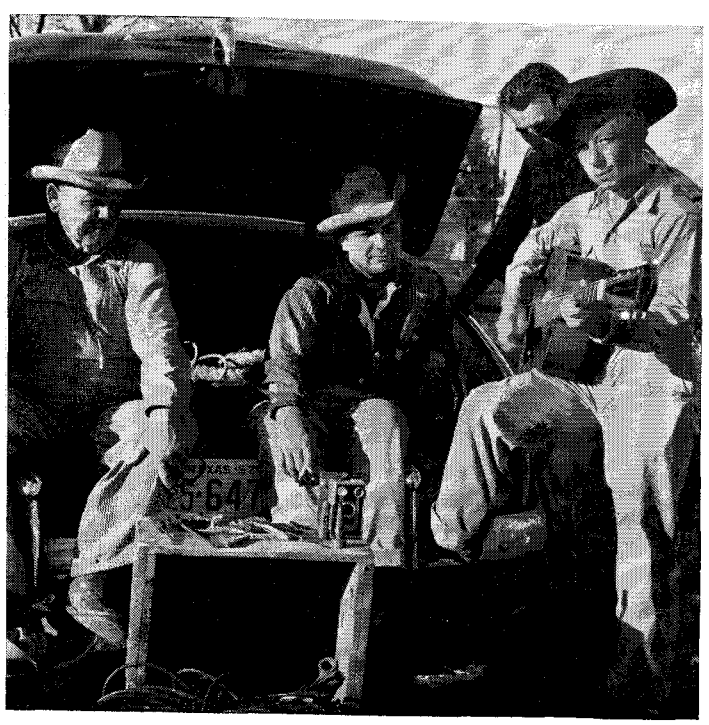
Pete McKay (left) estimates the spirit of a $35
Claret fighting cock, held by its owner, J. M. Gilchrist.
Gilchrist's young son, Don (right), keeps
a respectful distance from the warlike bird.

Who knows when a lady might need a pistol?
In spite of a flourishing trade in weapons on Hoss
Monday, the sheriff claims there has been no
violence at the sale for ten years.

Right: A string of hounds await their fate.
Dogs swapped at Canton range in
value from 25 cents to $100.
The bickering and dickering are more
important than the money.



Between trades, balladeer James Tyler
plays Texas cowboy songs
to soothe the fevered brows of barterers
who come from 100 towns in five states.



Photographs by Pat Coffey

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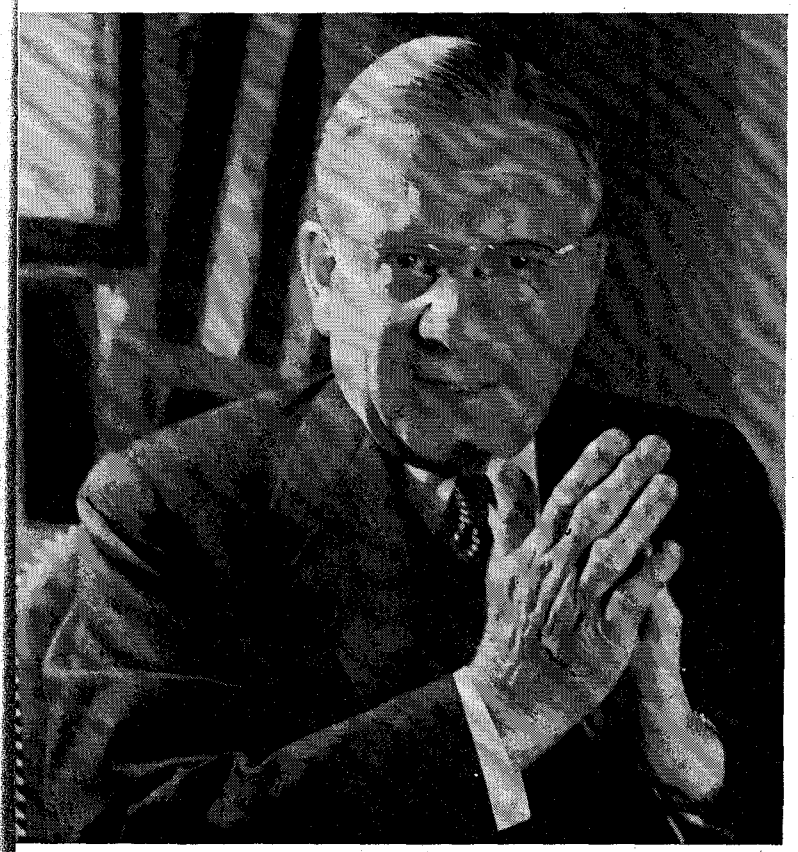
Let's be Sensible About Foreign Aid

A distinguished businessman pleads for all Americans to approach this vital subject with less emotion and more common sense.

By CLARENCE B. RANDALL



Clarence B. Randall, a director and former chairman of the board of Inland Steel Company, is a special assistant to President Eisenhower and chairman of the Council for Foreign Economic Policy. New York born and Harvard educated, he was a soldier in France and a practicing lawyer before entering the steel industry in 1925. He has long believed in freer international trade through higher imports and lower tariffs. He is remembered by many for his prompt charge in 1952 that President Truman's seizure of the steel industry was "without the slightest shadow of legal right," an opinion in which the Supreme Court later concurred.

I am an amphibian. I live half in and half out of Government. Each week I fly back and forth between Chicago and Washington, leaving the business world to enter bureaucracy for a time, and then emerging again.

This gives me a sort of double vision. When I am in my familiar business surroundings, I cast a cold eye at Government, but when I am at my Washington desk, I cast an equally cold eye at the attitudes of some businessmen toward the problems of my field of responsibility, which is foreign economic policy.

In both groups with which I associate, there are able, dedicated men who seek only the welfare of their country, but they are sometimes grievously divided by lack of common understanding of the problems our country faces.

I am troubled by these differences, and because I hold membership in both groups, I shall attempt—in this article—to make what contribution I can toward clarifying some of the controversial issues. In so doing, I speak only for myself. What I write is my opinion only. I have no way of knowing how many in Government would agree with it. I give here merely the individual thinking of one businessman, one who happens to have had an unusual opportunity for studying the problems at first hand.

Men differ sharply on these questions, and whenever men differ, the man who speaks out first should at the outset establish a philosophical base line from which to start his argument. A good surveyor always does that if he is laying out a new project in rough country.

When I hear a loud voice sounding off in a Pullman car on the subject of the "give-away program," or any other phase of (Continued on Page 86)

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First Proposal

By JOHN DE MEYER

When a boy pops the question, even a sixteen-year-old has to make up her mind.

It was hot, and Penny Morton was sitting under the maple tree in her back yard. At the moment, Penny was sixteen years old, plus three months, two weeks and six days. And at sixteen, the most wonderful time of all, it was a sin to be lonely. Because of this, on Penny's right were Messrs. Bing Crosby, Eddie Fisher, Fats Domino, Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong, Frank Sinatra, Frankie Laine and the great of all greats—Elvis Presley. True, the celebrated gentlemen were safely imprisoned in molded shellac and dispensed their wondrous endearments via Penny's record player, but at sixteen wondrous endearment was just as necessary to civilized existence as ham-on-rye garnished with pickle, chutney sauce, cabbage salad, anchovies and sliced onion.

On Penny's left, via portable radio, Billy Daniels was enraptured by the lure of black magic. So was Penny. As further insurance against loneliness, Penny had invited one Phyllis Duganne. Of course, Miss Duganne could be seen only in the printed words in the magazine in Penny's lap, but she was just as alive as the red ant crawling up one leg of Penny's faded blue jeans, and much more sensible, meaning romantic. Only a mind reader could have guessed that Penny was doing her homework.

Mr. Bing Crosby finished groaning of true love to a Miss Grace Kelly, now of Monaco and points east, and Penny invited Mr. Frankie Laine, of Las Vegas and other such establishments, to sit with her under the maple tree. You could almost hear the dice rattle as Mr. Laine sang of gambling in love. Which caused Penny to frown. Henry should have been back by now. Six minutes already, and all she had sent him to the drugstore for was ice cream, two bottles of soda pop, marshmallows, peanut brittle, a copy of Movie Romances and a stick of ginger. He must have stopped to talk.

(Continued on Page 67)

"Penny," he stammered, "did you mean what you said about loving me?"

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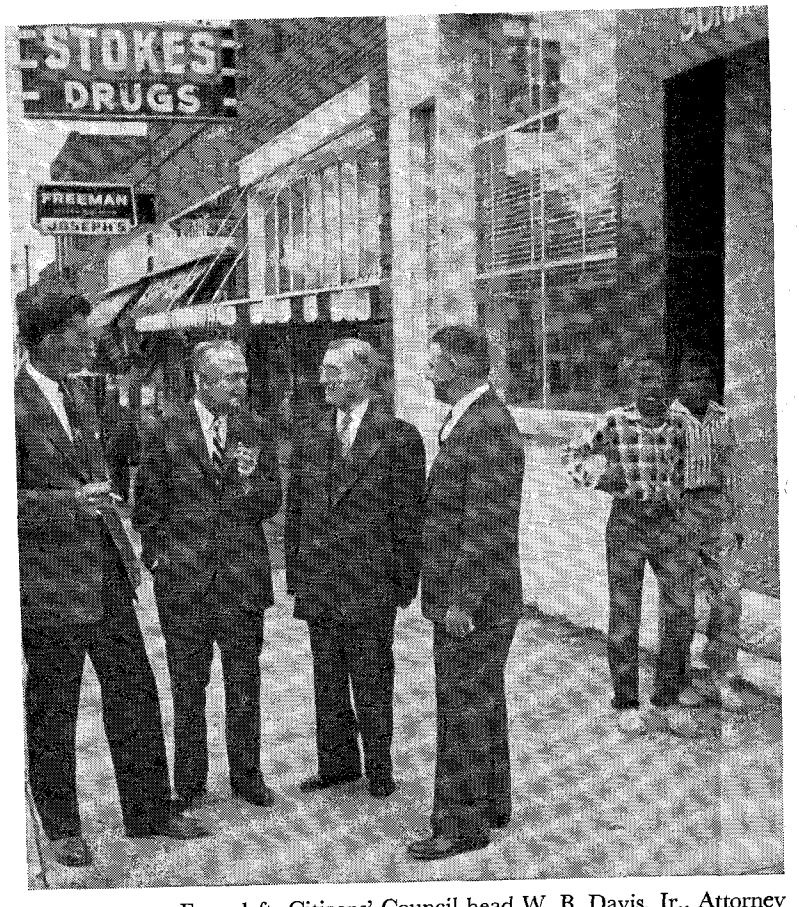
First grade in the Summerton School for white children. So far the School Board here has made no effort to comply with the Supreme Court's desegregation decision.



From left: Citizens' Council head W. B. Davis, Jr., Attorney S. Emory Rogers, the Rev. Henry Rankin, Charles N. Plowden.

THE DEEP SOUTH SAYS NEVER

Summerton, South Carolina: The sleepy little town "where all the trouble started." How have the people here reacted to the Federal integration order? A report from the scene

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

Photographs by Bill Shrout

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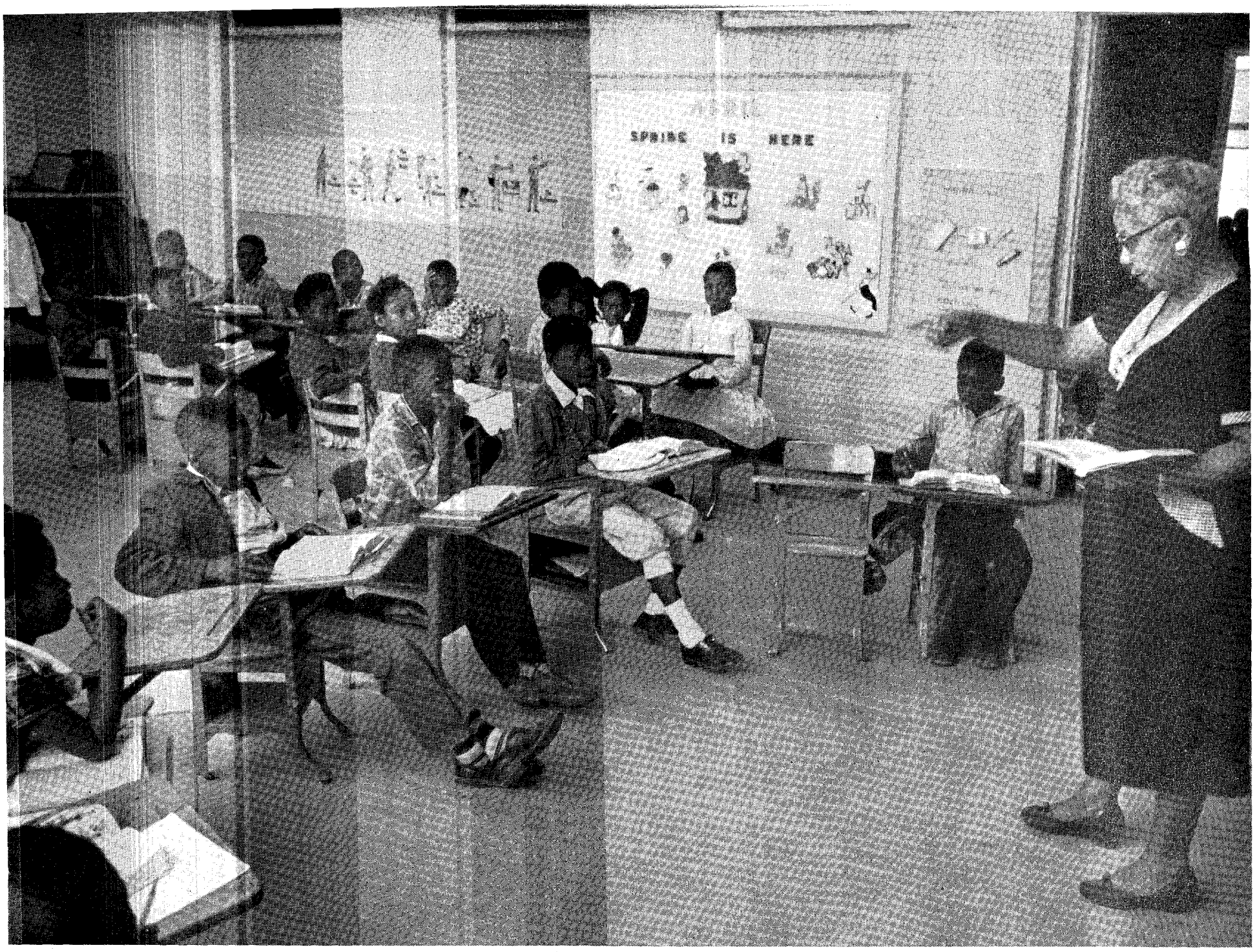


Scott's Branch School for Negroes. Dissatisfaction with this school (before it was improved) caused Negro parents to bring the lawsuit that resulted in the integration ruling.

PART TWO

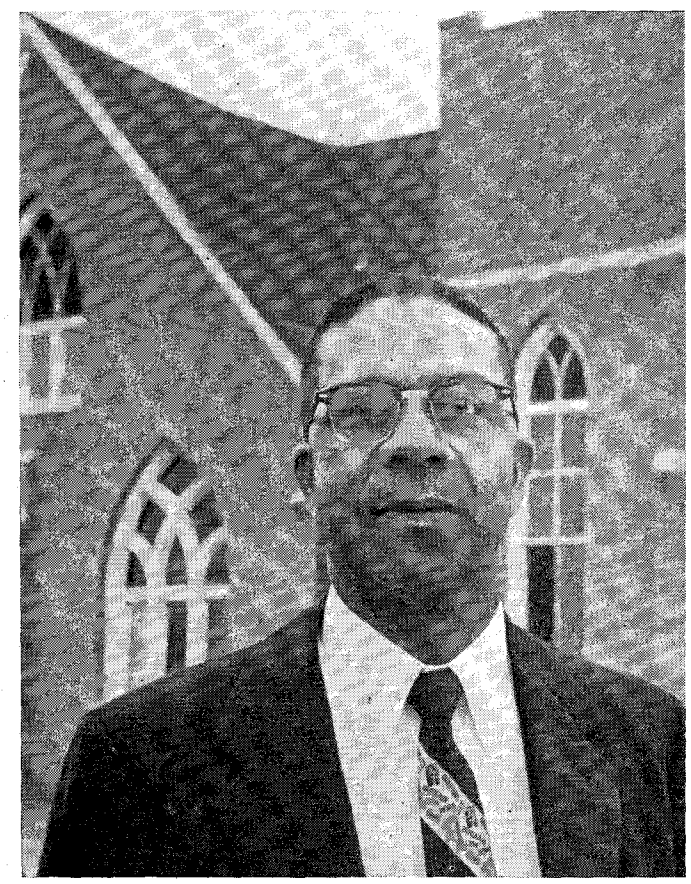
Down from the clay hills of the South Carolina upcountry, the road runs straight through the low country to Summerton. Rutted, sandy wagon tracks straggle off the black top through the cottonfields to the green pine woods. From the woods a wisp of smoke rises straight up. The sky is flat and pale. Negroes' shacks are scattered helter-skelter about the landscape. They are built of rough pine, unpainted, weathered gray, boxlike, set up on low brick piers to keep the termites out; and if you stop a moment to visit one, you will find the doorway so low you have to stoop a bit to enter, the interior dark and damp, gray light filtering in from a single window. In the bedroom, wallpaper flaps crazily in great sheets when the wind whistles in through gaps in the wall. In the kitchen are a wood stove and a crude shelf for a table; a pump and outhouse are outside. Half the back porch flooring has been ripped up for kindling. This is a sharecropper's cabin, twenty-four feet by thirty-two feet; a man and wife and a half dozen children may live here.

A cottonfield, a cornfield, a field of oats, a wood, a hamlet built around a country store, a dark cypress swamp where Spanish moss swings gray from the tall dead trees—this is the pattern. The (Continued on Page 96)

THE PLAIN TRUTH

John Bartlow Martin's assignment was to travel through the South for as long as necessary and report the facts about integration, as he found them. These articles—which we know will bring little comfort to the partisans of either side—are the result. We think they bring the light of fact to a crucial social issue, as it is developing both in the inflexible Deep South and in the so-called Border States.

THE EDITORS



The Rev. E. E. Richburg, leader of the Negroes' petition fight: "They think they can outlast us."

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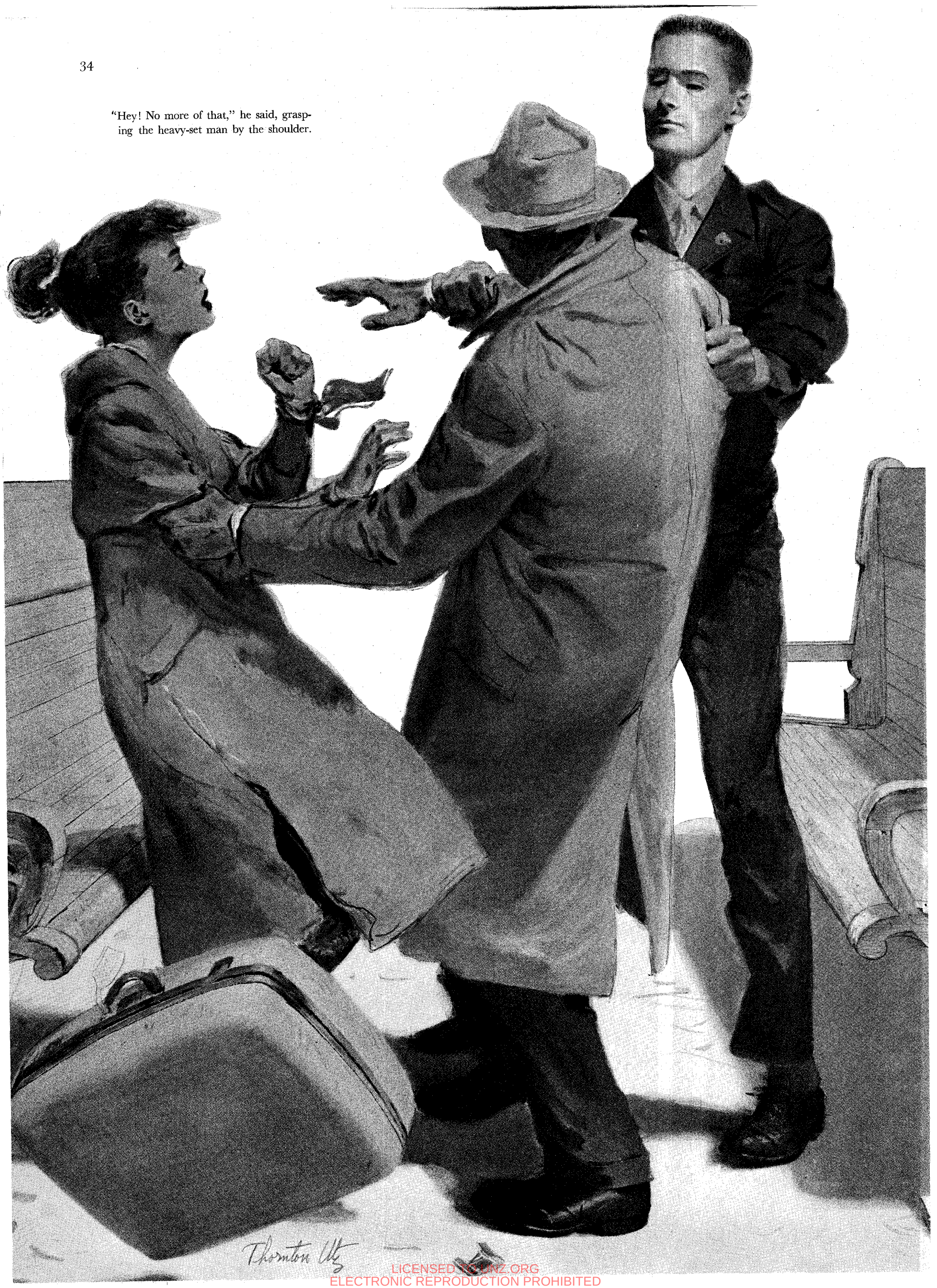
"Hey! No more of that," he said, grasping the heavy-set man by the shoulder.



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Young and Scared

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

A ruthless man, a terrified young girl—and a boy in uniform who couldn't stand by and watch. . . .

Johnny Dundeen saw her come into the depot a little before eleven P.M. She was one of a swarm of passengers off an upstate bus, breathless and expectant, wearing a light coat, a dark dress, and carrying a small suitcase. Paper, that suitcase, trying hard to look like good brown leather. She walked up and down the big and noisy room, searching for someone. Then she went to stand near the street doors, the suitcase at her feet.

Eighteen, Dundeen told himself, *and not bad.*

She watched the clock and those who came in out of the rain-soaked night. She looked at him just once. Not interested. She was a girl with a problem, no time for a lanky soldier. Dundeen divided his attention between his magazine and the girl, sure at first she was within a year of his own age. He saw her look of expectancy give way to deep concern. He saw her stiffen and stare into space when the uniformed cop, enormous in his shining slicker, came in to make his hourly tour of the bus depot.

Dundeen had a long look at her face then—good bone, dark eyes, short nose, too-red mouth—and revised his estimate. *Sixteen*, he told himself, *and scared stiff.*

Dundeen watched the girl, wondering about her as he wondered about the others in the thinly populated waiting room—the fat man who slept with his mouth open, the porter who patiently erased the wet footprints from the tile floor. The girl waited until the cop was gone, then found a seat on a corner bench, away from the main aisles. She was still there, three hours later, her hands restless in her lap.

The porter pushed his mop toward Dundeen's bench. He was a little man with merry eyes. Dundeen had watched him help an old man aboard a bus, help an exhausted woman soothe a whimpering child.

"Sonny," the porter said, "you're goin' to be a big piece of man when you fill out to match your feet."

Dundeen grinned. "Thanks, uncle."

"No stripes," the porter said. "You must be fresh out of basic. You goin' to camp, or comin'?"

"Going," Dundeen said. "About five A.M."

The porter wished him luck and went away. The loud-speaker cleared its metal throat and said a bus was leaving for West Mills, Glenhaven and points south. The fat man wakened and trotted toward the gate, his eyes still glazed with sleep. The slickered cop made another tour of the waiting room. He had a frowning look for the girl before he went back into the night.

Questions coming, next time around, Dundeen told her silently. *You better have some answers ready.*

The stocky man came in from the street then, hurriedly, as if blown in by a sudden gust of wind. He had a heavy jaw, pale eyes, the look of a onetime halfback now concerned with more important things. He wore a camel's-hair topcoat, bench-made shoes, a soft tan hat—fine clothes, but out of place in a bus station in the tired small hours of a Monday morning. Slumming, Dundeen decided. Then he saw the girl wince and turn away. She reached for the handle of her bag, changed her mind—too late, no place to hide.

"There you are," the man said.

His voice was raw and loud—so loud the porter stopped his work and turned to watch. The man went swiftly across the waiting room to stand before the girl.

"So help me!" he said. "I ought to belt you one!"

The girl looked up at him. She swallowed, but did not speak. The man's hand shot out and closed upon her arm.

"You're goin' back," he said. "Come on! Get up!"

"Please, Mr. Lewis," she said. "Please, no, no."

He tried to pull her to her feet, but the girl's hands were locked on the wooden arm of the bench. The man named Lewis swore and bent to pry her fingers loose. She fought him silently until a back-handed slap across the face rocked her head and put an end to that. Lewis hauled her to her feet and shook her savagely. The porter watched, openmouthed. He took one uncertain step and stopped. Johnny Dundeen did more. He went down the aisle and put a hand on the man's shoulder.

"Hey!" he said. "No more of that!"

Lewis spun, the tails of his coat flaring. He had a look at Dundeen—tall and brown, bigboned, but thin with growing. He didn't like what he saw. He let go of the girl and threw a fist at Dundeen's jaw. Dundeen's feet tangled and he landed on the seat of his pants, bells ringing in his head.

"Get up!" Lewis said harshly. "I'll give you more!"

Johnny Dundeen got to his feet, carefully. He was thin, but he'd been running obstacle courses while this one had been letting his belly grow. He waited, and Lewis came to him, hands up and swinging. Dundeen brushed a blow aside and put a fist into that belly, just above the belt. The wind and the steam went out of Lewis. He took two backward steps and fell heavily on the bench. And he stayed there, mouth open, eyes bulging, fighting for breath.

"So don't be hitting people," Dundeen said.

The porter was beside him then, eyes wide with wonder. "Whooee!" he said. "Sonny, you sure fixed him!"

Dundeen watched Lewis writhe, taking no pleasure in the sight. He turned to look for the girl.

"Gone," the porter said. "She run like a rabbit."

Lewis still gasped for breath. He lifted his head and looked at Dundeen. His eyes held pain and the purest hate.

The porter said, "He's sure hurtin'."

"He'll be all right soon," Dundeen said.

"Then what?" the porter said.

"A good question," Dundeen said. Lewis was bending over again, holding his stomach. Dundeen spoke to him. "I'm going after the girl. I'll bring her back and we'll find out what this is all about."

He ran for the exit. A light, chill rain still fell. There were only a few people on the walks, only a few cars in the street. Dundeen turned left. Downhill, he thought. A girl running away would run downhill and turn corners. He turned left at the first corner, following the downward slope. He turned right at the next corner and saw her, a block away, hurrying along close to the buildings. This street was empty. He whistled at her. She looked back and then (Continued on Page 102)

Illustrated by Thornton Utz

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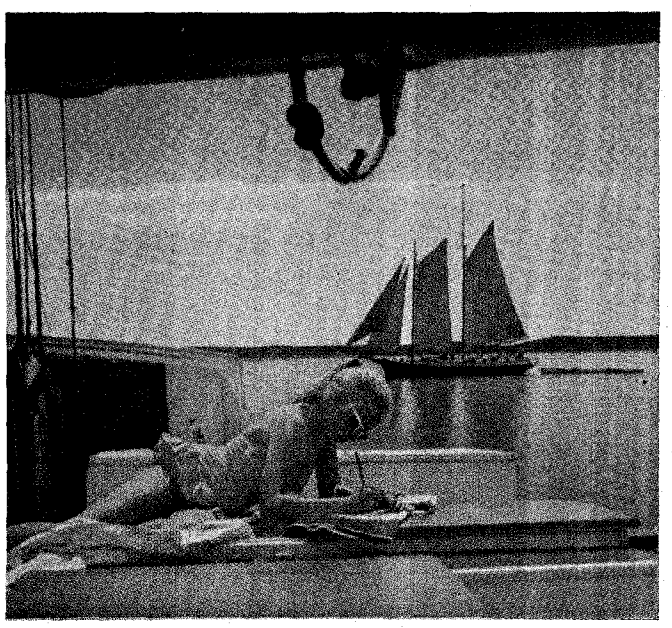
The schooner Mattie at anchor in Bucks Harbor—"A sailor's dream of pure heaven, because it offers perfect shelter."

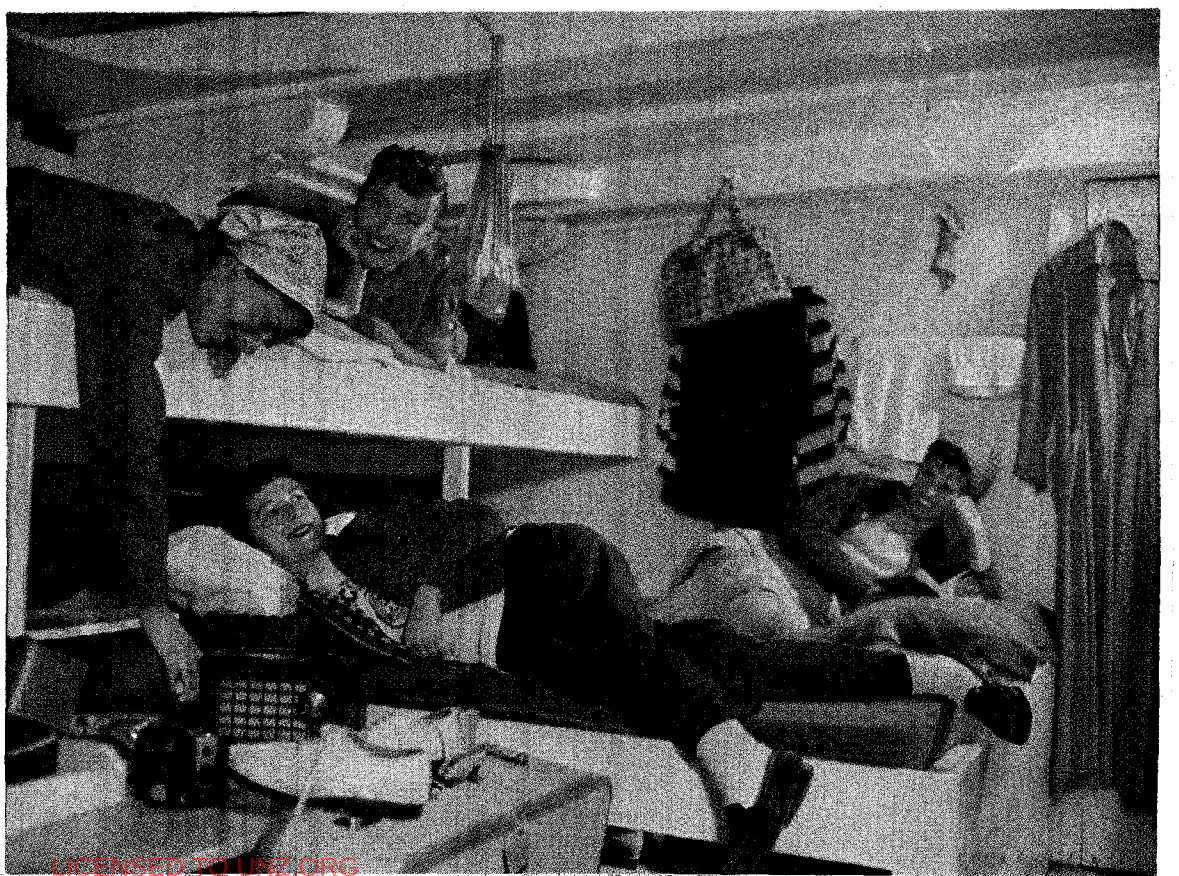
CRUISING THE COOL COAST

A splendid way to escape the worries of the workaday world is to take an inexpensive windjammer cruise along the beautiful, unspoiled Maine coast.

By CHARLES RAWLINGS



Twelve-year-old Mary Ann Lamont sketches another schooner, the Candace, under way in background.



Below decks: One of the seven tourist cabins in what once was the Mattie's cargo hold. This room accommodates six.

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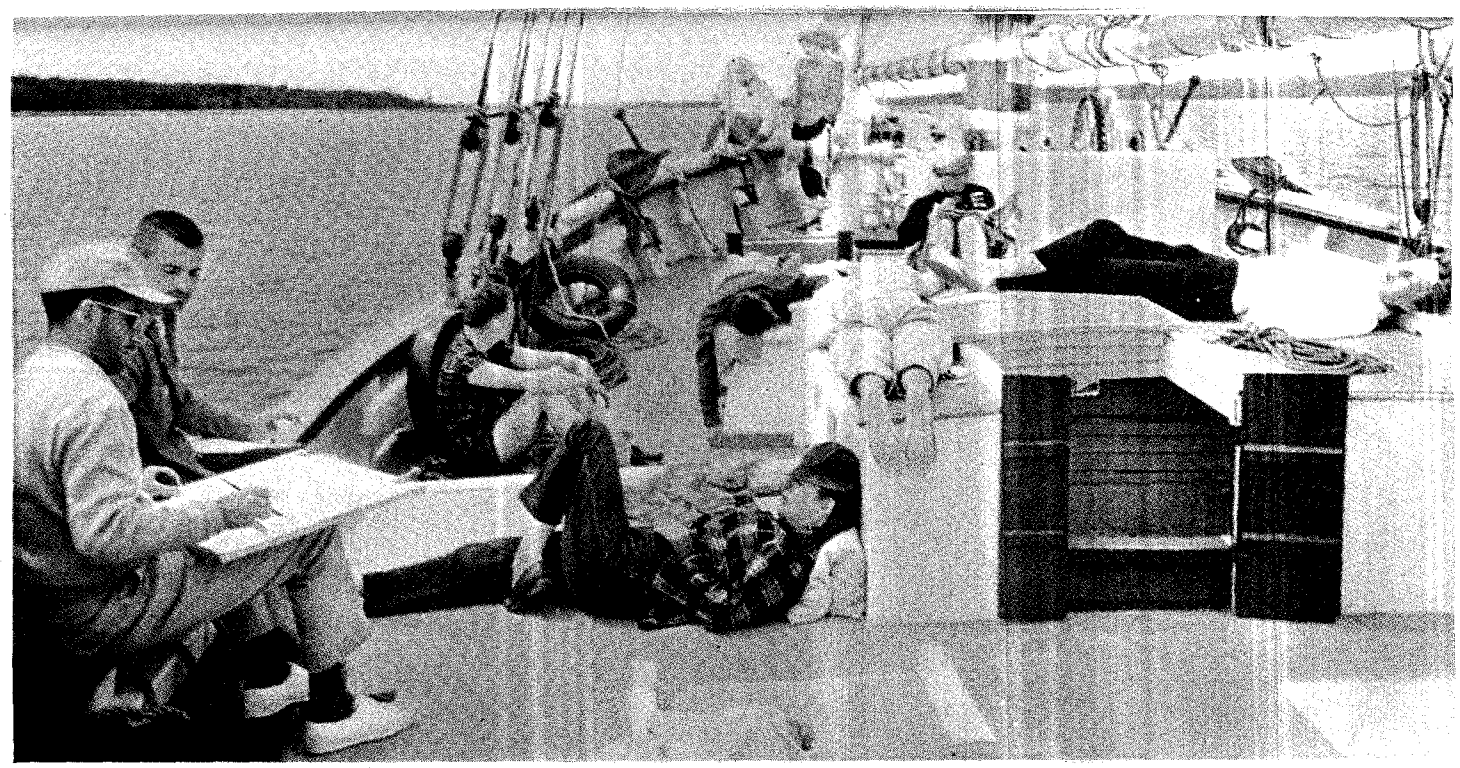
"Chow down!" Cook Clayton Hodgdon dishes out the traditional lobster feast.

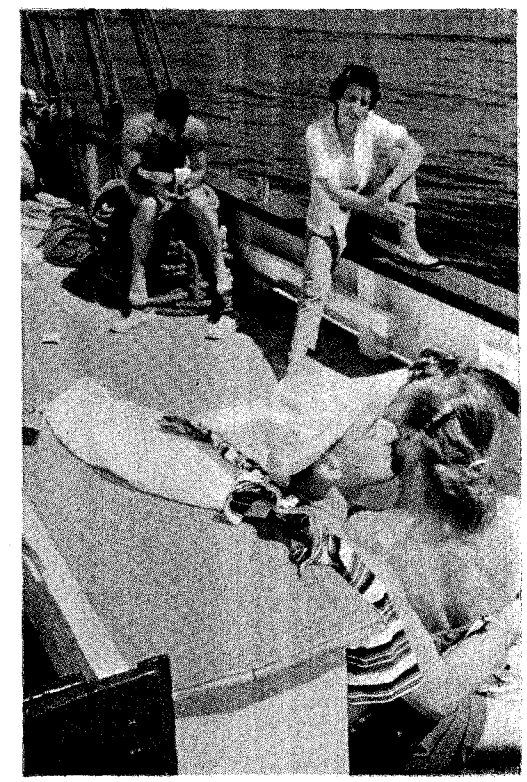


Taking it easy topside: A veteran of the West Indies trade, the two-masted schooner was built in the early 1800's. Instead of the barrel staves, molasses and rum of old, the Mattie now carries vacationing landlubbers who pay $85 for a leisurely week's passage.

Maine's little Penobscot Bay harbors—Bucks, Pulpit, North Haven—and nearby Stonington, Northeast and Blue Hill, were waiting in the fine weather. For the all-too-few weeks of the northern summer they are magic places, beautiful, unspoiled, unspoilable. To sailors they are among the most perfect small-boat havens on all the Eastern seaboard.

In the past they were esoteric, enjoyed only by a few fishermen and by the rich who could afford it on August cruises down Maine in their own yachts. The New York Yacht Club, the Cruising Club of America, the Boston and Marblehead sailing fleets have rendezvoused in the quiet little places for decades. But recently something democratic and pleasant has changed all that. Quietly and unobtrusively adding charm and color to the whole Penobscot scene, objectionable to no one, delightful old sailing packets with paying passengers who are not rich at all sail the coastal waters by day and anchor every night in the little magic harbors. "Windjammer Cruises," the junkets are called, and in the course of a summer they attract hundreds of vacationers from all over America. Going along on one of these cruises and sharing the chance companionship of vacationing strangers in the small, compact world of a little vessel seemed an appealing thing to do.

A lovable old windjammer, the gaff-rigged, two-masted schooner Mattie is one of the Swift fleet out of Camden, Maine. She sails bound out every summer Monday morning as soon as the ice and the meat order and the last two stenographers on the passenger list get aboard, which is about ten o'clock. She was built in the early 1800's and, under topmasts then and with a crew of four or five, she went to the West Indies with barrelheads and staves stowed flat, and dried fish and sometimes coal, and came back with molasses and rum. When she was heavy with dignity and years, steam competition plus rotten planking and rusted-out standing rigging made her further voyaging as a coaster impracticable. She lay up in the mud somewhere, all but forgotten until (Continued on Page 78)



"The click of shutters," says the author, "symbolized our voyage more than any sea sounds."

Photographs by Larry Fried

"The old packet, level as a wharf and as silent, greased along at a nice seven knots. It was a motion like velvet, a rarity in our modern day of noise and vibration. Its spell lulled our passengers, strangers no longer."

Apprentice at the helm: Under the eye of Captain Fremont Cotton, the seasoned down-east sailing master, Mary Ann Lamont does a trick at the wheel.

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THE GIRL HE REMEMBERED

By PAUL GALLICO

First she listened to his memories—then she threw them in his face . . .

On his way to New York for a personal appearance, John James Craig turned off the main highway to follow the sign to Huntsville. When he penned his well-known name on the hotel register, word spread quickly of the great movie idol's return.

All Huntsville was eager to see the star they dimly remembered as victor over town bully Luke Whipple, boyhood sweetheart of pretty Mary Ellis and mischief maker in old Miss Peterkin's first-grade class.

First to call on Craig was Alf Zinneman, editor of the Gazette. He persuaded the actor to give the town a boost by attending a forthcoming businessmen's luncheon.

Meanwhile the editor took Craig to visit his old teacher. Touched by Miss Peterkin's loneliness, Craig embraced her. Zinneman's picture of the film star and the tearful schoolmistress was soon published far and wide.

At the luncheon, Luke Whipple challenged his old rival to a fight. Craig whipped him, then slipped away to call on Mary Ellis Morgan, now a pretty widow.

"How do I remember you, Mary? It was a long time ago," he began.

"No, no! I order you to stop!" she cried. "Aren't you ashamed to speak to me this way when you have never laid eyes on me before?"

CONCLUSION

They faced each other now, the man and the woman so strangely brought together, each with a sense of loss, words spoken, actions taken that could never be unsaid or undone.

Mary Morgan, her villain unmasked, felt as though she had struck a child.

"That's right," Craig said; "I was not born and raised here. I have never been here before. I am a fraud and a cheat."

For an instant she leaned her soft cheek against his. "Come back to me, John," she said.

It was not because she had not been taken in by him that he felt so wretched, he knew now. It was the shattering of the illusion that had been building ever since he had stepped into the lobby of the Wilson House and the young clerk had said, "Welcome home!"—the illusion fostered by Zinneman for his own reasons and the people of Huntsville for theirs; the illusion that he had a home, that he belonged.

Although his cynicism had filled him with contempt that these people deluded themselves so easily, simply to shine a little in the reflected glory of a star, nevertheless the illusion had gripped him until there had been moments when the phantasy of a dear boyhood had become more real than truth itself.

Yet he had wanted this woman to see through him at once, to be different from the rest, to say at the first meeting, "You are a stranger to me. I do not know you." Why had she first listened to his dream and then destroyed it? He knew now that a man must have some illusion left him or die, even one whose profession it was to create illusions for others.

Craig said, "But it is not true that I have never laid eyes on you before." From his wallet he extracted the cutting of the picture of the young Mary Ellis and gave it to her. "I first saw this fifteen years ago. I have carried it with me ever since."

Mary looked from the yellowed clipping to him, trying to comprehend. "I don't understand," she said, sinking to the sofa.

Craig went to her and took her by both arms, brutally, as though by sheer vehemence he could recapture what had been between them at first and was now lost. "I've loved you ever since that first dream, looked for you, been in love with you all my life."

He could not see that it was too soon, that he was shocking and frightening her. He had forgotten the gulf of his profession and background that lay between them.

"What difference does anything make, now that I have found you?" Craig cried. "All of it could have been, had I been born here. I would have gone to school to Miss Peterkin;

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"Really, Mr. Craig," she said, drawing away from him, "is this one of your performances?"

you would have been my girl. I would have walked you home, carried your books, fought your battles. And instead of the dream, there would have been really you in the meadow with the sun on your hair, your cheek against mine."

They were unalterably set now down the path of misunderstanding. The force of his grip upon her clouded all else that she had felt about him before. She believed he was trying to make a quick conquest of her.

Anger lent her strength; she disengaged herself from his grip. "Really, Mr. Craig, is this one of your performances? If so, it is less good than some I have seen you give in films. I suggest that you go back to your world, where you are able to seduce girls with a word or a look. Did you really believe you could come here a stranger, make love to me, and that I would surrender myself to you?"

"Surrender? But it is I who am surrendering—a thing I have never done before."

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

His words only recalled to her how close she herself had been to capitulation a few minutes before. To deny the memory, to appease her own sense of guilt, she unleashed her anger further.

"I think it would be best if you go, Mr. Craig. And if you do not leave Huntsville at once, I shall tell Mr. Zinneman and everyone else of your imposture."

The words completed the destruction of the boy who had had a dream and pursued it to his undoing. The returning tide of bitterness and cynicism altered the face of John James Craig, drained it of youth and the light of idealism, accented the lines of hardness and savagery, turned him into a derelict beachcomber.

He did not attempt to touch Mary again, but walked slowly to the door, where he turned to her and said in a voice that had roughened to a rasp, "Since you're going to spill the beans, sister, you might like to have the whole potful and get yourself and this rotten town some real headlines. My right name is Harry Jarotin. I was born in the Polish section of Hamtramck, outside of Detroit. My father was killed in a drunken brawl when I was four. My mother died when I was nine. My home was in the streets of Hamtramck. When I was twelve I was sent to a reformatory for beating up and stealing. I ran away when I was fifteen, and hit the rods, where I met a hobo who smartened me up to what you could get away with—inside the law. I changed my name and shipped off to sea."

He paused for a moment, his eyes pale, cloudy and hostile, his mouth thin and hard, the chin truculent. His expression was again that of the outsider against whom every man's hand is turned.

"There probably wouldn't be a rap against me for taking a powder after this many years," he continued, "but it would make a nice story for the press. John James Craig, America's barefoot boy and God's gift to spinsters, a thief and a jailbird, the son of a Polish immigrant drunk and a Hamtramck prostitute. Harry Jarotin's the name!"

He turned and went out. Mary heard the violent roar of his engine and the shriek of his tires as he wrenched himself away.

Alf Zinneman was sitting coiled around his electric typewriter in the single office of the Gazette, which was also studio, composing room and laboratory, rubbing his long chin and contemplating a three-page telegram from New York, when he heard the car draw up. He looked out and saw Craig in the black Sapphire-Vixen, his suitcase next to him on the seat. The expression on the actor's face was not pleasant as he got out and headed for the office. Zinneman quickly opened his desk drawer and produced a bottle and two glasses.

When Craig came in, the editor said, "Hi. Just in time to join me in a drink. Help yourself!"

Craig poured himself a stiff jolt and stood leaning against the photocopier, regarding Zinneman sourly before he drank it off, set the glass down and said, "Thanks. I'm getting out."

Zinneman nodded. "I gather the visit to Mrs. Morgan was not an unmitigated success," he suggested. (Continued on Page 60)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts

Instructions I Never Seem to Notice Until ——

Before pressing the starter button, check to see that Bar B is fastened securely to Arm C with Cotter Key D. Do not—we repeat, DO NOT——

Caution: Do not use in the vicinity of ——

To obtain best results and to keep from burning out the bearings, make absolutely certain that you ——

Removal of the protective coating is relatively simple. Merely cut ——

A few quick twists to the right will place the safety arm in such a position that it will not interfere with the operation of the underplate. Twisting it to the left may cause the underplate to crack, which will, in turn, cause the ——

At that point, a sure way to keep the entire assembly from falling to pieces in your hands is ——

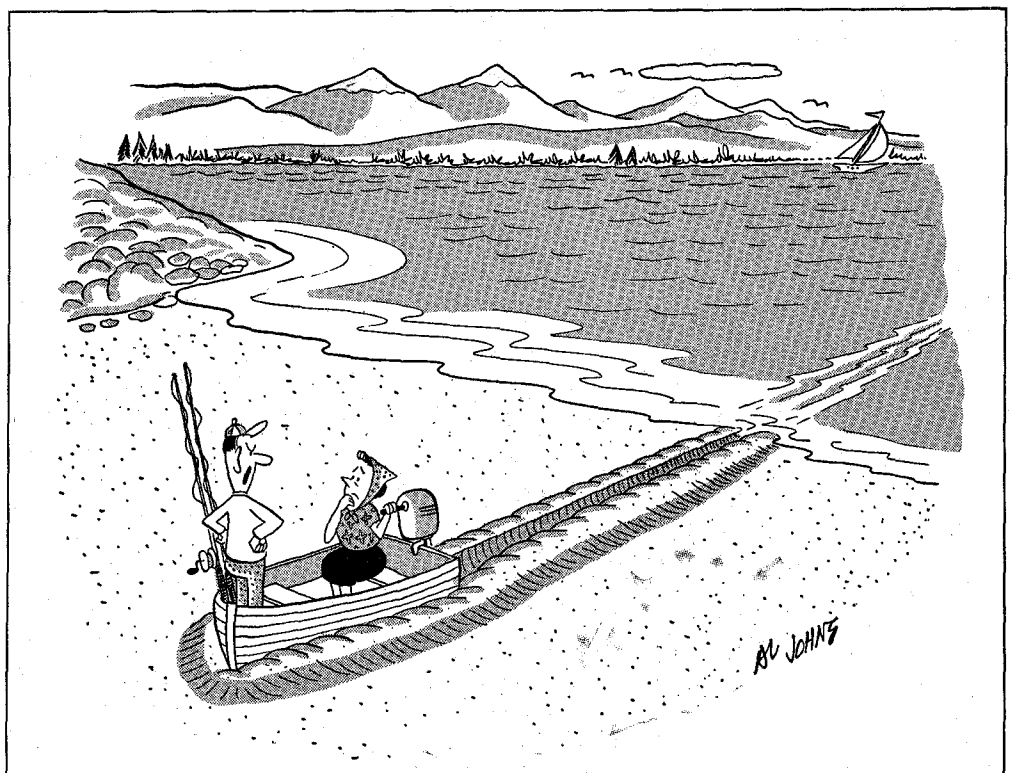
To try to force an alignment can prove to be disastrous. If A and B are out of alignment simply loosen Regulator L ——

In the event that any or all of the valves fail to function properly, there are several ways in which you may remedy the situation without shattering the ——

Before beginning, check to see that you have all the parts pictured and described in Folder 13 ——

Always allow at least two minutes before relighting ——

RAYMOND HOWARD



"Didn't you hear me say, 'Cut the motor'?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Scance Macabre

My joy in watching the Late, Late Show is
often marred
By the late, late actors who are
often starred.

ARTHUR KOBER

The Gentleman Tackles the Garden Shop

"And what can I do for you, sir?"

"Well, here's the thing: we've got this bare place—like a hole, sort of—out by the garage, and my wife ——"

"Your problem is solved, sir! If it blooms, it's here! Shrubs, tubers, succulents —— Are you a deciduous man, sir?"

"Gosh, I don't—that is, this hole sort of —— I'd thought I'd just throw in some dirt and see what happened, but my wife has a kind of an idea that ——"

"Certainly! She knows a blooming home is a happy home—and wait till she sees the lavish floral magnificence of our spectacular new hybrid tea rose! Here it is, sir—the Mrs. Gloria Stumflug, *Odora pedunculata*—more than five hundred glowing crimson blooms on a single stem, more than five thousand stems on a single bush, a gorgeous Garden of Eden growing before your very eyes."

"You mean that little twig in the pot?"

"Twig! Sir, I always warn my customers, if they plant a Stumflug in the morning, put markers out to the street or they won't be able to find the house the same night. Ha-ha! Seriously, sir, with just a little preparation and cultivation, you'll ——"

"Well, I didn't want to go to a lot of ——"

"Simplicity itself, sir! All you do is dig down through your topsoil ——"

"That's what I'm saying; we haven't got any tops——"

"We supply it, sir, in half-ton lots. Then you go on down through your Mesozoic to your early Paleozoic strata, and then you put down a nice mulch of ——"

"Hey, I don't want to knock myself out. I mean, this is just a bare place—like a hole, sort of—and all that digging ——"

"A cinch, sir! Our Little Giant Excavator gets you down to bedrock in a flash, converts to a lawn mower in a twinkling, converts again to a cultivator with one ——"

"Wait a minute. All my wife ——"

"Then a few regular applications of XR32 for your wilt, PD49 for your black rot, NQ73 for your mildew, moss, aphides, chlorosis, rose acne and toadstools ——"

"Listen, I haven't got any toadstools. All I've got is this big bare place—like a hole, sort of—and my wife told me to get two bits' worth of grass seed and see if —— You see, it's the neighbor's dog. He keeps coming over and ——"

"Dog? Dog? Say, listen to uncle! We've got a terrier next door, and you ought to see what the little stinker did to our yard. Now, look. I tell you what you do. You take a dime's worth of seed here and pound 'er in good, get it? Then you take some barbed wire. Follow me? Then—got any kids? Slingshot in the house? Fine. Keep that slingshot handy by the kitchen window, see, and ——"

PEG BRACKEN

"It may take you a few weeks to get into the swing of our office routine."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The road isn't built that can make it breathe hard!

Curves don't come too sharp or hills too steep for this nimble new Chevy. It's sweet, smooth and sassy with new velvety V8 power, new roadability, a new ride and everything it takes to make you the relaxed master of any road you travel.

Bring on the mountains! This new Chevy takes steep grades with such an easy-going stride you hardly even give them a thought. There's plenty of lean-muscled power tucked under that hood, just rarin' to handle any hill you aim it at.

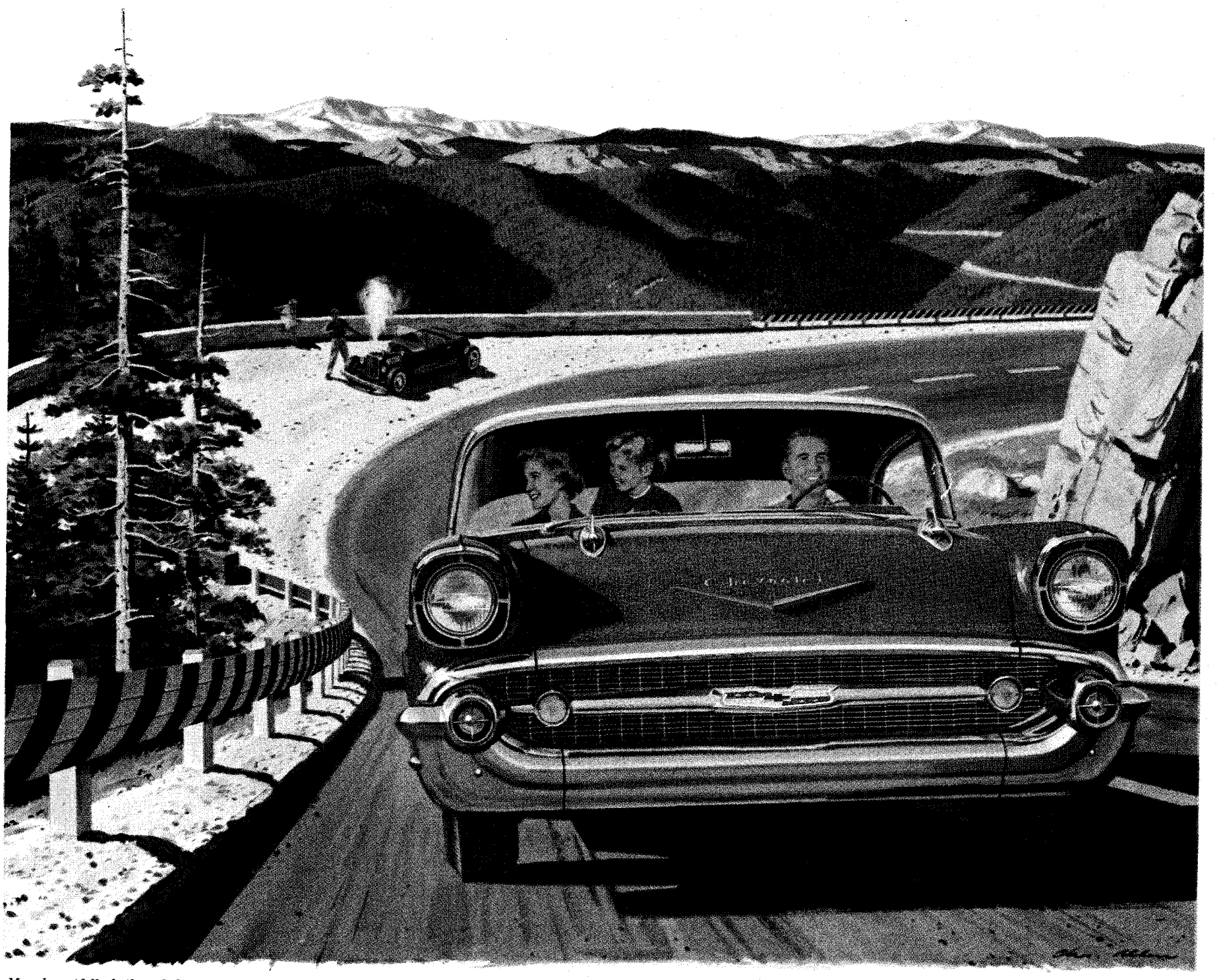
And no matter how curvy the road may be, a light touch keeps Chevrolet right on course. You'll like the solid, even-keel way it stays put on sharp turns.

A car has to have a special kind of build and balance to handle and ride and run like a Chevy. It has to have Chevrolet's low, wide stance, its outrigger type rear springs, its carefully engineered weight distribution with the pounds in the right places! Drive this sweet, smooth and sassy performer at your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

1 USA

'57 CHEVROLET



More beautifully built and shows it—the new Chevrolet with Body by Fisher.

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A Lucky is all cigarette . . .

best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

Now is the moment for a special cigarette. Make sure it's all cigarette—make sure it's a Lucky. Enjoy the special taste of fine tobacco—mild, naturally good-tasting tobacco that's TOASTED to taste even better. You'll say it's the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER

"IT'S TOASTED" TO TASTE BETTER...CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER!

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Securely tied and gagged,
they were left to
writhe and wriggle helplessly.

THE ARTLESS HEIRESS

Miss Columbine had a caller:
A stranger, uninvited,
and with a gun in his hand . . .

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Someone was trying to trick Columbine Pepper Drugget out of her inheritance, a luxurious motel called The Grove of Daphne. Ever since she arrived in Arizona from New York, where she had spent eighteen years in Miss Cordwainer's School for Girls, strange things had happened.

She found in her possession a man's suitcase, which contained a gun, a bag of gems and other ominous objects. Lucius Quentin, who ran a rival motel, paid a suspicious "social call" on her. Sam Jones, the lawyer, representing the Drugget estate, told Columbine that the motel's profits had recently decreased; Columbine attributed the thievery to her chef. And a conspiracy was evident in the rash of sabotaged meals and room service.

Columbine was disconcerted when her weird trio of train acquaintances, Madame Roxy Thistlebun, Prof. Artemus Thumb and the "Reverend" Mr. Martinus, turned up at The Grove of Daphne. Martinus tried to frighten Columbine, and when she returned to her room, it had been thoroughly searched.

IV

Barbara Green, in her capacity as hostess, had made competent arrangements for the cocktail party which was, officially, to introduce Columbine Pepper Drugget to her guests. At one end of the pool a temporary bar had been set up; in the kitchen, trays of canapés had been made and tastefully arranged. Columbine had been firm, in spite of Barbara's protests, that she should take her station at a given point and receive, as it had been Miss Cordwainer's custom elegantly to stand and extend her hand to a line of parents who filed past her.

"I doubt if they'll file," Barbara said.

"Nevertheless," Columbine said, "it is the correct way. You will stand at my side and present them. You know their names."

"Should they genuflect?" Barbara asked tartly.

Columbine reacted to this not with resentment, but with a smile. It was another surprise for Barbara.

"I know but one way of doing things," she said. "I can't discard my years of Cordwainer overnight. I grant you it may be—er—barmy as a crumpet, as one of our British pupils was wont to say. But I'm saddled with it and it will take time to wear off. What, Miss Green, is wrong with just a touch of dignity, anyhow?"

"I don't often permit familiarity on short acquaintance. But you may call me Barbara. All right, stand

(Continued on Page 90)

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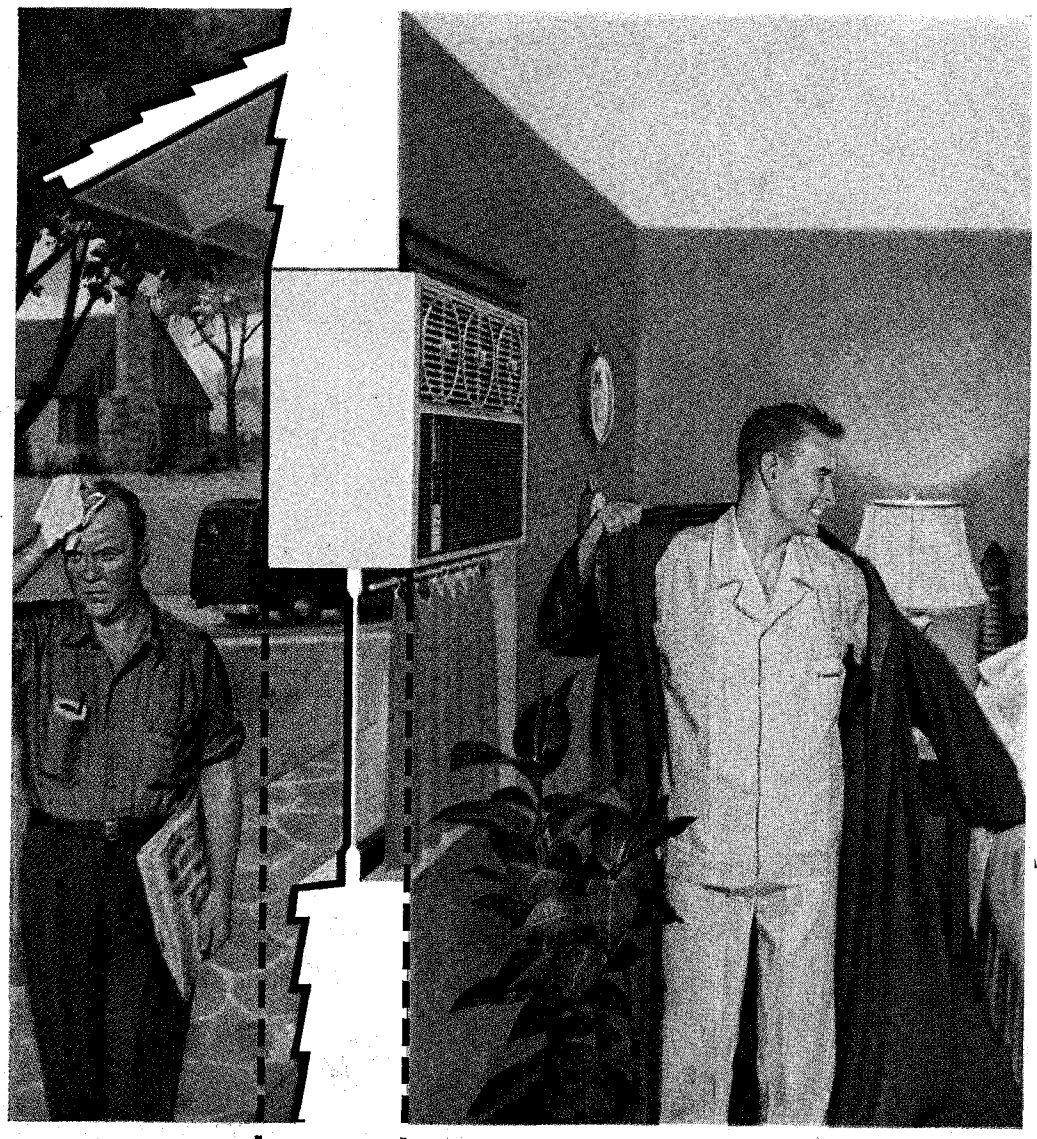
General Electric Thinline Air Conditioner has no unsightly overhang—inside or out



No matter what kind of windows, wiring, color scheme or budget you have, you can have the cool comfort of a modern General Electric Thinline.

Here's why the ideal air conditioner for your home is the General Electric *Thinline:*

It fits anywhere. So compact (only 16½ inches thin) that it fits almost any kind of window. Flush with inside wall, no unsightly overhang outside, takes up ⅓ less space than previous, old-style models.

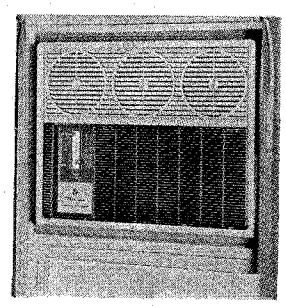
It fits any wiring. Some *Thinlines* work on so little current that there's one to fit the electrical service you already have.

It fits any color scheme. Six cheerful spray-on colors blend your Custom *Thinline* models with any décor.

It fits any budget. Both the Custom *Thinline* (shown at bottom) and the even lower-priced De luxe model (left) are temptingly priced. So *now* there's really no reason to do without cool comfort. They come in ½, ¾, 1 and 1½-horsepower models, range from 5500 BTU's* to 13,350 BTU's.* Accessories include a *permanent* electronic filter (at extra cost).

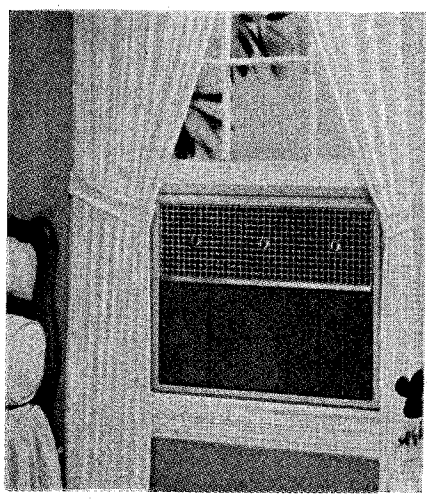
See your General Electric dealer now. General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Dept., Louisville 1, Ky.

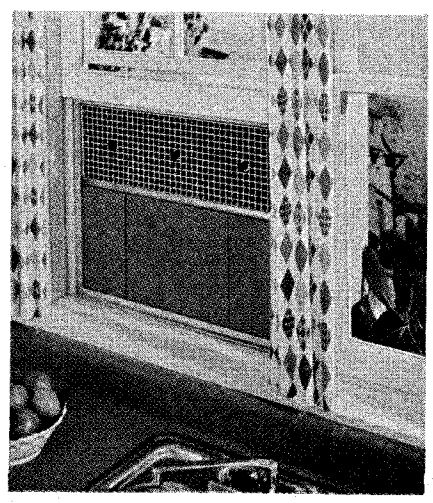
New 115-volt, 1-HP Thinline packs a 9,000 BTU* cooling capacity. Another *Thinline* works on 7.5 amperes, has a rating of 6600 BTU's.* Both are De luxe models, at hard-to-resist prices.

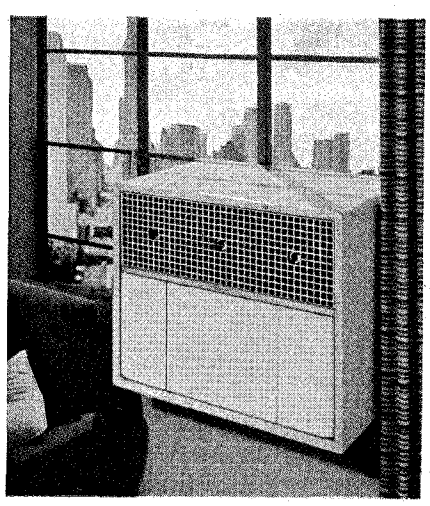


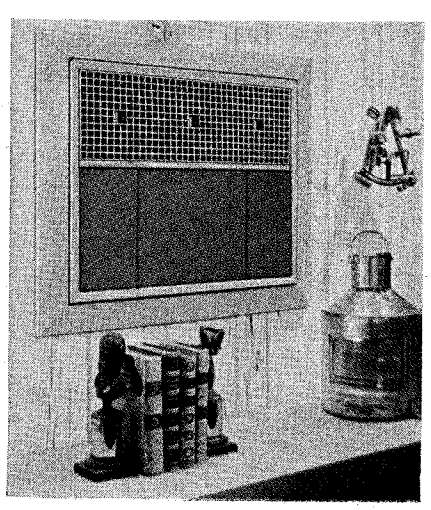
***Cooling capacities** are tested and rated in compliance with ARI (Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Institute) Standard 110-56 and are stated in BTU's (British Thermal Units).

Only 16½ inches thin—takes up ⅓ less space, fits almost anywhere









FITS IN UPPER HALF . . . OR LOWER HALF . . . CAN GO ALL INSIDE OR ALL OUTSIDE . . . IN CASEMENTS . . . OR RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL

There are two General Electric *Thinline* styles—Custom and De luxe. Custom models, shown in four typical installations above, give you a choice of colors.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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The Actor in Me (Continued from Page 21)

when I can't get jobs in pictures. Now I can afford not to drive one."

I think that I'm still the way I was before Champion. I didn't kowtow to producers then; I'm not noted for it now. Even when I was a bum, standing in line on the Bowery to buy a cheap Salvation Army meal, I didn't buddy up to people I thought were jerks, no matter how much good they could do me. This is not always the accepted way to get ahead. Too often in the entertainment field, the idea persists that you can ignore influential creeps only after you have become successful.

Nowadays when I go back to my home town, Amsterdam, New York, everybody there takes it for granted that I must have an ego the size of a weather balloon. People in Amsterdam ask me, "Do you remember when we did so-and-so?" and when I say, "Sure, I remember," they're amazed.

"What do you know!" they exclaim. "Kirk remembers."

I want to ask them, "If you remember little things that happened in my youth, why shouldn't I? The fact that I went to Hollywood to earn a living doesn't mean I've pulled a sack over my head." But I don't say it. If I did, it would only confirm their suspicion that I have become "one of those hard-to-get-along-with Hollywood big wheels."

I once asked a friend, "If I ever change, will you please tell me?" She said, "No, I'll just stop talking to you."

We're still talking.

No one has yet defined the temperamental requirements which make up an actor or, to cut it even finer, a movie actor. I'd like to try. Actors have been described as "people who have completely beaten down their inhibitions." I don't know what that makes me, since I've never had any inhibitions, but from one point of view it's a sound statement. If the average nonactor knows he's going to face a TV or motion-picture camera tomorrow or even give a speech at the luncheon club, he'll worry throughout a sleepless night.

As a movie actor, I'd have trouble sleeping if I thought that some director who had planned to focus a camera on me the next day might change his mind. That would really give me a white night.

Feeling that way doesn't make me unique, as a classic backstage story about a New York actor proves. This actor had been having a lean time, when he was cast in a play just going into rehearsal. He was a worry wart, and every evening he told his wife, "I don't know whether they really like me or not and according to Equity rules they can fire me at any time until I've been in rehearsal for two weeks."

He lasted thirteen days, in dread all that time that a notice would arrive telling him he was fired. On the fourteenth day, a telegram was shoved under his hotel-room door. With shaking hands he opened it. A smile lit his face and he called to his wife, "It's not bad news, after all, honey! Uncle Tom just died!"

Actors react differently from other people. Our profession is a very personal thing. We feel more passionately about our job than a banker, say, does about his. Look around you. How many people are doing what they want to do? Yet no one ever hit an actor over the head to make him become an actor. You're an actor because that's what you want to be, despite all the difficulties.

An actor's need to project his emotions from his insides to his outside sandpapers his nerves. His feelings lie so close to the surface that such terms as "crazy" and "mixed up" are often applied to him.

A clue to his state of mind might be found in a story about me. When I knew I was going to be in the screen version of Detective Story, I wanted to do it on the stage first to get the feel of it. I asked Willie Schorr, associate producer of the film, if he could get together a stage company so I could give the role a flesh-and-blood run-through before tangling with the celluloid version. Willie signed thirty-five people to play The Sombrero Playhouse, in Phoenix, Arizona. Then he began to go over my lines with me in Hollywood.

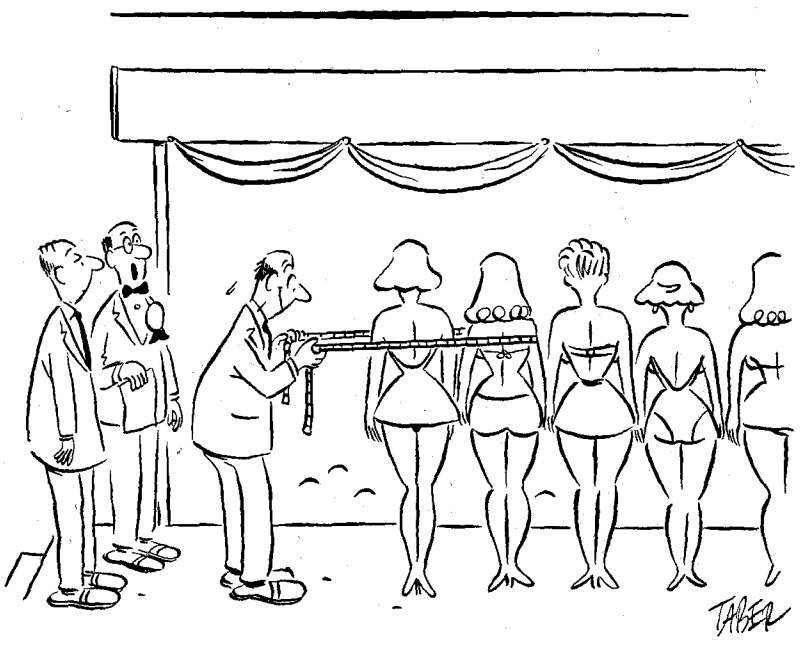
Suddenly, the thought of going on stage again frightened me. I hadn't worked in front of a live audience in a few years, and I started to get tense. We moved to Phoenix, and I became increasingly nervous. I lost my voice. Throat specialists sprayed my larynx, nodded wisely and said, "Laryngitis." The rehearsals continued. Willie put another actor in my part and I sat in the theater, swallowing medicine every hour on the hour, chewing lozenges—and watching another guy do what I was supposed to do.

I didn't like it at all. I didn't like anyone else playing my part; I didn't like sitting on the sidelines. My voice started to come back. On opening night the people in the back row heard me loud and clear.

I had been scared. I never met an actor who didn't have stage fright. Jimmy Cagney calls it "Flop Sweat." There's only one cure for flop sweat—the fear that you may lose the part.

Any actor worth his salt must have a plentiful supply of self-confidence, even cockiness. It is essential to his survival; to do a good job, he must be firmly convinced that he is the perfect man in the role and that he will do a masterful job. I'm not interested in being a "modest actor." The last time I heard a star described that way, I was reminded of the classic retort: "Well, he has plenty to be modest about."

It is true, however, that actors are open to the charge of being self-centered, because they talk about themselves so much. It's only natural. To a degree unknown in other professions, they must think of themselves a great deal of the time. If they are ill, the "store" will not remain open for business while they are out of action. Their basic merchandise is themselves. When an accountant balances his books at the end of the month, he doesn't boast about it. Another man with similar training could have done as well. Not so with an actor. (*Continued on Page 48*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"This is Hanley's first contest."

IN CHICAGO

and from coast to coast . . .

AMERICA DOES BUSINESS ON

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For letterheads and envelopes—for business forms—Nekoosa Papers come in a wide variety of colors, weights and finishes. They are among the largest selling papers in America—because of their outstanding *appearance*, *performance* and *printability*. Specify Nekoosa Papers! Thousands of printers can supply them . . . more than 135 Nekoosa Paper Merchants distribute them.

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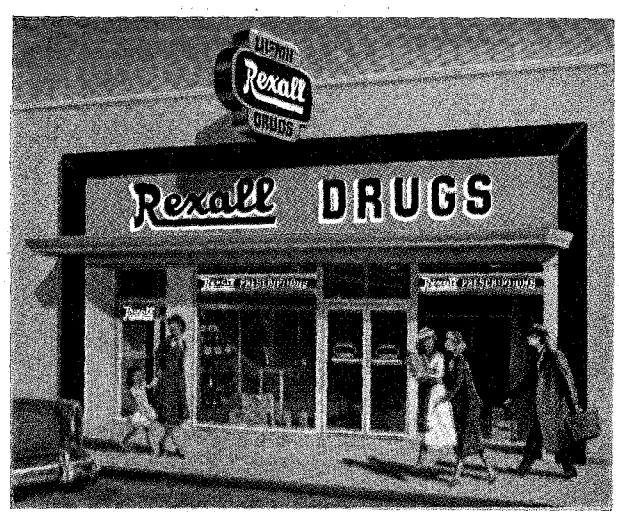
June 24th THROUGH July 6th



Look for the orange and blue sign that identifies Rexall Drug Stores everywhere. Only your Rexall Druggist can sell Rexall drug products—the products with the famous, money-back guarantee.

FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS
Polio won't wait-
VACCINATE!
ASK YOUR DOCTOR

REXALL ASPIRIN. No finer, faster-acting aspirin made—at any price! Each tablet contains a full 5 grains. 2 big bottles of 300, regularly $2.38, now get **2 FOR $1.79**

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REXALL GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES are firm yet pliable; relieve constipation quickly. Guaranteed to contain pure glycerin. Infant's or adult's. Large jars of 24, reg. 2 jars for $1.78, now during the sale you get... **2 FOR $1.29**

CARA NOME PERMA-SHEEN NAIL POLISH keeps its lustrous, new-manicure look until you take it off! Choice of 9 smart shades or base coat—with Cara Nome's non- smear Polish Remover. Both, reg. $1.09, now **79¢**

CARA NOME'S LIQUID CLEANSING CREAM is the non-greasy deep-pore cleanser. Save when you buy 2 in the sale! Reg. 2 for $3.00.. **2 FOR $2.00**

CARA NOME DUSTING POWDERS are made with the finest of imported talc, so pure it's safe for even baby's tender skin. Choose popular Cara Nome or sophisticated White Mink fragrance. Save on this 2-box special: regularly 2 for $3.00; in sale.....**2 FOR $2.29**

CARA NOME DEODORANT LOTION—buy two and save half! This exclusive formula is a true anti-perspirant—actually stops perspiration. Squeeze-bottles, regularly 2 for $2.00, now... **2 FOR $1.00**

CARA NOME ASTRINGENT is effective even for oily skin. Feel the stimulating tingle as it helps treat pores and clears away every last trace of cream. Reg. 2 for $2.50; in the sale.... **2 FOR $1.65**

CARA NOME SKIN FRESHENER provides very gentle astringent action and leaves your skin fresh & radiant. Reg. 2 for $2.00, now **2 FOR $1.33**

CARA NOME SKIN LOTION is a double-duty powder base. It provides continuous skin-softening action, thanks to special emollient ingredients. Ideal for oily skin, it dries quickly and makes powder cling longer. Reg. 2 for $2.50, now **2 FOR $1.65**

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REXALL MONACET APC. Aspirin, phenacetin and caffeine—for fast, 3-way relief from headache. Bottles of 100, reg. 2 for $1.58.. **2 FOR $1.19**

REXALL KLENZO ANTISEPTIC, the ruby-red mouthwash and breath sweetener that kills contacted germs. 6-oz. bottles, regularly two for 78¢, now... **2 FOR 49¢**

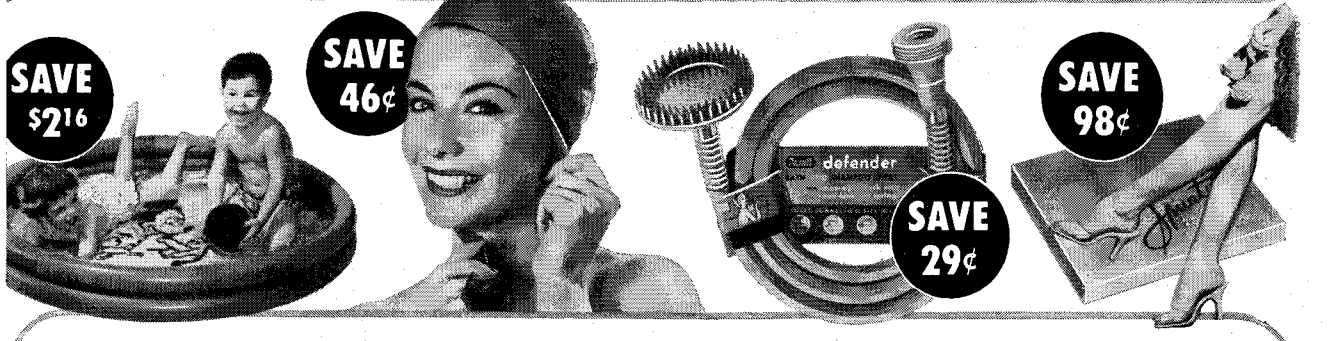
REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA Tablets are an ideal antacid-laxative for acid upset stomachs. Bottles of 250 tablets, reg. 2 for $2.00, now...**2 FOR $1.49**

PLASTIC QUIK-BANDS with Rexall's Pro-Cap adhesive—it sticks better. Water-proof, flesh-colored, flexible. Boxes of 33, regularly 2 for 78¢, now... **2 FOR 63¢**

ELKAYS AEROSOL INSECT KILLER. Instant spray puts a quick end to your problems with many household pests! Non-DDT; harmless to humans or pets when used as directed. 12-oz., 2 for $3.18..**2 FOR $1.99**

CANNON BEACH TOWEL. Big 27" x 54" multi-colored towel of heavy quality terry cloth. Dry-fast and color-fast. Color choice, attractive stripe designs. Save on this special during the sale.....**99¢**

PLASTIC HOUSEHOLD GLOVES, "Lady Fair." Protect your hands from harsh detergents, acid, oil, etc. Long wearing. Pair, reg. 69¢, during this sale, only.. **57¢**



MICKEY MOUSE WADING POOL is 4'4" across—big enough for two little bathers! And the reinforced vinyl plastic is tough enough to take the wear and tear of rough play. All children love it! Regularly $5.95, now just..**$3.79**

LADIES' SWIM KAP fits all head sizes comfortably. Patented 5-ring construction keeps Kap snug to help hair stay in and water out. Popular aviator style. $1.25 value, during this sale, **79¢**

DEFENDER BATH AND SHAMPOO SPRAY. Adjusts to fit all faucets. All quality rubber, with anti-kink coil springs on tube. Large, gentle massage brush head. 98¢ value, now **69¢**

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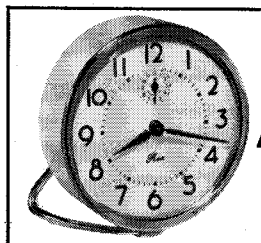

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One of America's foremost research organizations, United States Testing Co., just completed a series of impartial tests on the four leading high-compression golf balls.

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In tests which measured trueness factors, the new Spalding DOT outranked all other brands tested—proving the DOT will follow a truer course putt after putt, shot after shot, ball after ball.

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(based upon tests of trueness of center balance, turnover and deviation from roundness)

RANKING	BRAND
1st	DOT
2nd	Brand B
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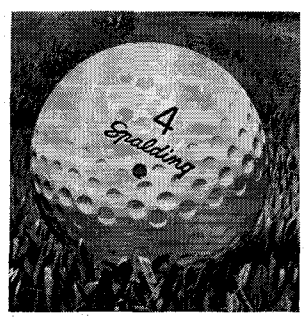
Play the new Spalding DOT. There are other balls in its price field—but none in its class!



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*U.S. Testing Co., Report No. 27149, 4/2/57

(*Continued from Page 45*) No two actors can ever play the same role exactly alike. This sense of unique accomplishment heightens the actor's awareness of himself.

Now that I've said this much I'll say something else: I hate to talk about myself. I do like to talk about a part I have played or one I'm going to play, because it's the character, not the actor, who shows up on the screen. If it isn't good on the screen, it doesn't matter how fascinating the actor's life has been. I admit there's a flaw in my argument: a man is a certain kind of actor because of his childhood, his life experiences, and it is impossible to gauge his strength or weakness without knowing his personal story. That I'll go into later.

There's another thing about actors—every one of them wants to play each role he's given better than it's humanly possible for him to play it. I plead guilty. I not only want to achieve perfection in each role I play, I want to play all the good roles there are to play. It's absurd to feel this way, but it makes me unhappy that I can't be starring in my next picture, The Viking, and playing two other top roles at the same time.

My friends razz me about this, but my two oldest sons, Michael and Joel, are young enough to understand how I feel. Michael is twelve; Joel is ten; and if they play Civil War, they both want to be both Lee and Grant. Why not? At their age they don't even have to change beards.

My friend, producer-director Billy Wilder, gives me the berry for hankering to play every good role Hollywood offers. He says, "You remind me of the old Austrian story about the man who committed suicide because he couldn't dance at two weddings at the same time. Kirk, you are the eternal ham bone. When a director finds a well-smoked, juicy ham like you, he's happier than working with a dry, underacting actor. It's hard to put meat on a bone. It's easier to slice the ham thinner."

I've heard Billy put it another way: "Kirk gives you all he's got. His chest begins to heave even before a director snaps his fingers. He doesn't need violins playing in a corner to put him in the right mood." I hope he's right. If he means that I enjoy acting, he is right.

I'm the kind of actor I am because in a few small, important ways I am still the boy named Issur Danielovitch who lived near the carpet mills in Amsterdam, New York. If an actor lets himself become blasé, he can't play the game of let's-pretend, which is the essence of being an actor. He's lost if he says to himself, *What am I doing here, a grown man, pretending I'm a cowboy? This is ridiculous.*

If you can't pretend without being self-conscious, if you begin to think, *Get me, everybody. I'm an actor and I'm acting the pants off this role*, you'll end up by thinking of yourself as a star with a capital S, and you will be a flop with a capital F.

Sometimes I say to a director, "Please stop talking to me as if I'm an actor." He knows what I mean. That word, actor, pronounced in capital letters, makes me think of myself as a motor with an empty tank, into which somebody is pumping gas. That kind of actor-director relationship would make me feel like an idiot. I feel this way about it: If I give the director everything I've got, he'll know when to say, "That's good!" or "Down, boy, you're overacting."

During the filming of 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, I kept trying to think up bits of business which might help my characterization. As we rehearsed each scene, I would outline one of my ideas to Dick Fleischer, the director, and ask, "Is there any value in this?"

He'd say, "Let's try it," or "No, Kirk, it stinks."

Whatever he said was O.K. with me. He was the boss. But long before the picture was in the can the crew was groaning as if in pain every time I asked, "Is there any value in this, Dick?"

At the end of the picture I gave Dick Fleischer a money clip in appreciation of his patience. On it I'd had engraved, "Is there any value in this?" Fleischer is a very talented guy. If he gets his just rewards there'll always be something of value in that clip I gave him.

In any case, I'll always believe that there's value in being willing to work like a horse to do a better job. Until I played the prize fighter in Champion, I had never boxed at all. When I started work in that picture I had three left hands, none of which could jab or throw a punch, but I trained in a gym until I became a passable fighter.

I'd never done any trapeze work before I worked as an aerialist in The Story of Three Loves, but I trained for that, too, until I could do some real "flying." I learned to juggle for The Juggler by practicing several hours a day for weeks. I tackled the guitar in the same way for my first Western, and before going before the camera in Detective Story, I spent many nights in New York's 16th precinct police station.

It could be that my willingness to work long and hard to master a new skill is just another manifestation of my hamminess—a desire to create a sensation with an unexpected accomplishment; then throw it away by saying, "It's really nothing." But I honestly don't think that's it. It's not so much exhibitionism on my part as a need to believe in those games of "Let's pretend." If I believe in them hard enough, movie-goers may believe in them too.

Before playing a newspaperman in Ace in the Hole, later called The Big Carnival, I wanted to make sure I wouldn't goof as a screen reporter once I was before a camera. I called a pal and asked, "Can you fix it so I can work for a newspaper? I'm playing a reporter in a picture. I'd like to find out how it's done."

My pal called Agness Underwood, the city editor of the Los Angeles Herald & Express. She asked, "Does Douglas really want to work or is he looking for a joy ride while he milks some publicity out of it?"

My pal told her, "He really wants to work."

"Have him here at seven o'clock tomorrow morning," she said. Miss Underwood put me on rewrite and the Herald & Express staff had fun initiating me. Leg men dictated so many words a minute that my brain reeled. Finally I was turned loose on a story.

After I'd covered it, Miss Underwood said, "Not bad for a cub." Coming from her, that was high praise.

I got so steamed up about newspaper work that I asked a veteran Herald & Express man what must have seemed a presumptuous question. "How do you go about getting a by-line story?"

He looked at me bleakly. "You work for years. Then, if you're lucky, you hit an extra good story and they put your name on it."

The next day I was sent out to cover a story about a kid who had accidentally swallowed poison. That night Miss Underwood put my name above the story I'd written.

The newspaperman I'd talked to came over to me and said, "Forget what I told you yesterday. I was wrong. The easiest way to get a by-line on a story is to be a movie star."

I'm fool enough to believe that little things ought to be done in a big way. When you are a star, someone is always asking you to make a personal appearance for a worthy cause.

"It's only a walk-on," he tells you. "Just get up there and say, 'Hi,' or 'Nice to know you.'"

I think it's an insult to the customers if an actor says, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It's fine being here—and by the way, what's the name of this city?"

If I'm asked to make a talk before an organization like the B'nai B'rith or the American Association for the United Nations, I make an honest effort to prepare for it. I hate to read a speech or even deliver one from notes. I like to work it out in my head, so that it will come from there once I'm on my feet.

Usually when I'm getting ready for a public appearance, the man who handles my public relations rallies around. His name is Stan Margulies. Stan makes encouraging noises and drops helpful hints. Finally the time comes when I have to stand up and speak my piece alone. When it's over, Stan usually says, "We did it again, Kirk." I like that "we." Actually, however, Stan is a very useful citizen. He's especially valuable when I arrive at a hotel where a committee is waiting, and some dignitary leads me down the reception line, introducing me: "Mr. Douglas, Mr. Smith. . . . Mr. Douglas, Mr. Glutz. . . . Mrs. Rosenthal, Mr. Douglas."

If I encounter those people later in the evening, I try to call each of them by his right name. This isn't easy for me. I can remember pages of dialogue and lines from plays I saw years ago, but I have a mental block when it comes to names, even the names of people I've known for years. At big press and cocktail parties and *premières*, Stan stands near me. If he sees somebody approaching, he mentions that person's name in conversation with me, as a hint. At one press party he whispered, "The woman coming our way is your wife." He didn't have to go that far. That's a name I have no trouble with.

I often ponder the fact that my work involves a maximum of insecurity. A career in picture business is as unstable as one in professional athletics, if not more so. I've been asked, "Don't you want the security of a (*Continued on Page 50*)

To the Author of a Travel Ad

By R. H. Grenville

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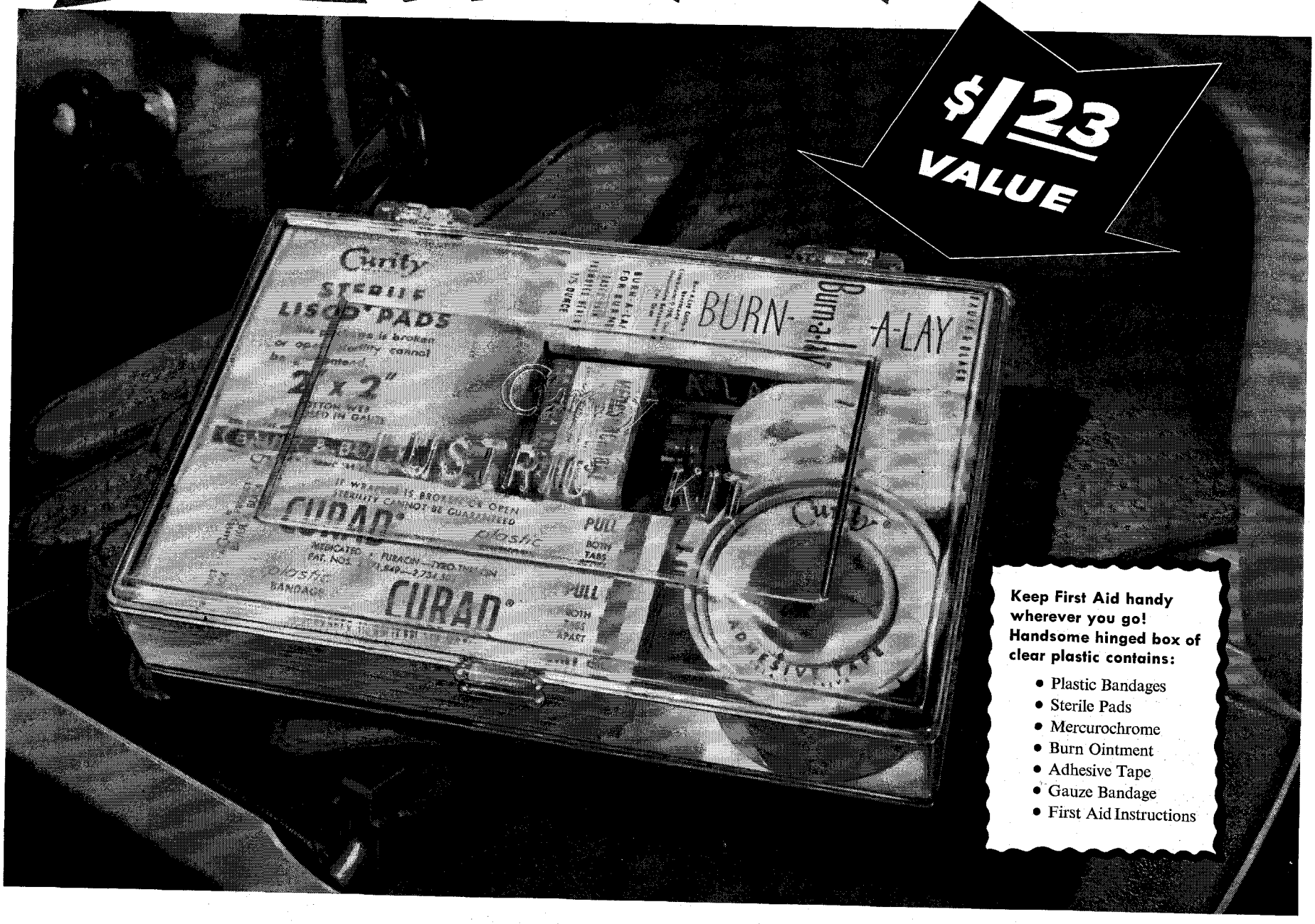

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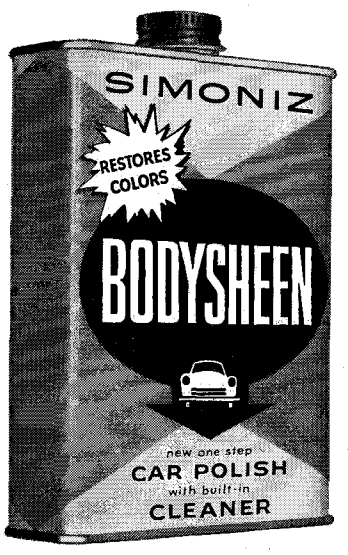

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(*Continued from Page 48*) long-term contract and a nice, comfortable check coming in every week?" The answer to that is easy: I've hated contracts ever since I came to Hollywood. They give me a trapped feeling.

The only real security for a movie actor is in having a little talent and a lot of luck, plus a certain amount of the indefinable quality which makes people willing to pay to see him in a picture. He can't just sign a contract, then lean back on the whereases and say, "I've got security."

I once had a setup that seemed to insure me against getting into that sort of ring-around-the-rosy. That was when Warner Brothers signed a nine-pictures-in-seven-years contract with me, involving nearly a million dollars. In most actor-studio contracts the word "options" refers only to options reserved by the studio. The studio may exercise its option to re-sign you at the end of a term specified in your contract, or it may not. It's strictly up to the employer. But in the deal I had with Warner's there were no options. Hot or cold, they agreed to retain my services for seven years.

When I signed that contract, the first thing I did was phone my mother and tell her about it. "That's fine, son," she said, "but is it steady?"

I explained to ma that the studio wouldn't have trouble meeting its payroll. But ma was right—it wasn't steady. I did three of the nine pictures I'd contracted to do. Then I did the fourth for nothing, in return for a release from my contract. I had had insurance against insecurity of a sort, but I had made a disturbing discovery: there was nothing in my contract that insured me against getting bad roles.

Everyone thought I was cracked when I did that fourth Warner picture for free, but it was the sanest thing I've ever done. Since then I've free-lanced and have been an independent producer. I've been kept busy all the time and I've been able to pick my own stories. Of course, I've made mistakes in accepting some of the parts I've played, but they've been my own mistakes, and I'd rather have it that way.

When you reach the point where you're happier being a movie actor without a contract than an actor with one, it's like being able to run an ad in Variety: "Have freedom; will go places." It proves that you've achieved confidence in yourself.

The sad part—the frightening part—is that when a lot of us in movies reach the top, and we have contracts and agents and business managers and publicity workers and such trappings of success as a little place at Palm Springs and a heated swimming pool with underwater lighting, we're scared to death. We're afraid that the whole glittering blob of quicksilver will slip through our fingers.

I don't think I'll panic if my career ever does a nose dive. At least I won't fall back on booze or a psychiatrist's couch. Not that I'm braver or more resourceful than anyone else, but I've made myself think about that possibility in this way: *I've been without money before and I've got by. I've been hungry and I haven't starved. I started from the bottom; I had nowhere to go but up. If I lose everything, so what? I can start from the bottom and try again.*

While security may be the No. 1 problem in my profession, it is not the only one. Playing a character about whom the public has already formed an opinion can be a problem too. Before playing the title role in Ulysses, I did my best to find out what kind of man he was. After reading the Odyssey through twice, I decided that its hero was shrewd, calculating and a warrior who was always on the muscle. The way I saw him, he wasn't unhappy staying away from his wife for such a long time. He was having a ball, roaming and fighting, so he took his time getting home.

If you make a historical character human, some people feel that you're not a skillful actor. But I figured Ulysses put on his pants one leg at a time, the way any other seagoing warrior does. So I decided to play him straight and the hell with it.

The critics gave me mixed notices. Some of them were the best I've ever had, others were the worst. One respected reviewer said that I played the role "like a bearded second baseman." In contrast, Jack Moffit, the critic for the Hollywood Reporter, wrote, "In Ulysses, Kirk Douglas achieves full maturity as an actor. He reaches moments in it he's never reached before."

So there you are; take your choice.

Ulysses did sensational business in England—sensational being a Hollywood word which means satisfactory—but even so, one English critic objected, "Kirk Douglas plays Ulysses with an American accent." Should I have used a Greek accent? Should I have used a British accent?

I encountered the "American-accent" beef again when I played Vincent van Gogh in Lust for Life. Some thought that I should have spoken English with a French accent in that film. Still, there were certain things about the van Gogh part I could cope with. In one scene of that picture I did some painting while the camera peered over my shoulder. No fakery was involved; I actually wielded the brush. The director had told me that he wanted me to add crows to a painting of a wheatfield—crows in the manner of van Gogh. I hired a French artist to teach me to do it. In practice sessions I painted more than 800 crows. I am not one of the art world's immortals, but at least I can now catch a crow in flight.

Perhaps I've dwelt too long on the odd traits of actors; they have virtues too. The most generous people I've ever dealt with are actors and newspapermen. Pass the hat for a needy co-worker in either group, and you'd better have a big hat. And no one is willing to work harder than an actor—to the end of his endurance, if need be. This goes for any actor, famous or obscure.

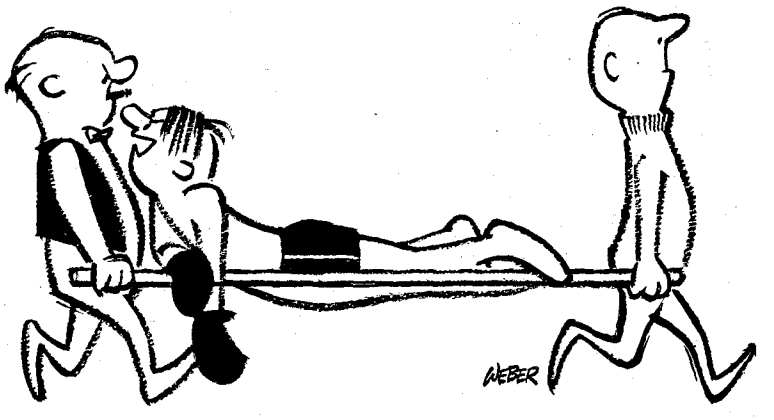
My agent once said of me, "Kirk is always riding me to put out more effort on his behalf. I spend more time on him than I do on any other two stars on my list, so in a way he's more trouble to me than he's worth. But it's only fair to say that the guy drives himself harder than he drives me. 'Hey, Douglas,' he tells himself. 'Do something. Get going! Get off the dime!'"

Whatever drive I have stems from lessons learned a long time ago. When I was working my way through St. Lawrence University I once lost my small fund of cash in a poker game. Much ashamed, I had to go home to my hard-pressed mother and tell her.

"You are such a fool," she chided me. "You bet money on cards. What do the cards know about you? What do they care?" She gave me a hug and said, "Everyone likes to gamble. There's nothing wrong with gambling. You want to bet? O.K., bet. But gamble on yourself."

I have found that the perfect place to take her advice is in acting. I've never hesitated to gamble for really big stakes—abandoning my contract at Warner's, starting my own independent company, Bryna Productions. I've been lucky enough to make a few good pictures, but I don't assume that I'll never boot one. No one bats a thousand in any league, and a champ is a guy who walks into the ring one day and gets clobbered by a kid no one ever heard of. All I can do is work as hard as I know how, and, when the chips are down, gamble on myself.

Editors' Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Douglas and Mr. Martin.



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"Yeah," his trainer agreed wearily. "Next time you'd better concentrate on more push-ups."

A. H. Dreyling

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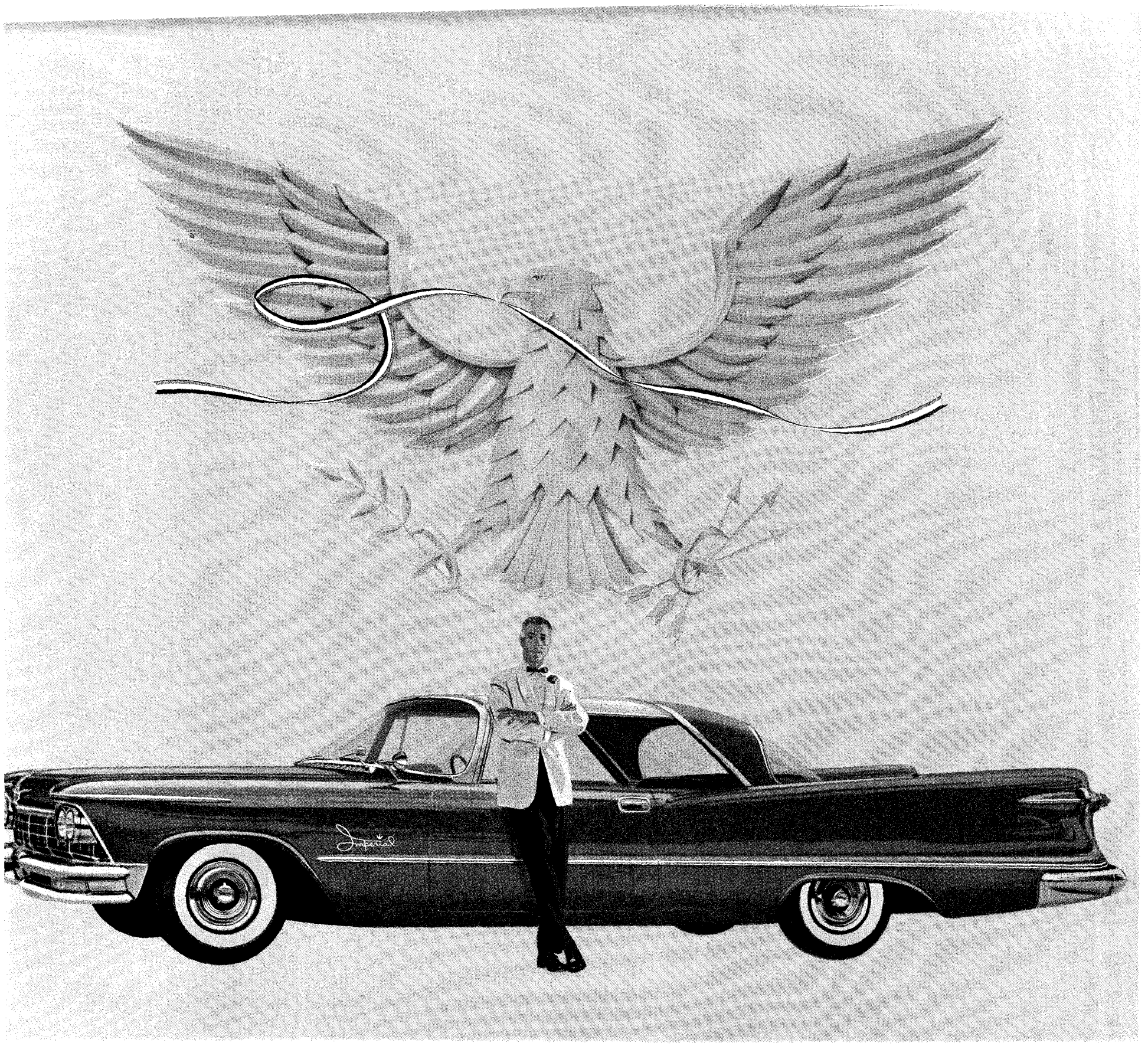

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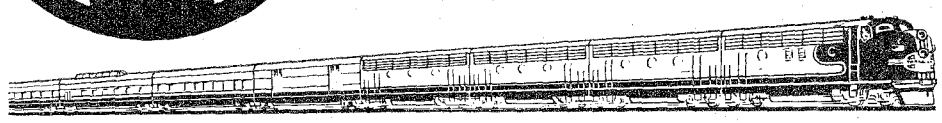

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Rage on the Mountain (Continued from Page 26)

gentle ripple of the sea caught the color and changed it a fraction, then threw it off differently. You could nearly touch the color of the evening, but Tom didn't even see it.

What the hell possessed me? he was thinking. He had thought that he would be left in the city. It never even entered his mind that he might be sent down to the country, a fate worse than death. But he was. It was like being sent to purgatory when you thought you would get to heaven. He would go farther and say it was like being sent to hell, out of which there was no redemption. Well, he didn't have to stick it. He could resign. Nobody was going to beat him over the head to get him to remain. Even if he did fail, and could never forget that he had failed, what did it matter? After all, it was only a job, like other jobs, and people had to leave other jobs; and they didn't go around afterward thinking there was something wrong with them.

At this moment, up in Bartley Finnegan's, Mike Stranger was going mad. He didn't go mad very often, but when he did, it was murder.

He was a very big man, in his late thirties. His head looked small on a very big trunk, and he had wrists that were the thickness of the butts of five-year-old willow trees. He was very kindly, very amiable; and when he was in good form he would amuse the company by lifting a blacksmith's anvil in one hand or by pulling a diesel lorry by a cart rope held in his strong white teeth. It was just that his eyes were small and uneasy. Men always approached him cautiously in case he might be due for another spell. But then, as time went on, they became less cautious—like Murt Cleaver now. Murt was a strong man, too, but he was nearly fifty and his hair was gray, and his once great frame was shrinking a little on itself. He was a laugh merchant. He had a lot of laugh wrinkles around his eyes.

Mike had come in, and Murt had offered to stand him a drink, and when the pints were filled Murt had raised his glass and said, "Here's to you, Mike, and may your shadow never grow less."

This toast was a joke. Murt had one time been invited to a wedding, and, called on to toast the bride, he had done so in a very praiseworthy speech, but had finished up wishing her that her shadow would never grow less. This was greeted by a dead silence. It was only afterward Murt realized that the bride was expecting and that his toast was unfortunate.

He was thinking of this episode now, chuckling into his glass of porter, when he heard the warning shout from Bartley, "Murt! Murt! Murt!"

At the same time Mike's glass of porter shattered on the concrete floor where he had thrown it. Bits of glass flew in all directions. Murt looked up, startled, but he was too late to run. The big hands of Mike were reaching for him.

"You say that! You say that! You say that!" Mike was muttering, spitting spittle.

Murt was very alarmed. He had only time for one despairing shout before one hand of the madman was clutching his crotch, and the other clasping his coat. His heavy body was raised in the air and was flung at the shouting face of Bartley behind the counter. Bartley ducked, and Murt closed his eyes as he met all the bottles on the shelf, paused there for a moment like a fly swatted to a wall, and then fell a long way to the floor behind the counter while bottles and glasses clattered on top of him.

Bartley had moved out of the way and was shouting, "Get the guards, men! Get the guards!"

There were three other men in the place. Only one of them had the courage to run for the front door, because Mike was swinging the heavy wooden bar stool at everything within sight. This man was the tailor, a small fellow with a black

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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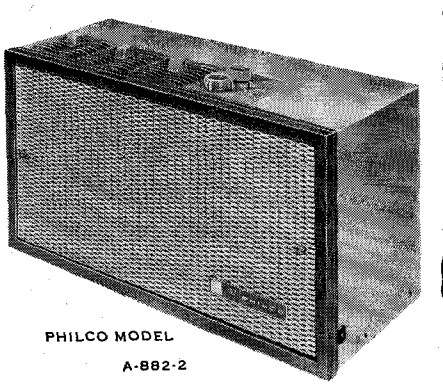

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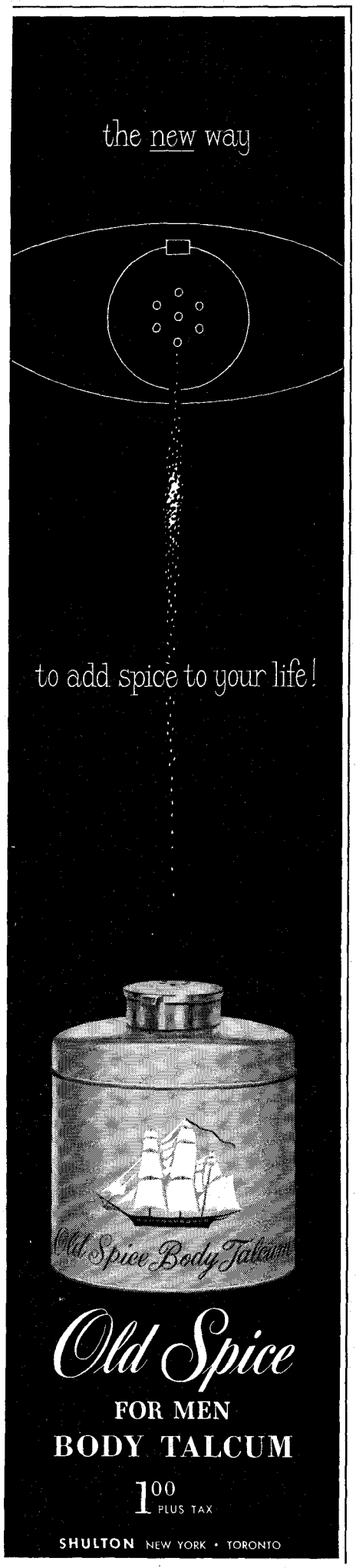
suit and a pale face. The two others ran for the back quarters, like ferrets going into a rabbit hole. Mike caught the tailor a clobber of the stool as he was going out, and he reached the street outside. But he wasn't very hurt, so he got up and ran, but paused when way below he saw the uniformed policeman with folded arms sitting on a bollard.

He shouted at him. "Clancy! Clancy! Come up here, will you! Mike Stranger is loose again!" He shouted very loudly. You would have heard him eight miles away if you were a deaf mute.



But did Tom Clancy hear him? Not at all. He was in the city of his birth, being a detective sergeant, skillfully tracking down sophisticated murderers, commended on all sides, getting medals for subduing armed desperate men, instead of being where he was, buried down here where nothing ever happened, except a cow aborting or a dog killing lambs in the springtime.

The tailor despaired of him and ran down the street to the barracks. The two other escapees from the bar had already beaten him to it and were pouring their tale into the ears of the sergeant, who was cursing as he buckled on his cased baton, and calling for the only other guard in the place, Morahan, who was the clerk and not very robust.

They came out and ran up the street, but when they reached the pub, Mike Stranger was gone, and the place was a shambles. They ran to the road behind and looked toward the mountain, and there he was, clambering up it like an oversized goat. It was always the same way. He'd go mad and then he'd take to the mountain. And in three days he'd return, ragged but sane.

Why didn't they put him away? No doctor could clamber up the mountain after him, and when he came back he was so sane that nobody could certify him. Anyhow he was useful around the place. He worked for everybody and could work harder than ten men. In fact, the place would be lost without him, and Bartley Finnegan was insured, so what did it matter?

But it was a different situation for Clancy.

The sergeant listened to the tailor's tale, tightened his lips, and walked down to the pier. He stood behind the immobile Clancy. The sergeant was really burning. It was a wonder his uniform didn't smolder.

"I hope we're not disturbing you, Mr. Clancy," he roared then, and Clancy leaped a foot off the bollard. "I hope you are enjoying the decency of the sunset, the gentle lapping of the water, the cooing of the gulls."

Clancy was a bit bemused. He laughed. "Gulls don't coo, sergeant," he said.

Well, the sergeant told him a thing or two then, I can tell you, and the worst of it was that all the inhabitants were standing around listening. Murt was still holding an empty pint glass in his hand. He was to tell this for a long time afterward—how, despite all, when he came to himself there was the pint glass intact in his hand. People said that wasn't such a wonder since he had also been born with one in his hand.

They enjoyed the spectacle of Clancy being dressed down; enjoyed the sight of his sweating face. That fella was a bit superior. Who did he think he was, looking down on people? It was better than a play in the hall.

"And what's more," said the sergeant, "since you were supposed to be on duty, and were neglecting the same, there is only one thing for you to do: go now as you are, take to the mountain and bring back Mike Stranger. You hear that? Now! This very minute! And nobody in this place wants to see sight or sign of you until you come back with him. And," added the sergeant before he turned away to go for a drink, "I hope he plucks the bowels out of you."

The sergeant went, and Clancy followed him slowly. The people stood by and watched him. They were grinning. Clancy hid his feelings and walked past them, climbed a stone wall and headed toward the mountain. It was getting dark. It would be a velvety, moonless blackness. He heard the people laughing behind him as he crossed the meadow toward the stream. If he had had a machine gun he would have shot the lot of them.

It was after midnight when the sergeant came back to the barracks. He looked in at Morahan, who was on night duty, and he said, "Where the hell is Clancy?"

Morahan widened his eyes. "But you sent him up the mountain after Mike Stranger."

"What!" the sergeant shouted. "Don't tell me the idiot did what I told him? Didn't he know I was in a temper?"

Morahan wanted to point out to the sergeant how illogical he was, but he didn't, and he was sensible.

"Who ever heard the like of that?" the sergeant fulminated. "How could he find him? How could he bring him back? He should just have circled a field or two and then come back. What kind of a fool is he at all? Mike might kill him dead when he's like this."

Morahan felt like saying, "Well, it's a pity you didn't tell Clancy all this before you sent him off." But he kept his mouth shut.

The sergeant went to bed and a troubled sleep. He woke up several times sweating. He dreamed all the time of Mike falling on Clancy, who would be like a hothouse flower in that wild terrain, and strangling him or smothering him to death. He cursed Clancy. *My God,* he thought, *all the forms I'll have to fill in if he's killed!* Then he slept again and had a nightmare about forms. But he was worried. He liked Clancy. There was something young and fresh about him. He reminded the sergeant of his own lost youth.

Clancy was lost up on that mountain. Before the sun died and the darkness came he had a glimpse way above him of Mike's bulk. Each time Mike turned, Clancy fell flat. He didn't want Mike to see him. He didn't want to be ambushed. *I will try and get near him in the darkness,* Clancy thought. *If I can do that and he falls asleep, maybe after that I'll be able to do something.*

Clancy was mad with the sergeant. He was mad with trade unions. *Working overtime, I am,* Clancy told himself, *but do I get paid for it?* He was mad with the girls of the village. You went to a dance. All right. They were well dressed, all right, and they danced fairly well, but brother, they lacked polish. No repartee. Just looked at you and talked straight, sort of. Made you uncomfortable. Made you feel you weren't a patch on the sunburned fellows with badly tailored suits.

He was wet up to the knees. It was a fairly dry mountain, but it had its wet patches, and Clancy found them every time. If only the sergeant had given him time to put on a pair of rubber boots. But no. Talking to him like that, too, before all the people. Clancy burned and kept climbing.

Instinct made him keep out in the open, away from overhanging folds where he might be jumped. He was too mad to feel afraid. Mike Stranger was a lunatic, and an enormous one. All right. Clancy had been reared in a tough quarter of the city, where you fought to survive. Besides, the people, mad or sane, respected the law. He would just face up to him and say, "Hey, you, come on down out of that!" and Mike Stranger would obey like an honest citizen. Clancy hoped this.

Sheep ran ahead of him like pale white ghosts. They didn't bleat. They just moved. Whirring wings went from almost under his feet, at times, frightening him, so that he stood up, his heart pounding. He didn't know what they were, some sort of birds.

Up above, Mike heard every sound, every movement of the sheep and the birds. It might as well have been broad daylight, the way he could trace the coming of Clancy. He had seen him, of course, in the twilight; the glint of the dying light on the chrome buckle of his belt. His small eyes were narrowed as he lay and listened. He was lying under two great rocks that met together in an arch. A deep place, well used by the sheep in the bitter winds of winter. They kept it clean. Soft green grass in it. The stones warmed by the day sun threw off the heat slowly at night. It was a snug place. Sound came into it slightly magnified. When a sheep's hoof moved over a stone ahead of Clancy, Mike heard it. When a darting and frightened snipe rose from under his feet he heard it; when a brace of grouse moved from him he heard them.

Mike had Clancy pinpointed, and he was afraid, because this was the first time he had been followed. Mike's mind was confused. A welter of blood swirled in front of his eyes at times like this. He sweated and then he grew cold. Before, he could come up and wallow and groan and bite the grass until the cloud moved away from his mind—the red cloud—and it would go, like the burst of sunshine breaking up a morning fog. But he had to be alone. The thought of somebody coming after him terrified him. He wanted to wipe out that terror and be alone.

He began to move out from the cleft. But he listened and there was no sound. He listened much longer. There was no sound. Fortunately for himself, Clancy decided that it (*Continued on Page 58*)

"Perhaps we should have phoned first."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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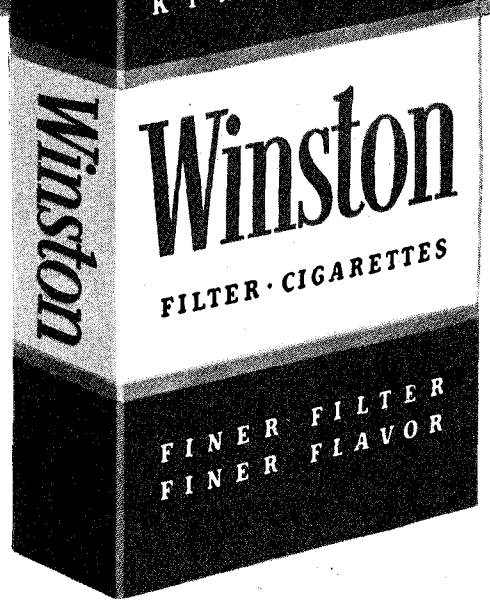

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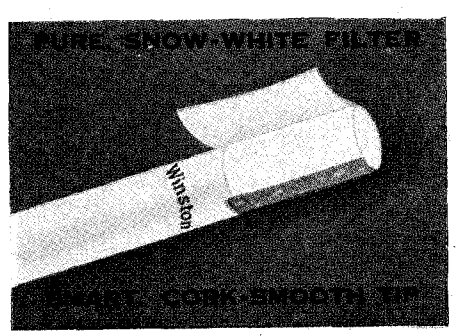

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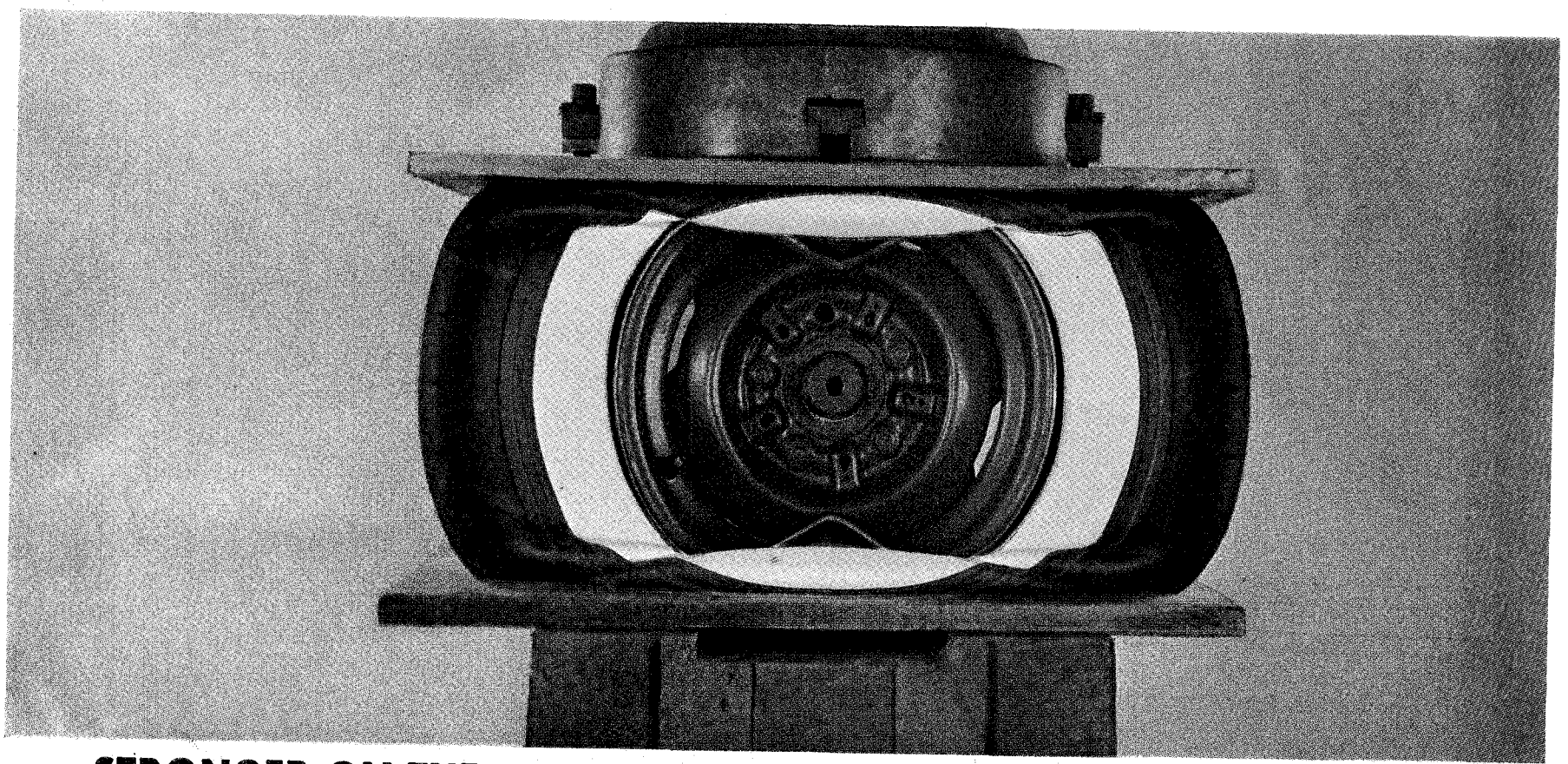

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(*Continued from Page 54*) was stupid to be going around in the dark, and when he came to a place that was partly sheltered, he rested there, sitting on a stone. Mike listened and listened, and then pulled back silently into his nook. But he wasn't calm. He was on edge. He didn't sleep. Before, he would sleep. Now he was terribly conscious of having to share the mountain with another human being.

Clancy dozed. But not much. Fortunately it was a warm night, but all the same, after a doze he would shiver and hug himself.

Later he saw a very thin white line drawn across the horizon by the invisible hand. Just a thin line. And out of that thin line there grew the morning. Clancy was affected, whether it was because of the lack of sleep, and he was sensitive to anything, or because this was the first time he had ever seen the dawn without chimney pots in his way, he didn't know, but this was certainly the first time he had ever had a grandstand seat.

Imperceptibly, the light grew. First he could just distinguish the sea from the sky, and then the narrow, ragged arms of the dark earth embracing the waters. And then the waters were gray and changed to green and after that to pink, and the land emerged from that, brown and black and then slightly purpled. Below him the small harbor gleamed as the rising sun daubed it; and Clancy thought with wonder, *Why, the thing looks beautiful*, with the boats, and the tilled fields many-colored from the different crops—yellow oats and green potatoes dying away to browns, and the haycocks seeming to be growing in the green fields.

And the birds woke up too. He didn't know the names of them. *Pity I don't know the names of them*, he thought. *I must get to know the names of them, just the lark in the clear air, that one, and all the others.*

The sheep bleated and, from one of the houses below, a thin ribbon of smoke arose from a chimney. *Now I know what that piece of music meant*, he thought, *that piece the visiting symphony orchestra played in that big cinema.* He could hear it.

He was standing up, silhouetted against the dawn, his freed baton held in his hand. Since that one time during the night about three, when man is supposed to be at his lowest ebb, that was the time he had grasped the baton in his hand to get courage from the smooth wood. There he was like that, standing up, when Mike Stranger jumped him. Mike's hand caught the baton and pulled it, and both of them went tumbling down to the next level piece of mountain.

Clancy was horrified. The hair was standing up on the back of his neck. He was very lithe and he was first on his feet. But Mike had the baton, and came toward him swinging it. *Why does he do that?* Clancy wondered. *Why can't he kill me with his bare hands?* Then he was angry. *I was on to something there, something unforgettable, and this moron has to spoil it on me.*

He ran in to Mike. Mike swung the baton. Clancy dodged, but he was sent flying, and he was hurt when the baton hit his shoulder. He landed heavily, but moved immediately and instinctively. Mike's big boots landed where his head had been. *The fellow means to kill me*, Clancy thought. He couldn't believe it. These things didn't happen. He had talked and joked with Mike before. But this wasn't the same Mike. His eyes were red-rimmed. There was spittle on his mouth.

Clancy's hand found a stone and he raised it and flung it, and it hit Mike in the face. Clancy didn't wait to feel any emotion. He could do either of two things—he could run or he could fight. He elected to fight, and he followed the stone with his head, and butted the big man in the pit of the stomach. That sent Mike flying down the hill. Clancy followed him. He scrabbled for the falling baton on the way down, and he didn't delay. There was blood on Mike's face. He was sitting up, his hand raised to the cut. Clancy hit him on the head, and he hit him again, and he hit him a third time. It was only then, when Mike fell over, stretched like a slaughtered bullock, that Clancy had time to feel sorry for his actions. Mike's left cheek was covered with blood, and his scalp was open and pouring blood down the other side of his face. But Clancy remained unmoved by that. He freed Mike's galluses and turned him and wound them tightly around his arms. Then he took his bootlaces and tied his wrists. It didn't take long. Clancy sat back then on the heather, breathing deeply. He was exhausted.

He meant to kill me, he thought. *And it was a near thing too. He would have killed me.*

Then he moved. Mike's head was downhill. Clancy swung him around by the shoulders like a balk of timber, so that his head was uphill. Then he took a handkerchief from his pocket and wet it in a pocket of rainwater in the hollow of a rock, and he bathed the blood away from Mike's wounds. Clancy sucked in his breath as he cleaned them and saw they were fairly deep. *Did I do that? I did. Holy Mother of God!*

Mike's eyes were opened. They were looking at the sky. Mike thought: *The*

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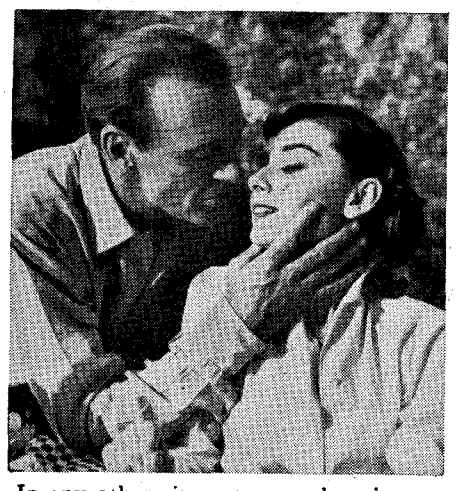
5. *"Items 5 through 9 inclusive cover a bicycle tour I took with a group of exchange students . . .*

6. *"Item 10: a businessman from Brussels . . . Item 11: the chauffeur of the businessman . . ."*



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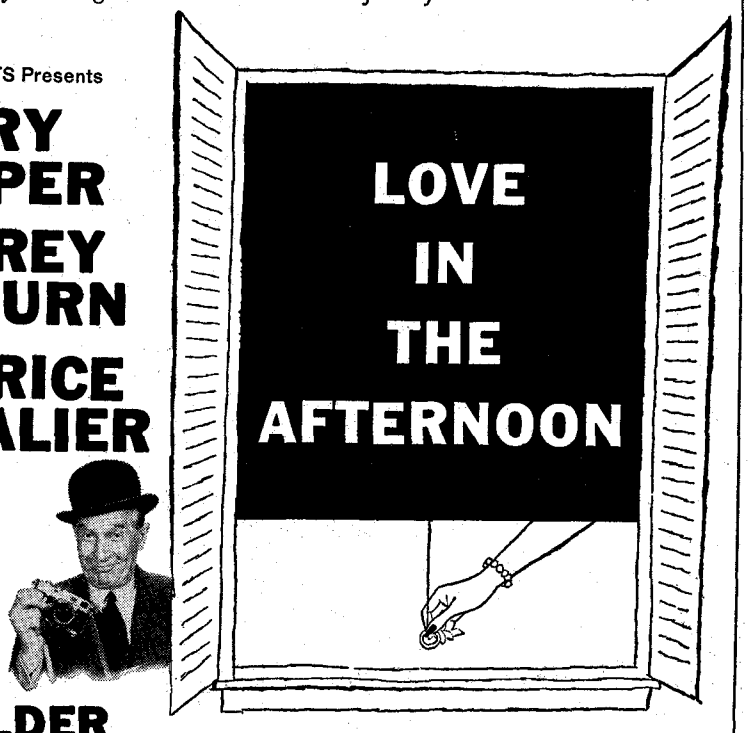

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sky is clear, there are no clouds in the sky. He moved his head. Clancy's face came into his vision, hatless, wanting a shave, covered with scratches and bog mud.

"I didn't hurt you?" Mike asked.

Clancy was surprised. "No," he said. "Not much. But I hurt you."

"Ah," Mike said. "You don't know. Why did you come after me? You are sure I didn't hurt you?"

"Not much," said Clancy.

Mike tried to get up. He was surprised to find that he couldn't. "I'm tied," he said.

"That's right," said Clancy indignantly.

"Let me up," said Mike.

"No bloody fear," said Clancy.

Mike smiled. "I don't blame you," he said. "Weren't you a remarkable man to down me? You must be the first one that ever downed me."

"I don't want to be remarkable," said Clancy. "All I want to do is be alive."

"I am Mike Stranger," said Mike. "Twenty years I am here and I am still Mike Stranger. Isn't that funny?"

"Ha ha," said Clancy shortly.

"But it is," said Mike. "I come from a city, too, you know, Clancy. Not a big one like yours. But a city. Would you like to hear what drove me out of the city?"

Clancy wasn't very sensitive, but somehow it seemed to him at this moment that his attitude toward Mike might be important. He wanted to be short with him. He wasn't. Was there a note of pleading in the big man's voice? The blood was welling again. Clancy dampened the handkerchief and bathed the cuts. He grunted consent.

Mike said: "Out here people are only curious about you for a while. Then their curiosity wears away. They only become curious about what you are now. That's good. Try and see me when I was a boy. Big boy. Lumbering. Not very bright. But bright enough. I am very young, Clancy, when I come from school one day and my mother is dead, see, on the kitchen floor, and there is a lot of blood. She did it herself. She was nice, I tell you. She had fair hair and blue eyes, and he should have loved her very much. But he was no good. He went away, see. And there was just the two of us. He was no good. But she loved him. It happens often that way, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it happens often that way."

"So she couldn't take it. But it shocked me to find her that way. She just didn't think of that, I suppose. That it might be me to find her that way. Otherwise she would never have done it, you think?"

"She didn't think," said Clancy. "That was all. She just didn't think it would be you."

"You see," said Mike, "that's what gets into me. Clouds of blood. I looked for the man often when I got bigger. What I would have done to him! I never found him. Just as well that I didn't, I suppose."

"That's right," said Clancy. He started to untie the bonds from Mike.

"Look," said Mike. "You might be taking an awful chance."

"All right," said Clancy. "I can hit you again."

"I'm glad you hit me, Clancy," Mike said. "Maybe you beat some sense into me. Maybe you scattered the cloud. Listen, Clancy."

"What is it?" Clancy asked.

"It might be better if people asked other people things. It might be better if people were persistently curious. Do you think?"

"Why?" Clancy asked.

"I never said before to a single soul what the red cloud meant," said Mike. "Maybe I might have, if somebody persisted. Nobody did, ever since I was young. You know, Clancy, I feel like I been washed. Is that strange?"

"Here," said Clancy, "put on your galluses and let's get going."

"Thanks, Clancy," said Mike. "Look at the sun. It's bright now, isn't it? The land looks good below, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Clancy, "the land looks good."

They stood up, looking at it.

"I will always be grateful to you," said Mike.

Clancy said a bad word, and they headed down the mountain.

So it was that a haggard sergeant was awakened from the only peaceful sleep he had got the whole night.

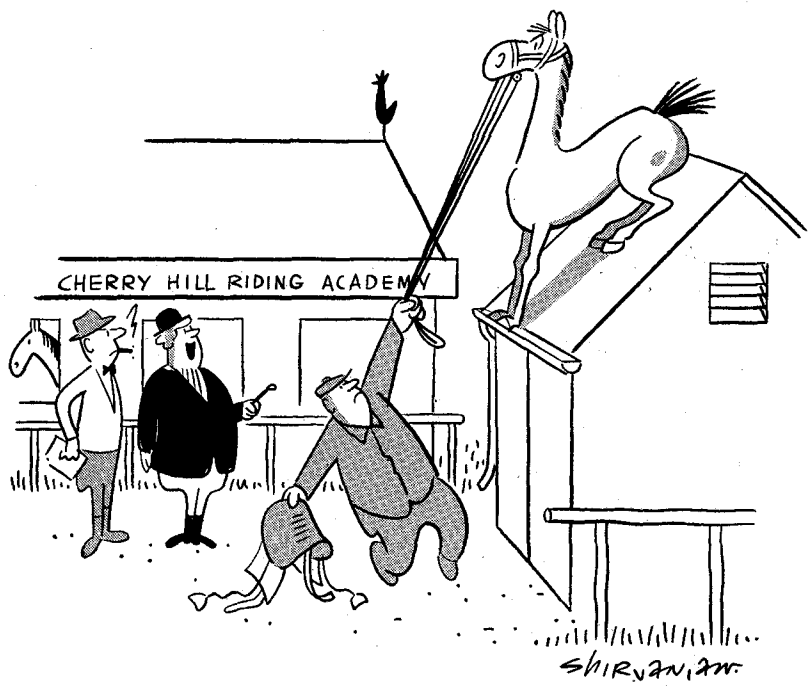
His window blind was shot up, and he sat up in bed staring.

There was an absolutely filthy Clancy and a big, grinning, sane Mike Stranger bandaged with strips of handkerchiefs.

Clancy saluted smartly.

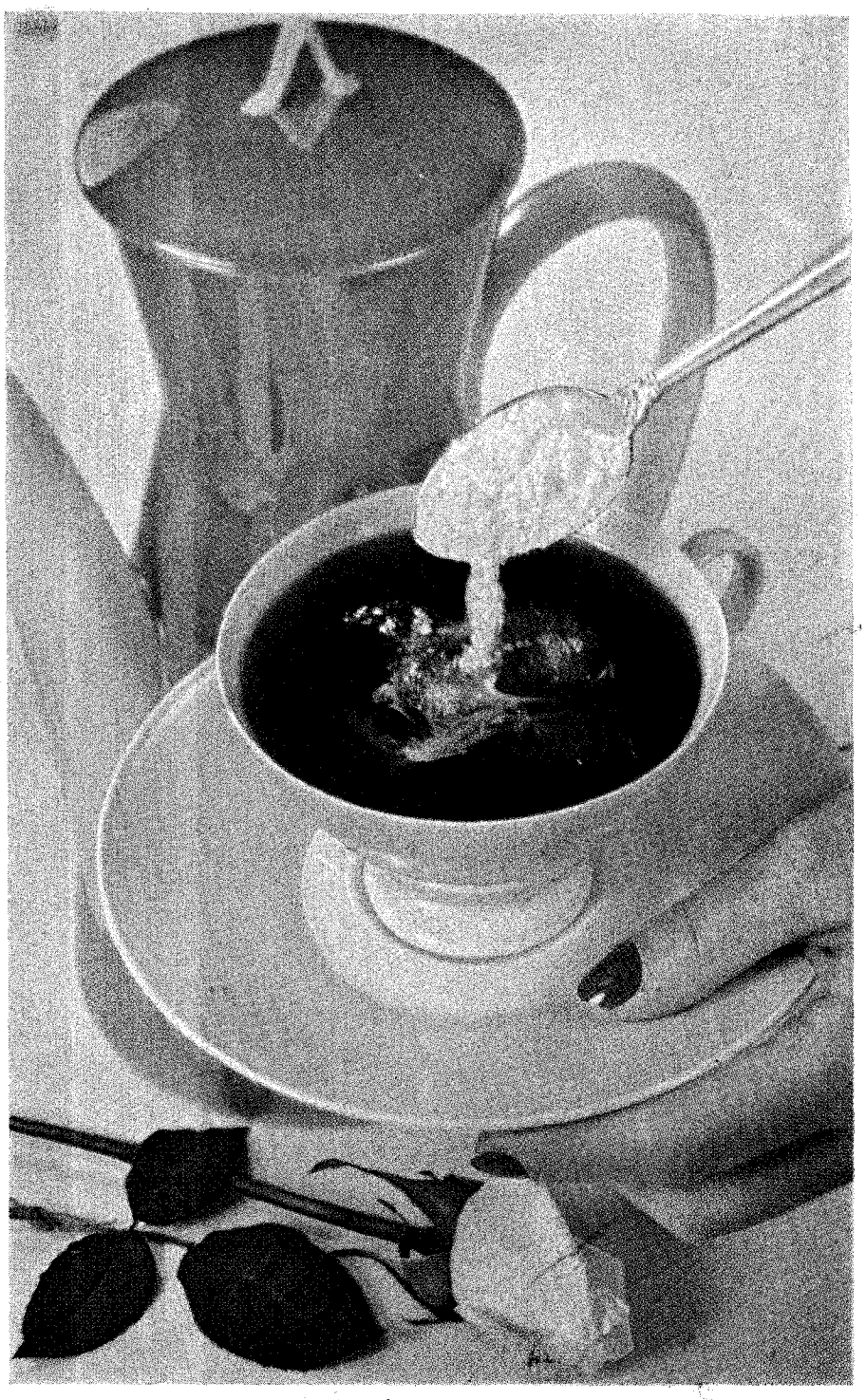
"Prisoner delivered as per orders, sergeant," he said. Then he executed a smart about-turn, and Mike laughed at the openmouthed look of the sergeant.

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He remembers me."



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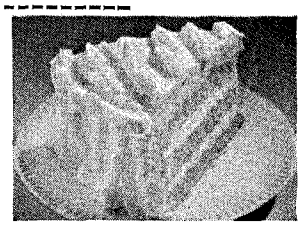
new recipe! **PERFECT VANILLA FROSTING**

3 tbsp. Pream
⅛ tsp. salt
1 lb. pkg. confectioners' sugar, sifted
4 tbsp. soft butter or margarine
1 tsp. vanilla
2-2½ tbsp. hot water

Combine all ingredients. Blend until thoroughly mixed and smooth.



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The Girl He Remembered (Continued from Page 39)

"Did you expect it would be?" Craig asked.

"I didn't know," Zinneman admitted cheerfully. "I thought you two might get to like each other."

Craig glowered at him. "Regular little Cupid, aren't you? Mrs. Morgan told me I was a cheat and a swindler who had been taking advantage of the innocent natives, and asked me to leave her house. She ought to be along shortly to give you the story. I filled her in on a little past history I thought you might find interesting."

Zinneman looked guileless. "Do you mean the Hamtramck stuff?"

Craig asked, "What the hell do you know about that?"

"Sorry," Zinneman replied. "Long arm of coincidence. Sometimes it really does get a yank. City editor, Hamtramck Beacon. Ten years. Those ten years. I told you I had worked in the East before I retired and bought this paper. East of here, that is."

"So you knew from the very beginning, the day you came up to my hotel, that I'd never been here before?"

"I've known ever since I saw your first picture and that life story of yours came out. By the way, where did the little lady who whipped up that mess of hooey about you get her information on Huntsville? Outside of the fact that you'd never set foot here, it was astonishingly accurate, you know. And there actually once was a Craig family living here. They moved away in 1917."

Craig shrugged. Then he asked, "What made you take this town for a ride, then, getting out that special edition?"

"Oh," said Zinneman, "I'm not exactly a sterling character. The week that edition of Picture Stars came out, I met an old bloke—he's dead now—with a copy under his arm. More as a gag, I said, 'Well, dad, I see Huntsville has a famous native son now.' The half-dotty old boy wagged his head and said, 'I always said Johnny Craig would make good. I remember him like it was yesterday. Boy always had a lot of git up and go.' I got to wondering just how many others would 'remember' you." He nodded toward the framed copy of the special edition on the wall. "I went around asking loaded questions and using suggestion. That's the result. The town was just going down for the third time when you showed up here a few days ago. It was like the answer to a prayer, a real shot in the arm. So I used you."

Craig said, "I thought I was a stinker, but you sure take the cake."

Zinneman nodded assent. He poured himself a modest drink, and another for Craig, and lifted his glass. "Well, here's to a pair of them." He took a sip, set the glass down and said, "You know, you cannot leave here now."

The cold impudence of the statement caught Craig in mid-drink and he choked, spilling some of the Scotch. "What the devil makes you think I can't?"

"This," Zinneman said, and tossed over two of the three pages of the telegram, turning the third face down on his desk. "It's from Morrow Burgess, producer of the Drama of Life television show. You've seen it. Biggest audience in the country."

Craig read:

ZINNEMAN—GAZETTE—HUNTSVILLE

YOUR PHOTO CRAIG PETERKIN HAS TOUCHED ALL HEARTS IN U S INCLUDING OURS WILL DO IMMEDIATE SPOT SHOW SATURDAY GLORIFYING PETERKIN AS ALL AMERICAN COUNTRY HEROINE SCHOOL TEACHER SPONSOR WILL PRESENT HUNDRED THOUSAND PETERKINS NAME TO BUILD NEW HUNTSVILLE SCHOOL TO BE NAMED AFTER HER PLUS PERSONAL BONUS CONTINGENT CRAIG ALSO THERE HIS PRESENCE TO SHOW VITAL ENGAGE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM SPARE NO EXPENSE ROUND UP ALL EX-PUPILS PETERKIN TWO HUNDRED MILE RADIUS FILL AUDITORIUM PAY HER TRIBUTE FROM THEN ON CAMERAS AND EVENTS WILL TELL STORY

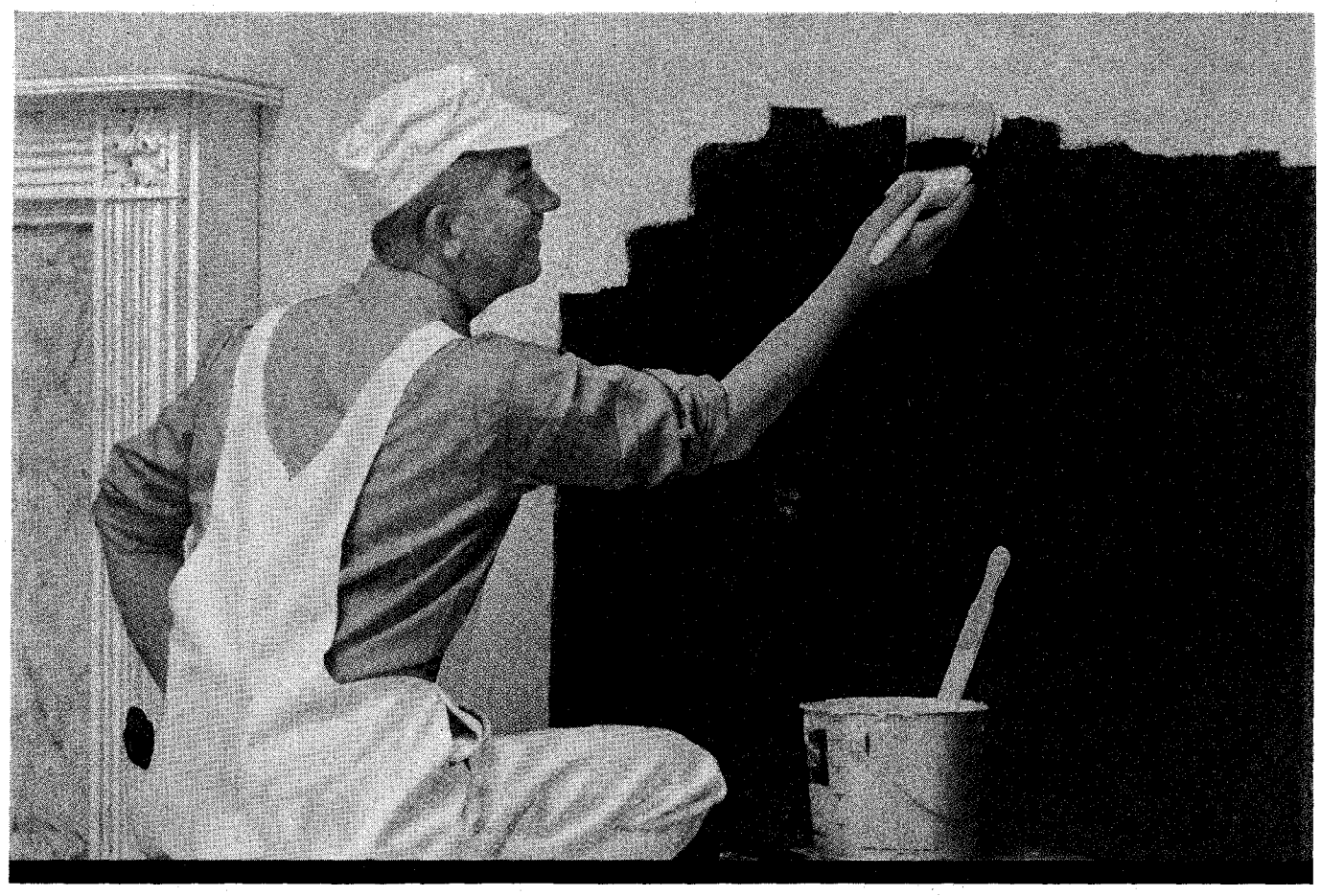
Craig laughed a short, ugly laugh and tossed the sheets back onto the desk. "Isn't that nice?" he said. "Except that Uncle Craigie will be a couple of thousand miles away from here."

Zinneman said, "You can't. It was you who created Peterkin with that gesture of yours—probably the only generous and unselfish one you ever had. When she wept in her loneliness, she made a whole nation remember they had forgotten the teachers who sacrifice their lives, thankless and unhonored. Now an entire nation wants to give Peterkin their love and gratitude. Will you deny this to a lonely old woman whose life is drawing to a close?"

Craig studied Zinneman. His tight mouth broke into a grin that was not reflected in his eyes. "You know, you're really wonderful," he said. "For a moment you had me guessing that you'd really gone soft. You want that packing company to come to Huntsville awfully bad, don't you?"

Zinneman never even blinked. "Yes," he replied evenly, "I do. Nevertheless, what I said about Miss Peterkin is true."

Craig laughed and gestured toward the third sheet of the wire face down on the desk. "What's your rake-off from the



The painter...the artist...and the wel

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Drama of Life show for setting it up for Burgess? I understand they're loaded."

In the same tone and without taking his direct gaze from Craig's face, Zinneman replied, "Ten grand."

Craig said, "That's a lot of money to blow. Well, so long."

"Sit down," Zinneman said. "It's the little people who pay your salary at the box office. People who know the difference between right and wrong. You aren't going to look good when it gets out that you cost your home town the chance to get a new school and walked out on the old girl after getting yourself a lot of publicity posing with her first."

Craig threw back his head and laughed again, loudly and mirthlessly. "That's better," he said. "That's more like my old pal."

The two men were watching each other warily now. Finally Zinneman said, "You'll stay, then?"

Craig reflected for a moment. In his mouth was the bitter taste of the last days. He thought of the way Zinneman had used him and the manner in which Mary Morgan had shown him the door.

At last he said, softly and silkily, "All right then. If you put it that way, I'll stay."

Alf Zinneman looked through the opaque windows of Craig's anger-clouded eyes, pierced them momentarily and read what lay behind and within. "You're going to blow the gaff during the show," he said, and suddenly looked older and grayer.

Craig folded his arms, and his gaze was insolent. "You're a newspaperman; you like a good story, don't you? And mucking about with people's lives and pulling strings? And I understand they like nothing better than a good, red-hot, unexpected ending to those shows. You can wire Burgess I'll be there."

Zinneman licked dry lips. "Oh," he said, "I sent that wire two hours ago."

Craig, Zinneman and Morrow Burgess were lunching together in the Coffee Shop of the Wilson House, the afternoon of the Saturday evening of the show, when Ed Spruile, the hotel clerk, brought to their table the strange, elegant woman who had planed, trained and driven fifteen hundred miles to Huntsville.

Burgess, an intense, nervous chain-smoking man with a shock of limp black hair, pale skin and extraordinarily sensitive and intelligent eyes, was discussing final details of the format of the show with the two others. The technical crew of Drama of Life had flown in the day before and, with the speed and efficiency for which they were known, had transformed the high-school stage and auditorium into a live television studio.

Spruile said, "Here's Mr. Craig, ma'am."

All three men arose. Craig did not speak, but Burgess said, "Hi, Francine. Nice of you to come on for the show." He was used to columnists and reporters moving in his wake to catch sparks from the drama that invariably seemed to arise from his impromptu, unrehearsed broadcasts on the spot.

The woman was a nerve—a raw, quivering nerve—Zinneman decided, and took an instant dislike to her. She was tall, angular, chic, wry and dynamic, with dark red hair, thin nose and slightly prominent hazel eyes. Paris, New York, Rome and Hollywood were written all over her, from the tips of her Italian-made shoes to the shade of polish on her overlong, curved fingernails, the lipstick on the cruel and passionate mouth and the perfect contour of her coiffure, set off by a daring purple-and-orange hat.

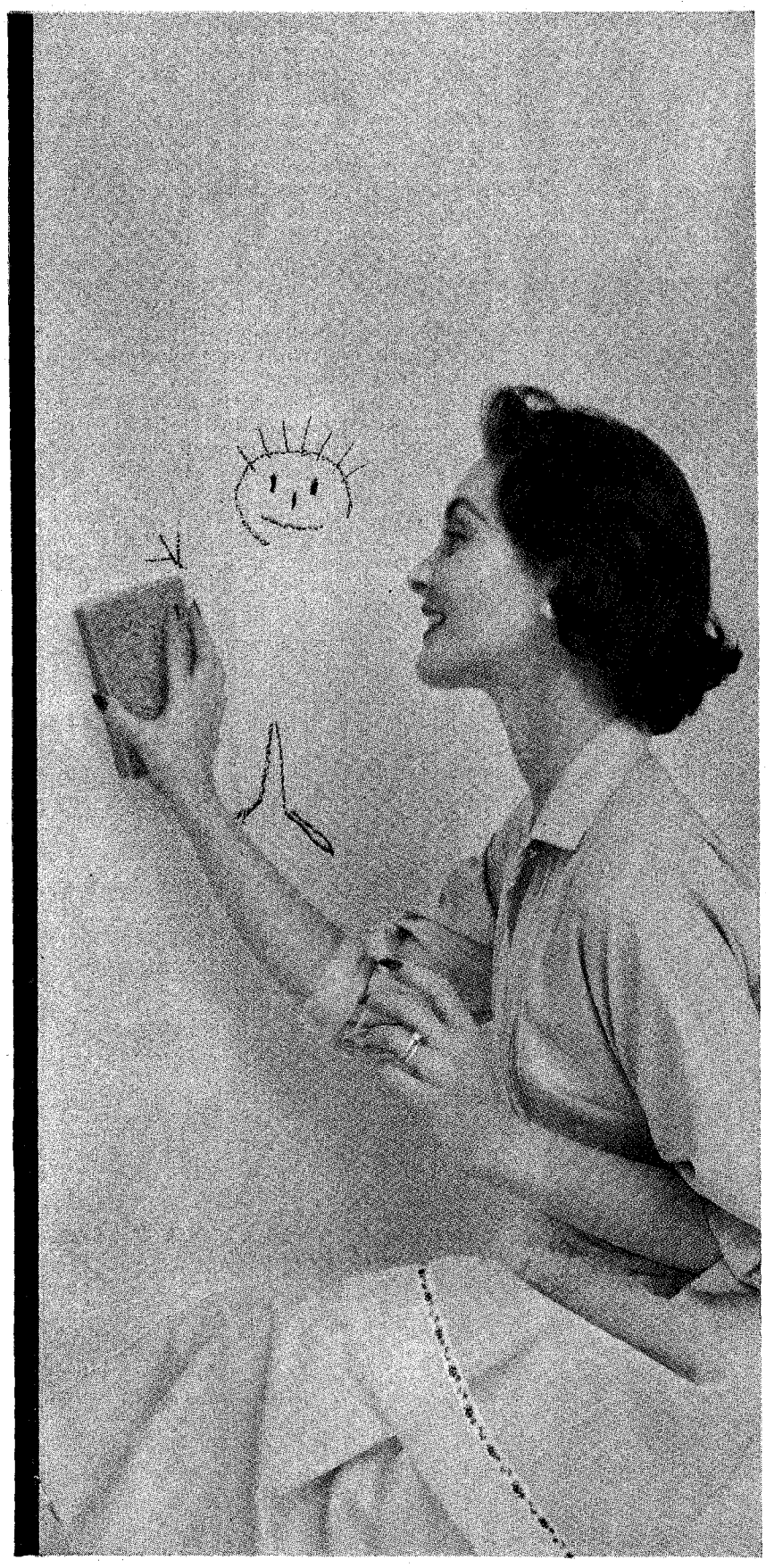
She leaned over and pecked Craig's cheek. "John, how sweet to see you."

Craig's face remained expressionless. He said, "Alf Zinneman, editor of the local paper, Francine Harte, American Syndicate, God's gift to Hollywood. You two ought to have much in common." Then he added, "Miss Harte was my first biographer, many years ago."

Beach Baubles

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

When ebbing tides have left
their strands
Of trinkets on the wetted
sands—
Shells pink or rose, shells
argentine,
Long frills of kelp in
hunter green,
Dark sea fans, sea combs
and a mass
Of colored pebbles, smooth
as glass—
It's very easy to suppose
That beneath the sea,
though no one knows,
There must be, must have
always been
Assuredly something
feminine!



crubbed wall

so long ago, these were the elements of a
or tragedy. The painter applied some beauti-
water-base paint to your living room walls.
it was scarcely dry when your youngest
helangelo began to express himself artisti-
y with bright, greasy crayons. The result was
ally painful for Junior and expensive for
because the paint sometimes came away
1 the scrawls.
ut you don't have to worry any more. For
n the painter uses a water-base paint made
t our new DYLEX® Latex K-34, you can scrub
ior's scrawls off the walls without damaging
paint at all.
hat's because DYLEX makes possible paints
not only go on easy, but stick tighter to the
ace, and so can stand up better to your
bbing. And you get bright, permanent, uni-
n colors, too.
YLEX Latex K-34 is just one of the working
nicals made by Koppers to add to the con-
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Francine acknowledged the introduction, and then said to Zinneman brightly, "Oh, didn't you know? I wrote the original script. I just had to come on here to see how it all turns out."

She made the editor shudder inwardly, for innocent as her words were, they yet seemed to be full of menace. The men made room at the table.

Francine said, "Don't bother, please.... John, dear, if you've finished your lunch, why don't you take me for a drive and show me something of your charming little home town?" Her beautifully gloved hand was on his arm; skillfully and efficiently she pried him loose from the others.

Craig, his gnarled face still expressionless, said to the others, "Be seeing you," and went out in her wake.

Zinneman shuddered and said, "So that's Francine Harte."

"Born in Paris, educated in Switzerland and flew out to Hollywood on a broomstick," Burgess commented. "At least that's the impression she likes to give."

An idea that in the light of what he had seen seemed utterly fantastic hit Zinneman with a fearful sense of urgency. Something truly malignant and dangerous had come to town. If he moved at all, it would have to be quickly.

He got up, said to Burgess, "Guess we're all set. I'll be catching you later," and hurried off to his office.

Craig anchored the car with the handbrake alongside a field of green cornstalks and asked, "Well, what do you want?"

"You," Francine Harte replied, leaned over and kissed him on the mouth. For a moment, Craig held her in his arms.

Then he put her away from him, said coolly, "Sorry, sister; still no sale."

She masked her fury and disappointment. Lightly she asked, "Who's the girl, John? John James Craig doesn't hang around a hick town in the middle of Iowa unless there's one involved. Did you find yourself a Maud Muller type? You always did have queer tastes in women."

Craig knew that she wanted to be struck, and studiously controlled himself.

She said, "John, I'm still in love with you. I've never been out of love with you since the first time I saw you—and that was a long time ago. I've tried everything, including marriage and divorce, and it's still you."

Craig asked, "What can I do about it?"

"You could do worse than to marry me, John. We're both free. We're both successful. We've arrived. We don't have to compete with each other. You're a man of the world and need a woman of the world with you. There is much about living I could teach you, John—London, Rome, Paris. I was born in Paris. I could lay Paris at your feet."

"No, thanks," Craig said. "The answer is still no."

"Aren't you being rather foolish?"

"No. You've done me all the damage you could with your column through the years and I'm still up there."

"Do you think that is all the harm I can do you?"

He said, "Don't look now, honey, but your blackmail is showing. I'll bet you have something real loathsome up your sleeve."

"John, just why won't you marry me?"

He replied conversationally and unemotionally, "Well, I'll give it to you straight. Because I just don't like you or anything about you. I never have and I never will."

Francine Harte smiled a wry and bitter smile, and her age suddenly showed horribly at the corners of her mouth and in the cords of her neck. "Let's go back to town." He eased the car into the road. She spoke just once more, "Remember, when it happens, you have only yourself to blame."

The memorable broadcast of Drama of Life, from Huntsville, Iowa, was drawing to a close and tensions were mounting as Morrow Burgess, sitting onstage, manipulated his cameras via switches from a console keyboard, like a virtuoso, cutting them in and out with a touch of his fingers as they probed into the hearts and lives of the grown pupils of Miss Zoe Peterkin.

The speeches and the award of the hundred thousand dollars for the new Zoe Peterkin Grammar School had been made, and for the last fifteen minutes Morrow Burgess had been selecting people, seemingly at random, from the audience, with whom he proceeded in accordance with a formula he had worked out.

"Will you identify yourself, please, madam?"

A worn woman with a sweet mouth arose nervously. "My name is Myra Norton Graham."

"Where were you born, Myra Norton Graham?"

"Here in Huntsville on the old Norton farm. I went to the Mill Crossing School and Miss Peterkin was my first teacher."

Then, proud and erect at the lectern in midstage, Miss Peterkin took over. She was attired in a black dress with high white collar which, with her silvery hair, framed her face and her lively, intelligent eyes behind the gold-rimmed spectacles. She held a long ruler in her hand, as in the old days.

She said now, "I remember you, Myra Norton. You were always giggling. Well, Myra, have you made something of your life? Have you lived by the precepts I have given you?"

The voice of the woman trembled as she replied, "I tried. Oh, Miss Peterkin, I have tried. I raised three children. You taught them all."

Miss Peterkin quoted a precept from Erasmus: "In great things, to have tried is enough."

John James Craig sat in the second row of the auditorium between old, blind Mrs. Norton, who "remembered" his mother, and Luke Whipple. He wondered whether it had been Zinneman, the master puppeteer, who had arranged the seating to bring his resolve to topple their house of cards under further strain. Oddly, Craig felt trapped by his determination. He could think of nothing but the wording of his revelation when it came his turn to speak and the horror of his need to make it.

"Will you identify yourself, please, madam?"

"My name is Mary Ellis Morgan." Craig looked up sharply. His heart felt as though it were caught in a vise. Mary was on her feet across the aisle from him. "I was born on the Ellis farm here in Huntsville, and went to the school taught by Miss Peterkin."

The old teacher looked down at her and across the years. "I remember you, Mary. You were always whispering with the boys."

(*Continued on Page 64*)

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

A base runner who is out but has not yet left the diamond, must avoid confusing or hindering a play on another runner. Here in a hypothetical major-league setting is an unusual mixup resulting from this situation.

Say the Dodgers lead the Cardinals, 4–1, as the Dodgers come to bat in the last of the seventh. Junior Gilliam laces a single to left. As Charley Neal comes to bat, hit-and-run is signaled. Gilliam starts off with the pitch. Neal slaps the ball and heads for first, but his hit is a foul pop. Catcher Hal Smith pulls it in. Noting Gilliam far off first, Smith pegs the ball there in a try at a double play. But the ball hits Neal in the back, as he sprints down the three-foot lane toward first base, and rebounds into the Dodger dugout.

Is Neal guilty of interference? If so, Gilliam, also, is out.

If you were umpiring, how would you call it?

(See page 64 for answer)

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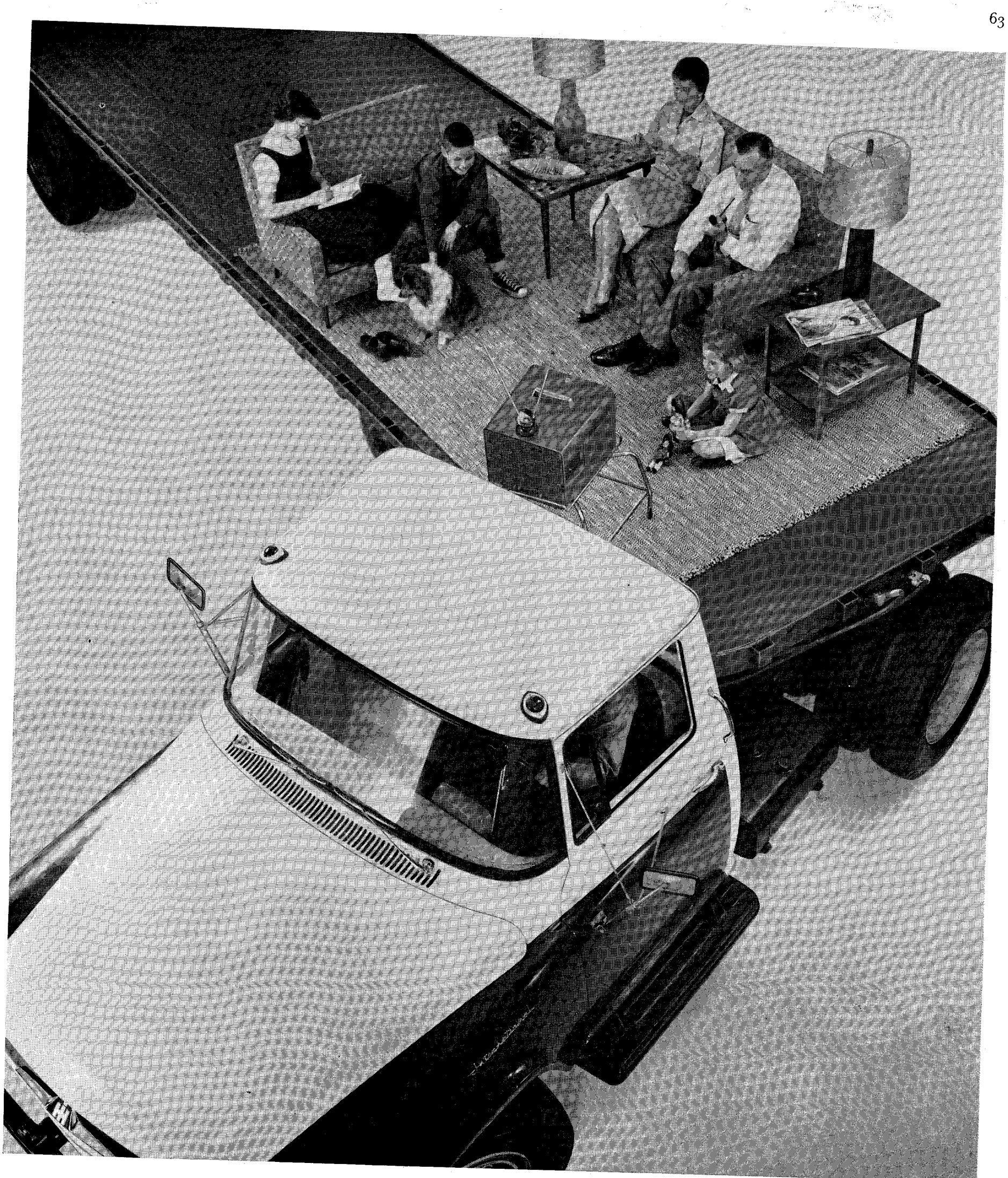

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(*Continued from Page 62*) There was a laugh. Burgess moved quickly in over the top of it with a question, "Was John James Craig one of them?" The laugh was hushed. The Cyclops eyes of the cameras peered into the strained faces of Mary Morgan and John Craig. The producer continued, "Editor Zinneman once hazarded a guess that the boyhood sweetheart of John James Craig was you, Mrs. Morgan. Was there any truth to that guess?"

It came to Craig almost as a relief that now it would no longer be necessary for him to take his revenge, that Mary Morgan would do it for him. She would say, "I have never before laid eyes on Mr. Craig. He is not that Craig who once lived here. He is a fraud and a cheat." Burgess manipulated a split-screen device and the vast television audience saw in a close-up the pale eyes and hard mouth of Craig, the frightened ones of Mary Morgan.

At last she replied. "Yes," she said, so softly the first time that only the sensitive microphones picked it up. "Yes," she repeated more clearly, "it was true."

"Could you tell us something about those days?"

"They were school days like any other in childhood." Her voice was strong and undaunted now. "Sometimes he carried my books for me; we sat next to each other in school and on picnics and hayrides. And I remember once when I was a very little girl we were in a meadow filled with sunshine and flowers. He held a buttercup to my chin and said that I liked butter. Together we picked field flowers. When the bunches were so large we could hardly hold them, he tied them with grass, took my hand and we went home."

For an instant Craig's heart had leaped. Then he noted the fond gaze Mary turned upon the figure of Miss Peterkin and was certain that it was for her sake alone that she had spared him. The spasm of anger that seized him reminded him that he had no such inhibitions.

"Sir, will you be so good as to identify yourself?"

Craig, aware that Burgess was addressing him at last, rose slowly to his feet. On their booms, derricks and dollies, the eavesdropping microphones and prying cameras swooped from all quarters to register what he was about to do. Force of habit replied, "My name is John James Craig."

"And where were you born, Mr. Craig?"

He stood there silently and did not reply. If he could say what he willed, the town that had remembered would be destroyed: "I was born Harry Jarotin in the slums of Hamtramck, Michigan. My father was a drunk, my mother a prostitute. I went to school in the streets of Hamtramck, where I learned to be the tough, ruthless, dirty, contemptible creature that I am now."

But the words would not come. He stood there as though transfixed, and his eyes found those of Miss Zoe Peterkin, whom he had once held in his arms and whose tears he had felt on his cheek. He became aware of the fearful gap of silence before the waiting microphones and lenses. He, Craig, the actor, the professional, was standing before them all, gone up in his lines, unable to speak a word.

Then he felt his hand taken. He looked down in surprise. It was old Mrs. Norton. She turned her sightless face up to his and said, "Now don't you be a bit nervous, Johnny. Just you speak right up. Don't forget, you're one of us."

The sensitive microphone caught and relayed the soft, sweet voice of courage. Next a zooming camera caught Luke Whipple risen to his feet. The big, dour man said, "My name is Luke Whipple, and I'm here to say that this is the greatest guy in the world and he was born right here." He gave Craig a clout on the back. "Tell 'em, boy. We're all proud of you."

It set off the most curious outpouring of love. It was as though the entire audience, Huntsvillers all, with extraordinary sensitivity had guessed that Craig was caught in the throes of some kind of crucial struggle and could not speak. Spontaneously they reacted to cover his lapse by rising to cheer and applaud him as he had never before been applauded and cheered.

Illusion or no, Craig knew then that he belonged. He was in trouble; they were standing by. Zinneman, too, was on his feet in the audience, his fist raised in an odd gesture of affection and encouragement. And now, too, Craig knew the full content of the cry that had once been torn from Miss Peterkin, "No, no! Kindness I cannot bear!"

The arc lights refracted from something that glittered in the eyes of John James Craig as he held up one hand, and the gesture cut all the sound from more than five hundred throats as though technicians had thrown a switch. The silence seemed louder and more pregnant than the shouting.

Into the middle of it, Craig spoke, "I was born down on the old Wiswell farm, out by Mill Creek. I went to school to Miss Peterkin, where—where I am afraid I gave her a lot of trouble."

Zoe Peterkin looked down at him over the rim of her spectacles and waved the long ruler like a wand. "I remember you, Johnny Craig," she said. "You were a wild boy, always in and out of mischief."

Craig said, "I am sorry that I was difficult, Miss Peterkin. Will you forgive me?"

Miss Peterkin replied, "I forgave you then. Boys will be boys." She made the old cliché sound like a benediction.

A horrid laugh rang through the auditorium, bitter, harsh, mocking, rattling the membranes of the microphone, shocking the ears of the listeners, winging its way over the air waves, crowding its indecent way into the homes of the nation.

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 62

Send Gilliam to third base. (See Section 7.05g.)

Neal, properly running in the three-foot lane, may not be charged with interference. If he had been outside or astride the lane when struck by the ball, Gilliam would have been out because of Neal's hindrance. (See Section 7.09f.) But a Case Book Note permits a batter or runner to advance properly even when out. It says: "He shall not by that act alone be considered as confusing, hindering or impeding the fielders."

Francine Harte was standing on her feet in the aisle in the sixth row. The clashing colors of the purple-and-orange hat made the hair seem more horribly red. "Boys will be boys," she repeated in her acid voice. "I think I have something to add to that."

To Craig she appeared suddenly as one risen from the pit. He knew what she intended to do. He had made his peace with himself, with Mary Morgan and the town. In one moment this monstrous woman would rend to shreds the fabric of the illusion which somehow had become necessary to them all. Craig felt that only killing would stop her, for she was committed beyond recall to her destructive vengeance upon him. The circles beneath her protruding eyes were dark with blood, the eyes themselves filled with venom and hatred.

But she was too far from him to reach. And besides, it was too late. The presentiment of high drama, the mounting tension that Morrow Burgess had felt, was approaching its climax.

His penetrating voice took command. "Will you identify yourself, please, madam?"

"My name is Francine Desmond Harte, of the American Newspaper Syndicate."

"Thank you, Miss Harte. And where were you born?"

"I was born in Paris, where my father was in the American Embassy. I returned to this country when I was ——"

Miss Zoe Peterkin looked down at the thin, vindictive woman with the aquiline nose and protruding eyes and rapped sharply with her ruler on the side of the lectern.

"Eh?" she said. "Who did you say you were? Come nearer to me, girl, so that I may see you better."

Now occurred a strange and wordless duel of power between the tall, proud old teacher, gazing down as all her life she had upon wayward and mischievous children, and the bitter, fashionable woman from another world who stared up at her in silence, blinking her eyes strangely, as though what she saw was too bright.

Burgess, his nostrils flaring like a huntsman's when he scents the kill, signaled his cameras and they crept forward, silently stalking like one-eyed beasts through the jungle of equipment that littered the stage.

"Come along here, girl, and don't stand there fiddling like a ninny," Miss Peterkin commanded, and prevailed. Slowly, with halting steps, as though she were moving in spite of herself, the famous columnist came down the aisle until she was standing directly beneath the lectern and the woman beside it.

"Now," Miss Peterkin asked, "what did you say your name was again?"

Something more than anger—fear—edged the voice of the woman. "I told you once, and I'll tell you again. My name is Francine Harte, and I wish to make a ——"

"Fiddlesticks!" Miss Peterkin interrupted tartly. "Your name isn't Francin Harte and never was. Your name is Essi Billings, and you weren't born in Paris either. You were born right here in Huntsville, where your father was a good-for-nothing, shiftless hired man."

The gasp from the audience shook the hall. Flushed crimson with fury, Francine Harte opened her mouth to speak, but the ruler rapped the side of the lectern smartly, almost as though it were being applied to knuckles or a small posterior.

"Do not speak until you are given leave," Miss Peterkin reprimanded. "I remember you, Essie Billings. You plagued me with your naughty ways and gave me a lot of worry."

Craig thought, *My heaven! So that is why Francine* (*Continued on Page 67*)

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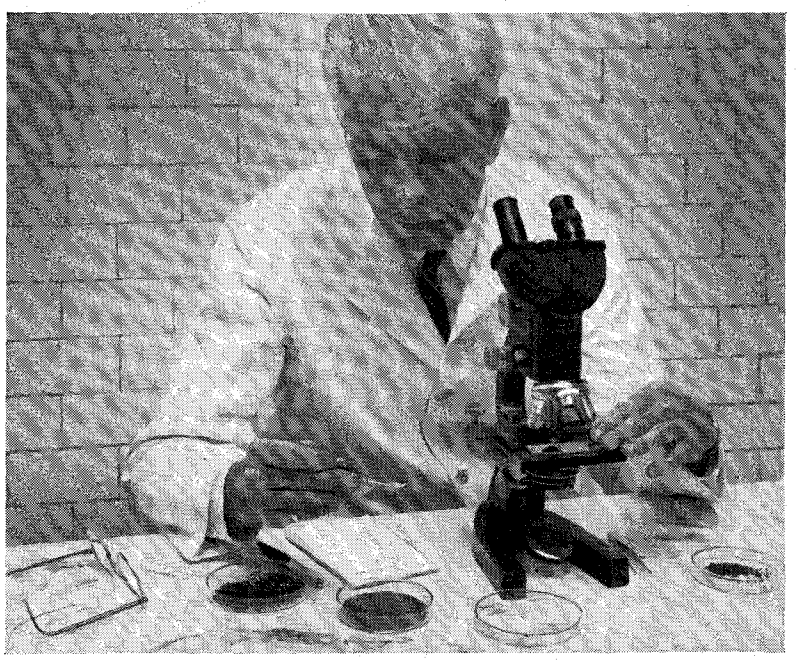

RESEARCHER EXAMINES a spoonful of pure tea crystals at the Standard Brands laboratories. They were developed in answer to a special problem—how to make an instant tea without the fillers and carbohydrates that competitors have been unable to dispense with. These crystals are 100% fine tea.

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MRS. HANSEN fills up the glass with ice cubes and tap water and has iced tea ready in a matter of seconds. Her whole family likes the new tea.

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(Advertisement)

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(*Continued from Page 64*) *knew all about Huntsville and its people when she wrote my story. She simply substituted me for a real Craig who left here, switched me into the setting that was familiar to her.* And strangely he found himself entertaining an emotion new to him. He pitied her, for she was a woman who was about to be destroyed.

Burgess was manipulating the switches of his screen control panel like a Bach at the organ console creating a fugue of drama.

"Well, Essie Billings," Miss Peterkin asked, "what have you done with your life? Why have you changed the color of your hair and your name? Were you ashamed of them? Then you have not to thine ownself been true. You were mouse-brown when you came to my school, until your father went to jail and you went away with relatives to the west. Have you lived by the precepts I taught you, remembering that all the gold on earth and beneath the earth is not worth so much as virtue? Well, speak up now, Essie!"

They were all witness then to the awful metamorphosis that took place, though it was said later that the cameras of Morrow Burgess saw and reported it best, piercing the outer skin and revealing the miserable, frightened, writhing creature beneath. For the stern voice of the teacher at her lectern and the rattling clapper of her ruler seemed to have released something deep down from the subconscious of the woman before her, a lying-in-wait conscience perhaps, and it came welling up within her like some creature at long last making its escape, altering her posture, her face, her expression, even, so some said, turning her glowing hair from copper to dull, dun mouse.

Inside the trappings of the sophisticated woman of fashion, the chic, glamorous, elegant and *soignée* Francine Harte, who with a line could make and break picture stars, now alien, lost, trembling, stood little Essie Billings, of Huntsville, Iowa; Essie, the troublesome girl who could not look her old teacher in the face, but writhed and twisted in the agony of the rejuvenation.

"Well?" Miss Peterkin spoke again. "What availeth fame in the absence of honor? Fame sometimes hath created something out of nothing. Has it helped you to be a good woman, Essie Billings? Speak up then."

Essie Billings made no attempt to brush away the tears that filled her eyes and began to drip upon the floor of the auditorium. She bowed her head. The microphones began to pick up a dreadful sound, a low, hopeless sobbing that wells from a soul facing annihilation.

Incoherencies turned into words, "No, no! I haven't been good! I am not good! Oh, you have made me so ashamed—so deeply ashamed! I can never hold up my head again! Where can I go? What can I do? So ashamed—not good—no, no, not good!"

Then she put her hands before her face suddenly, turned and fled up the aisle, her spiked heels clicking shockingly against the parquet, while the zooming cameras watched her, followed her miserable, abysmal flight until she passed through the doors and was lost to their sight forever.

There then occurred a spontaneous movement again on the part of the grown children of Zoe Peterkin, and it coincided dramatically with the end of the broadcast, for while they had not understood all that had happened, they knew that something evil had been vanquished. They rose from their seats and came crowding down to the front of the auditorium, holding up flowers and gifts to their teacher, calling her name, sending great waves of love breaking over the tall, unbowed figure who stood there alone.

And for the first time a smile of happiness that was close to the divine broke through the frosty countenance of Miss Peterkin as she stood there, rising, as it were, out of the sea of familiar and loving faces with affectionate hands and flowers uplifted to her.

Later a ruddy-faced man with graying hair and an air of authority came over to where Craig was standing with Luke Whipple and Zinneman and began to pump their hands.

"Greatest thing I ever saw," he said. "I cried like a baby. Gibson's will be proud to have a plant here. These are the kind of people we want to have working for us."

Zinneman introduced him as Bennett Gibson, Senior. Craig liked him and wondered how it was that Juniors could be so different from their fathers. He asked Gibson, "What about that little affair between Luke and me at the Wilson House?"

Gibson laughed. "Ha! Wish I'd been there to see it. Heard it was very scientific. My son is a stuffed shirt. Time may cure it."

Zinneman winked at Craig, whose eyes roved the crowd and the auditorium. He was looking for Mary Morgan, but she was nowhere to be seen. . . .

The next morning he dropped in to say good-by to the editor. He asked, "How did you engineer the Essie Billings ——"

Zinneman snorted. "I'm a hell of a newspaperman. Having written the original story of your life, she was the only other who knew it was a phony. And from the knowledge displayed of this town, she must have been here at some time. I should have tabbed that long ago. I spent the afternoon with the back files of the paper, and found a picture of a school picnic on graduation day. She was there all right. There was no mistaking those eyes and that nose. I suppose she thought with that Paris build-up, the smart clothes and the change of hair, no one here could possibly recognize or remember her."

Craig said, "But Miss Peterkin ——"

Zinneman looked down modestly. "I'll take an assist on that. I went to the old girl and tipped her. She is no fool, you know. At her age, her memory might confuse two boys, but her wits were clear as a bell. She was proud of her day, proud and pleased as Punch, and she wasn't going to have anyone spoiling it."

Craig gave the editor an admiring glance. "You don't leave much to chance, do you?"

You can never tell what most women are going to do next, but neither can most women.

CY N. PEACE

Zinneman said, "I suppose you will really be leaving us now."

"If you're sure you're quite finished with me," Craig suggested.

Zinneman threw back his head and laughed. "Permission to depart granted as of now. Your citation will be sent to you later." He paused, and then added suddenly, "If I were you, I'd stop in and say good-by to Mary Morgan on the way out of town."

Craig felt a surge of the old angers and truculences. He arose stiffly and said, "If I were you I'd learn sometime to mind my own business."

Zinneman sighed. "It would be difficult to break lifelong habits. I'm too old a newshound, I am afraid, to be taught that trick." He arose and put out his hand, saying with a sudden warmth, simplicity and endearing frankness that reached through to Craig, "Let us not part bad friends, John. So we're a pair of stinkers, but we've been through a lot together."

Craig's smile broke through the forbidding front. He came back and took the editor's hand firmly, and thus they stood for a moment, like two small, bad boys grinning at each other's iniquity.

Mary Morgan heard Craig's car draw up. She came to the door at his ring, and again, as they had the first time, they stood regarding each other.

Craig said, "I came to say good-by."

"I am glad you did, John. Will you come in for a moment?"

With such set phrases they covered their turmoil and their love. They went in and sat down facing each other as they had the first time, two strangers who would never more be strangers.

For Mary Morgan saw him now as he was, a man, predatory, a fighter, standing on his own two feet in the jungle of the world, compounded of good and evil, cowardice and sublime courage, honesty and wickedness, as God had made men for His own good reasons, a living, vital creature consuming himself with passions, desires, ambitions, and yet who followed dreams. And she knew that she loved this hard, tough, wicked man.

The miracle to Craig was that, sitting there opposite her, looking into the calm, sweet eyes, all the fears and phantasies were drained away as though they had never existed. They were blotted out, overwhelmed by the love he felt for her.

He said, "Thank you for mending my dream." What amazed him was his sure knowledge of how he must proceed, as slowly as though they had just met for the first time, as though they did not know, each beyond any peradventure, that they were for each other heartsease, life and love everlasting.

Mary replied, "It was never broken."

He asked, "Do you believe that two children might meet in a dream and that the boy would henceforth never forget the girl and would ever after search for her until he found her?"

"Yes," Mary said, "I do."

Craig rose, and she stood up too. He said, "May I come back, Mary? May I come back and stay until we have learned to know each other, and will you then let me ask you to marry me? Will you let me come home to you, Mary?"

Thus they stood for the moment facing each other, as once before they had in anger, and now the woman's heart marveled at the gift of his restraint.

She went to him and touched his rough, seared face with her gentle fingers and for an instant leaned her soft cheek against his, and it was as he had remembered it from the dream, only a thousand times more sweet.

She said, "Come back to me, John!"

He nodded and pressed his cheek against hers for yet another moment, and with that was content. He went away, entered his car and drove off down the lane, his heart singing. THE END

First Proposal (Continued from Page 31)

Presently Henry appeared, panting and perspiring, and dumped his cumbersome cargo. "Hi," he said a little hoarsely as he flopped at Penny's feet, for it was very hot.

"About time." Penny's greeting might have been to the milkman. Henry had been Penny's "steady" for almost three weeks, and she was fond of him in an indifferent sort of way because he could dance to rock-'n'-roll like an agitated beanstalk, owned a car and was seventeen.

"Finished your chem?" he asked.

"Almost."

Young Henry ran a hand through his unruly hair. He was lanky and gangling. Soon he would be a big man physically, and the promise accentuated his bony face. "I wish I had mine done," he sighed. Then he suddenly rolled onto his belly. "Hey, Penny ——"

"Don't hey me, boy," Penny said.

But the boy was too earnest to notice the mild rebuke. "You want to get married?"

Only a sixteen-year-old could have answered without looking up. "Are you out of your mind?"

"I mean it, Penny! I really mean it."

Penny shrugged lightly. "So what am I supposed to do?"

"Look at me! Say something."

Penny looked up. "So I'm looking at you."

"Aw, Penny!" The boy was crestfallen.

Now Penny looked at him queerly. "Are you kidding?"

"I wouldn't kid about a thing like that—honest, Penny!" The boy's face was torn by his earnestness.

Sixteen or no, it was Penny's first proposal. She looked at Henry as though seeing him for the first time. "Gee, I think you really do mean it."

"I do, Penny—honest, I do!" Then the boy pressed his suit, "Would you marry me?"

Penny frowned and compressed her lips. There were quite a few things about Henry that might be acceptable in a steady, but never in a husband. "You have a bucktooth," she said accusingly.

"I could have it pulled out, Penny!"

A tingle of excitement raced up and down Penny's spine. "You really would?"

"Tonight, if you say so!"

"You'd look better with it out," Penny said soberly. "A lot better."

Henry brightened. "Would you marry me—after?"

"Henry," said Penny impatiently, "you can't just up and ask a girl to marry you when you're only going steady. What would we live on?"

"Penny, I'm going to join the Air Force, you know that. Lots of couples live in trailers in the Air Force." The boy's voice trailed off earnestly.

"You aren't even eighteen yet."

"I will be in five more months!"

Penny would be seventeen in nine more months. She felt a little trapped.

"You want me to have my tooth out, don't you?" the boy pleaded.

"Don't do it on account of me," Penny shrugged, though she hoped he would.

"Aw!"

"I mean it."

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"Penny, won't you even think about it?"

"About what?"

"You know."

"I might. But just think about it. That's all."

"Gee!" the boy breathed. "You want to kiss on it?"

Penny shook her head. "It's too hot." Suddenly Penny got to her feet. She was a little flustered. "I have to go shower. Do you want to put my record player and radio on the side porch for me?"

"Hey," said Henry in alarm, "what are we going to do with all this ice cream and stuff?"

"It's too hot for ice cream."

Henry meekly gathered up the record player and the radio and followed Penny up the side porch steps. He put his burden on the wicker table and waited expectantly. But Penny simply went into the house, saying, "I'll see you at school in the morning." And then she closed the door, leaving the boy crestfallen once more—and lonely.

Penny's mother, Isobel, and Auntie Babs were sipping iced tea out in the sun porch. Penny's father, George Morton, was forever away somewhere—Formosa, England, France, the Middle East. He was a sales engineer for a huge aircraft company, and his work took him all over the world, advising and teaching the intricacies of new developments in shrieking jet engines. Because of it, Penny's Aunt Barbara lived most of the time with her mother, Isobel. Penny always felt a little sorry for Auntie Babs, for at forty-one Auntie Babs was still a maiden lady—pretty yet, but a little sad and working as a night supervisor with the telephone company. Penny's mother, Isobel, was never sad, but now and then she gritted her teeth a little, as though she would like to grab a wandering husband by the nape of the neck and haul him back where he belonged. Secretly, Penny thought her father was the most wonderful man on earth.

"Iced tea, dear?" It was Isobel.

"Nah." It was a little expression she had picked up from Henry. Suddenly Penny giggled. "You know something, mom?"

Isobel raised her eyebrows.

"Henry wants to marry me. Can you picture it?"

Isobel smiled wryly. "I hope you didn't encourage him."

Penny giggled again. "I told him he'd have to have his bucktooth out first."

"Penny, you didn't!"

"Why not? He ought to have it out anyway."

Now Auntie Babs said, "Mother was married at sixteen, wasn't she?"

Isobel gritted her teeth and said nothing. But she did glare swiftly at Auntie Babs.

"And now she's living the life of Riley down in the Virgin Islands," Auntie Babs sighed.

"Babs, for heaven's sake!" Isobel said.

"Don't worry, mom," Penny said. "I haven't the slightest intention of getting married."

With that, Penny patted Isobel's shoulder, skipped upstairs and into her bedroom, where she snatched up pajamas and a bathrobe. Even on a hot night she liked to shower under mildly cool water, then go to bed with radio and magazines for company. How she managed straight A's was a general mystery.

But tonight she was preoccupied with Henry. Going steady with a boy was a social necessity, and as steadies went, Henry was a very good one—never fresh, always obedient and always ready with transportation and escort service to the movies, dances, record hops and such. Henry's kissing technique was a little clumsy, but very sincere. Once he had told Penny that she was his first steady. Penny was inclined to believe him. But marriage! Penny smiled in elderly fashion. Henry had an awful lot of growing up to do—an awful lot. It was too bad, but—well, after all ——

In the morning, Henry stopped in the corridor at school. He was fairly trembling with anxiety. "Did you think about it, Penny?"

"About what?"

"Aw, Penny."

"You have a spot on your tie," Penny said severely.

Henry tried to cover his tie by tucking it inside his shirt.

"An egg spot."

Young Henry flushed. "I guess it is, but ——"

"Are you going to have your tooth out?"

"Aw, Penny, gimme a chance!"

"This afternoon?"

"If I can make it, I will. . . . Did you think about it, Penny?"

"I'll tell you when your tooth is out," Penny said. Then she went into Room 5, where she demonstrated to the satisfaction of her chemistry teacher that she knew her stuff about nuclear fission.

She did not see Henry for the rest of the school day, which was unusual, and because it turned out to be even hotter than the day before, Penny once more sought the cool shade of her maple tree. Of course she had her record player and her radio with her, and as she listened to Julius La Rosa or Dinah Shore, she read an absolutely wonderful story about the birds and the bees by Pearl Buck. When Henry came, she was mildly annoyed at being interrupted, and chose not to notice that Henry's upper lip was swollen as though he had been kicked by a mule. It was obvious that he had had his tooth out and would have to choose his wordage carefully to avoid a lisp.

"Hi," Henry said carefully.

"You need a haircut," said Penny.

"Aw, Penny!" It seemed to Henry that he had suffered enough for one day.

Penny relented a little. "Take a load off your feet."

Henry accepted the invitation eagerly. "Did you think about it, Penny?"

"Henry"—Penny sighed with weary wisdom—"are you sure you want to marry me?"

"Yeth!" said Henry sincerely, "I thwear it!"

"I bet you didn't say anything to your parents about it."

"Jeeperth!" said Henry, startled. "You don't think I'm thupid, do you?"

"Henry," said Penny impatiently, "are you afraid of your parents?"

The boy shook his head dolefully. "I gueth everybody'th afraid of parenth," he said.

"I'm not. All you have to do with parents is keep a few jumps ahead of them."

"A few jumpth!" Henry cried. "I can't even jump fath enough to explain my lath report card!"

"From now on," said Penny, "you get straight A's." Instantly she wondered why she had said it.

"Penny, you muth be craythee!" Further speech failed the boy.

"Henry?" said Penny softly.

The boy looked at her fearfully. "Yeth?"

"My mother didn't say you couldn't marry me."

It took a second for this to sink in. "Jeeperth," said Henry, awed, "and all you have to do ith get thraight A'th?"

Penny nodded proudly. "You want to kiss on it?"

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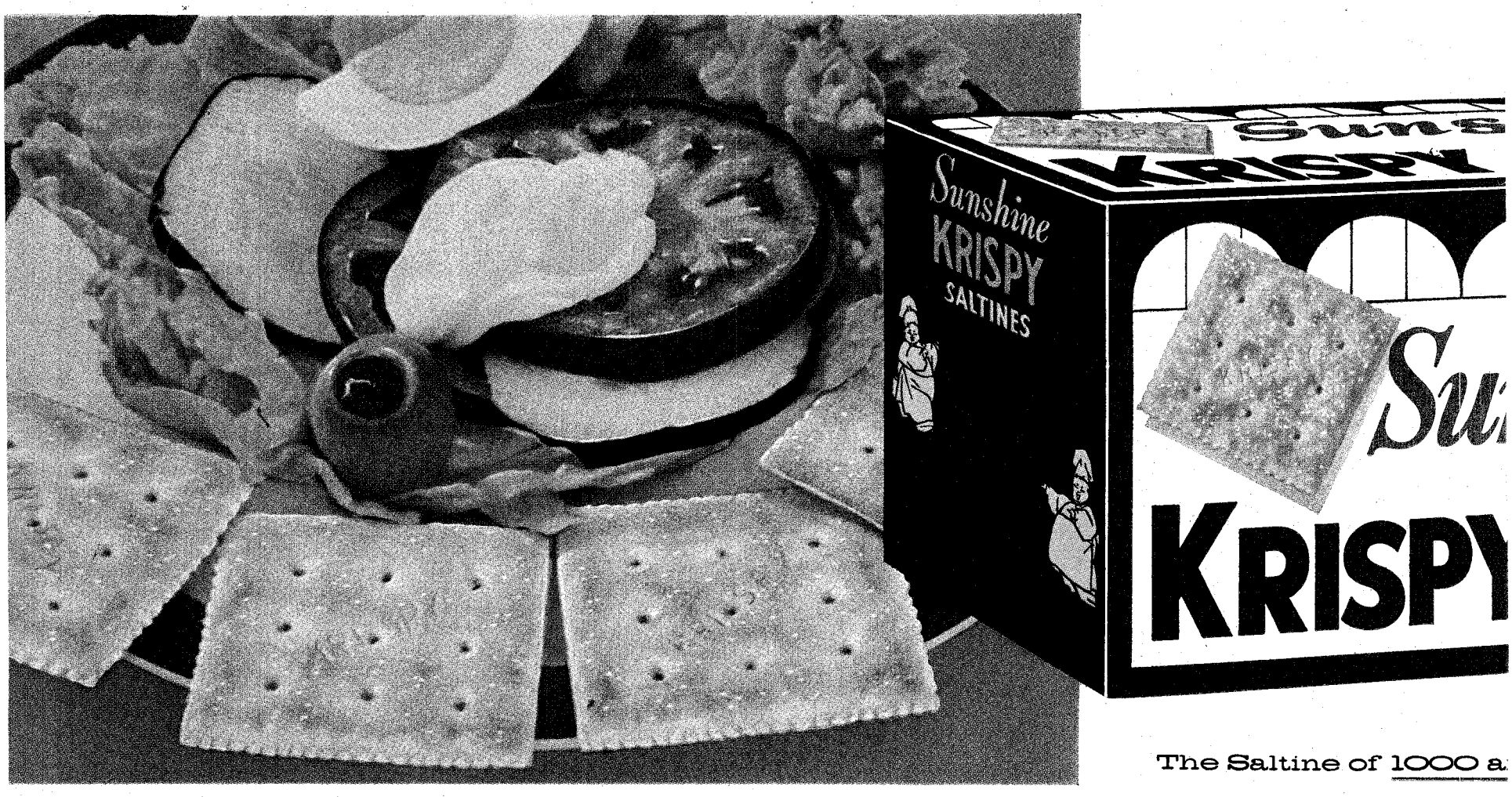

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"Aw, gee," said Henry. And he kissed her very, very tenderly. After all, his upper lip was pretty swollen.

The minute she walked into the house, Penny knew that Henry's kiss had been seen. Auntie Babs was beaming in a sad little way and Isobel's teeth were gritting slightly.

"That was a rather tender kiss," Isobel said, a little tightly.

"A beautiful kiss!" Auntie Babs smiled.

"I said tender!" Isobel snapped.

Penny looked from one to the other. "Well, gee, I had to do something, mother," she said. "After all, the boy was in pain, and he's afraid of his parents, and he wants to get straight A's, and he wants to marry me. I felt sorry for him. And what were you doing watching us, anyway?"

"Let's just say we don't get to the movies very often," Isobel said.

Oddly, it was Auntie Babs' wistful smile that Penny remembered as she went up to her room. Actually she had been a little piqued with herself over Henry's kiss. Not because of the actual kiss—because of what she had let it imply. For reasons she couldn't quite explain to herself, Penny decided against a shower and went downstairs again.

"After all, mother," she said reproachfully, "what do you do when a boy wants to marry you?"

"Run," said Isobel. "Unless you want to marry him."

Now Penny sighed gently. "I don't think that would work with Henry, mother."

"Try getting yourself another boy," said Isobel.

"Gee, mother," said Penny doubtfully, "I think Henry would know exactly what to do about another boy."

"Oh, he might not!" said Auntie Babs lightly.

"You'll have to excuse Fred. He works nights."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Isobel whipped herself around. "Babsie," she said with deadly calm, "has it ever occurred to you that you're not precisely an expert on matters of this sort?"

Penny watched, amazed, as Auntie Babs suddenly burst into tears and fled from the kitchen.

"That was cruel, mother!" Penny cried.

Isobel gazed at her daughter for an instant; then she said, "Come out in the back hall with me, Penny."

Wonderingly, Penny followed her mother.

"Penny," said Isobel, "have you ever wondered why your Aunt Barbara never married?"

"Of course. Why didn't she?"

"Because your Aunt Barbara never learned to be honest with any man who ever asked her to marry him. She had to play cat and mouse with him. I hope the same thing never happens to you."

Penny stiffened defensively. "I never told Henry I would marry him. I only told him he would look better with his bucktooth out."

"And?" Isobel had her eyebrows arched.

"That you didn't say I couldn't marry him."

"Penny, dear, I happen to be one of those who aren't convinced that puppy love is quite so prevalent as generally believed. This boy is almost a man. He wants to marry you. It's up to you to be honest with him."

"Jeepers, mother! You sound as if you wanted me to marry him!"

"Hardly," said Isobel dryly. "I'm just telling you that if you can't be honest at sixteen, you won't be honest at twenty, much less forty."

Penny ate very little for dinner that night and went to bed early, leaving Lawrence Welk to make out by himself on television. By luck, she found a radio show of all Frank Sinatra. Right now she didn't feel like Elvis Presley. Elvis was the most, but Frank Sinatra —— Well, when you wanted perfection ——

And Penny wanted perfection, for she was troubled and she wondered if she had been honest with Henry. She tried to picture herself living with Henry in a trailer. But she had never even seen the inside of a trailer.

Then she tried to picture Henry in the Air Force. She hadn't the slightest doubt that Henry would join the Air Force sooner or later. That was one thing about Henry—whatever he said he would do, he would do. He was funny that way. Jimmy Stewart had been in the Air Force. Gee, Henry—another Jimmy Stewart! And Gary Cooper—he'd been Col. Billy Mitchell, hadn't he? Henry had a figure like them. Henry could —— Penny frowned. No, Henry would never be like Jimmy Stewart or Gary Cooper because—well, because he was—Henry. And Penny slipped off to sleep, knowing that Henry would never be anybody but Henry. She was a little sorrowful about it.

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In the morning Henry met her in the corridor, and he was flushed with eagerness. "Hey, Penny!"

"I told you not to hey me," Penny said irritably.

Henry apparently didn't hear her. "I think I could get straight A's, Penny."

"Your pants look as though you'd slept in them, Henry."

"Yah, I guess they do. Did you hear what I said?"

"I heard you."

Henry's face fell blankly. "Well, aren't you going to say anything?"

Then Penny did say something—something she had never even thought about saying. "Henry, why don't you try for West Point?"

This stopped Henry cold. "West Point?"

"You could go in the Air Force after."

Henry rubbed his cheek. "Gee, West Point! You think I could do it?"

"You could try."

Penny could almost see the wheels turning in Henry's head. "I—I guess I'd have to think about that, Penny. West Point! Gee!"

"You think about it," said Penny. "And don't wear any more sloppy pants."

Henry looked down at his pants. "Yah, I guess these are kind of ——"

"And don't say 'yah.'"

Henry nodded. "Will I see you this after?"

"I can't. I have to run the vacuum cleaner for my mother, on account of my father is coming home tomorrow. I'll see you tomorrow though."

"Aw."

That afternoon as she got out the vacuum cleaner for her mother, Penny said, "Hey, mom." Then she corrected herself quickly, "I mean, mom?"

"Yes, dear."

"I think Henry is going to West Point."

"Oh? Well, he won't be able to get married for a while yet, will he? I understand they don't have much truck with married men at West Point."

Isobel seemed to be relieved. So was Penny, except that she was beginning to be confused about a lot of things. She was still confused when she went to bed listening to Dinah Shore on the radio. Just as plain as the wondrous lilt to Dinah Shore's voice she could see Henry at West Point. He would straighten up and be big, and his bony face would jut out of his chin strap. Penny let herself play with the image of Henry at West Point for a bit. She couldn't even think of a movie actor to compare him to. At West Point, Henry was Henry, and he belonged there. She could even see herself on Flirtation Walk with him, under Kissing Rock, dancing at one of the hops. Graduation, and she would be so proud. Lieutenant Henry Williams! Penny's throat caught.

Now Henry was in the Air Force, the way he had always wanted to be. He had silver wings on his breast, and there was a faraway look in his eye—a look that was always over the horizon. Now, suddenly, he was a captain, testing in actual planes the same shrieking jets her father was always chasing all over the world about. Then Henry was just as suddenly Major Williams; then Colonel Williams; then —— Penny's chest heaved and her eyes smarted; Penny actually sobbed—for Henry was a general. General Henry Williams, of the United States Air Force! From the pure exhaustion of falling in love, Penny fell asleep.

Now it was Penny who trembled when she and Henry met the next morning at school. Now she was shy and diffident. She could barely say "Hi" for "Good morning," and not at all the way a girl going steady was supposed to say "Hi," meaning a little indifferently.

The swelling on Henry's lip was down now and he had a fresh haircut. There was a curiously eager set to his jaw as he said, "Penny, I think I could get straight A's. I mean, I tried studying last night and ——" He was hoarse in his earnestness.

"You could do anything, Henry." Penny could almost see the wings on his breast.

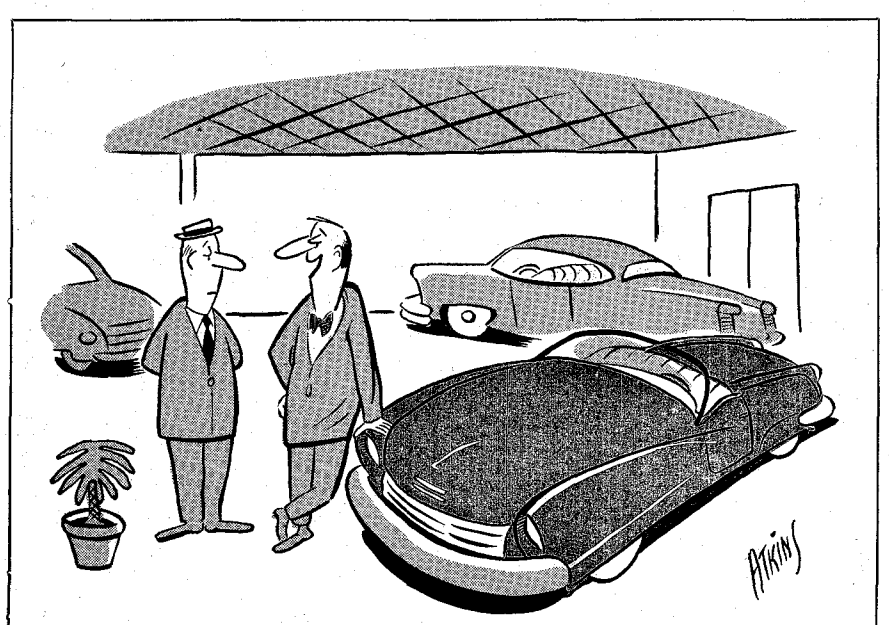
"You think so, Penny? Honest?"

"Anything." And Penny wouldn't let him see that her teeth were almost chattering because she was beginning to look at herself for the first time in her life.

And so began the day in school that Mr. MacDonald, the principal, was never able to understand. For Penny had suddenly become a dunce. She couldn't answer the simplest questions in chemistry or solve the most ordinary problems in trig. Of course, Mr. MacDonald hadn't the foggiest notion that Penny was struggling with a washing for a lieutenant with wings, burning biscuits for a lordly captain, ruining sheets and pillowcases for a masterful major. For all her straight A's, for all her glib knowledge of nuclear fission, Penny was a dunce at keeping house. And all the while Henry was getting to be one of the most brilliant officers the Air Force had ever had!

She waited for Henry outside History 2, and she was suffering from goose pimples.

"Henry, I—I'm scared!" Her eyes begged him to understand.



"That's just one third down and 24 backbreaking payments."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why?" said Henry wonderingly. "I feel wonnerful!"

"I'm scared to death!"

Henry was bewildered. "What are you scared about?"

"You dope! I'm in love with you!" And Penny fled down the corridor and out of the building, leaving Henry more bewildered than ever.

It was the first time in two or three years that Isobel had really held her daughter in her arms, and it frightened her.

"I—I love him, mother!" Penny sobbed.

What was the right thing to say, Isobel wondered. "Love is a little scary at sixteen, isn't it, dear?" she said.

"B-but grandmother was married at sixteen!"

"Your grandmother," said Isobel distantly, "was a hundred years old, compared to you, when she was sixteen. Maybe you're just in love with love."

But Penny was not to be comforted. "Is there any difference?"

"I really don't know," said Isobel. "I guess a good many married people have wondered about that."

"I'm scared to marry him, mother! I don't even know how to bake a biscuit, and he's so b-brilliant!"

Isobel suddenly drew away and said, "Penny ——"

"Yes, mother?"

"You'll just have to tell him how it is."

Even with the tears streaming down her face Penny was shocked. "Mother, you can't tell a boy you love him and then kiss him good-by-y!"

"You can kiss him good-by for a while."

Penny shuddered. "It would be horrible!"

"Maybe not. I tell you what you do."

Penny looked up hopefully.

"Run up and take a shower. Then put on something nice. Nothing fancy. Just something nice. A girl always has a grip on herself when she has on something nice. Then go out under the tree and wait for Henry. You'll know what to say to him. You wait and see."

"Mother, I'll die!"

"Penny, dear," said Isobel, "you got yourself into this; now you get yourself out of it—if you really want to. Scoot!"

Reluctantly, Penny went upstairs, never guessing that her mother was saying a silent prayer. The world was moving so fast, so very fast since Isobel had been sixteen.

Upstairs, Penny showered and dried herself; then she brushed her teeth. She utterly refused to let herself think about Henry. She put on a pair of her daintiest panties, her nicest bra. Then a slip. Then she put on a flaring figured peasant skirt, and a blouse. She tied a flaming red ribbon in her hair. And she picked out a pair of spotless white shoes.

"Do I look all right, mother?"

Isobel examined Penny critically. "I think a bit more lipstick might be in order."

Penny applied a little more lipstick and then went out under the maple tree. With her she took her record player, her portable radio, a new magazine. Her fingers trembled as she decided on Glenn Miller for the record player. Doris Day was on the radio on the Bandbox program. Her magazine turned up Margaret Culkin Banning. Then Henry appeared.

"Gee, Penny, you look wonderful!"

Penny shivered. "It was so hot I had to change."

Young Henry hesitated with painful urgency. "Penny, did you mean what you said?"

"What do you mean, what I said?" Penny fenced. (*Continued on Page 72*)

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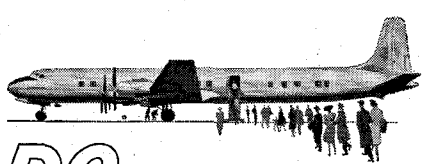

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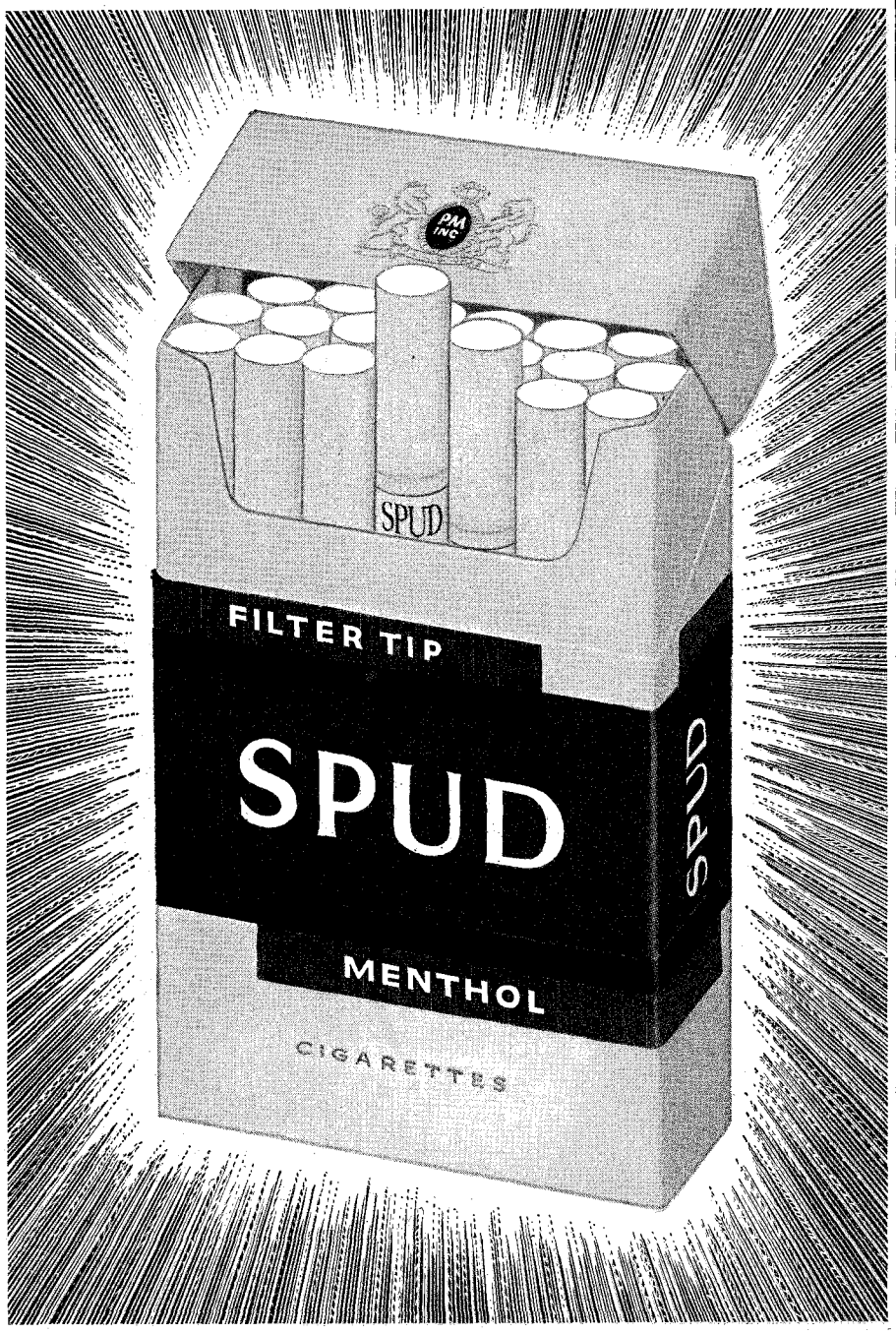

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(*Continued from Page 70*)

"When you —— What you said in school."

"Oh, that!"

Henry's face fell. "You didn't mean it?"

"Mean what?"

"What you said—well, about—about loving me." There, it was out!

"Henry, I'm crazy about you," Penny said simply.

Every breath young Henry had ever drawn seemed to exhale from his lungs. "Aw, Penny, that's wonnerful."

"But I'm not going to marry you, Henry."

"Penny!"

"I'm not even going steady with you any more."

Henry's jaw fell open. "You're kidding!"

Penny shook her head. "I'm not."

"But ——" Henry was bewildered and hurt.

Penny felt the tears in her eyes. "Remember when I made you have your bucktooth out?"

"Jeepers! I'll never forget that! Never!"

"I had a lot of other things I was going to make you do too. That's what I really fell in love with—what I was going to make you into, Henry."

Henry shook his head as though recovering from a resounding cuff. "Gee, I never thought things were going to turn out like this." Then he said, "But you just said you were crazy about me!"

"I—I guess that's just one of the things I don't understand," Penny faltered. "I—I don't understand it at all!"

"And we can't even go steady any more? Gee, I don't understand that either!"

"Are you still going to get straight A's, Henry?" Penny said timidly. She waited fearfully for the answer.

Henry hung his shaggy head. "I already decided on that."

"And—West Point?"

"West Point won't be so tough."

Suddenly Penny burst into tears. She hadn't fallen in love with a dream after all.

"Penny, what you crying about now?" Henry said helplessly. "Gee, I thought you wanted ——"

"Henry," Penny wailed, "I don't even know how to iron a sheet!"

"Aw, Penny!"

Penny stifled her tears. After all, when a girl had something nice on ——

"Penny?"

"Yes, Henry?"

"Couldn't we go steady a little while longer?"

Penny sniffled. "Maybe."

Henry brightened. "You mean it?" Then he said, "You want my handkerchief?"

"Thanks, Henry." Then, "Henry, it's going to take an awful long time."

"I guess so; West Point and everything."

"And I have to learn to cook. Oh, jeepers, Henry! I don't know anything! But I—I could help you get straight A's!"

"Gee, would you?" Henry breathed.

"If you want me to."

"Aw, gee, that would be wonnerful!"

"Please don't say 'wonnerful,' Henry."

Henry nodded a little self-consciously.

"Henry?" Penny said shyly—so very shyly.

The boy looked up.

"I'm—I'm going to make a general out of you."

"Gee," Henry breathed, overwhelmed. "Me, a general yet?"

Penny wiped off some lipstick. "Do you want to kiss on it, Henry?"

"I guess we ought to kiss on something like that," Henry said.

It turned out to be a long kiss. And a tender one, for Henry's upper lip was still sore.

Just then a taxi drove up in front of the house and the most wonderful man in the world got out—Penny's father.

"Who's that?" Henry asked.

"Oh, just my father." For now the fact that the most wonderful man in the world had just returned from thirty or forty thousand miles didn't seem quite so important. Not half so important as kissing Henry again.

At last it was time for Henry to go and for Penny to greet her father, and Penny watched Henry walk away. Just as plain as the blue uniform on his body and the stars on his shoulders, Penny could see a general walking away. She smiled with a secret bursting pride and then went into the house.

"Hi, daddy," she said—partly shyly, partly indifferently—almost the way a girl said "Hi" to a "steady."

George Morton was puzzled as he kissed Penny and held her. He was even more puzzled when Penny stayed in his arms only a moment; then went to her mother.

"Mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"Would you—teach me to cook?"

"Hey, what is this?" George Morton said.

Isobel gritted her teeth a little at the stupidity of wandering husbands. "She wants to learn to cook. What's so unusual about that?"

"I was just asking," George said lamely.

For how was he to know that his daughter was now a general's lady?

THE END

... ...

Living Room at Nine P.M.

By Harry Karns

A carpet strewn with
marbles, shells, a ball,
Unpicked-up pick-up sticks,
a top, a skate.
Rag dog entrapped between
a chair and wall.
A gingham kitten reading
from a slate.
A model helicopter
standing by
For early take-off from the
hassock top.
A cut-out doll with cut-out
dress awry
Astride a metal frog that's
lost its hop.
A modernistic drawing—of
a cow?
A button strung upon a
piece of thread.
Another drawing—possibly
a sow.
A walking toy that somehow
lost its head.

Fret not of cleaning, though
the hour is late.
One day it'll be most
painfully neat and
straight.

... ...

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Love Wasn't Enough (Continued from Page 23)

city-conditioned face was helplessly grinning down at her. Looking at Nora, some of a man's control had to go; looking at her, a man couldn't help the inward leaping of joy. *So leap and grin,* Parker advised himself; *the other part's coming soon enough.*

"My trouble at this moment," Nora said, "is a lack of self-assurance. It would help greatly, Parker, if you were to embrace me."

"Listen," Parker said, breaking silence on an ungracious note, "people in these small towns just don't do that kind of thing."

"I'll bet they don't," Nora said. "Embrace me, Parker. Kiss me."

So Parker embraced her and kissed her, lifting her right off her feet doing it. When he put her down he saw they were beginning to attract quite a little attention. "Get in the car," he said abruptly.

"My, my," she said. "Are you going to abduct me, Parker? Is it the country air that makes you so masterful?"

Parker got the motor idling and the heater humming. "You should be wearing a coat," he said. "You can't walk four blocks underground here, you know. And you can't route yourself through the kind of department stores we have, just because it's a nippy day."

"Oh, stop," Nora said. "I don't need to have the disadvantages of country life pointed out for me. I had this touching reunion all planned," she said, "and you keep breaking it up before it gets going. The touching part, I mean."

"After reunion," said Parker, "comes the showdown."

"All right," Nora said, "we'll have the showdown right now. I've been looking forward to it, in fact. So—why, Parker; why? Why did you disappear? Why did you leave New York without a word?"

"I wrote you a letter," Parker said.

"A thank-you note," Nora said with scorn. "I might say, Parker, that, as an explanation of why you jilted me, no words of thanks could be adequate."

"I know," Parker said humbly. "It wasn't your fault," he said. "Not exactly, anyway."

"Be careful how you put things," she said. "I swallowed a lot of pride to come up here. Don't make it hard for me to keep it down."

"I have the feeling," Parker said, "that we are about to slide into the well-rehearsed dialogue of a number of old quarrels."

"Old," Nora said, "but unfinished. And you should know how a woman feels about the final word. I'll admit," she said, "that being an assistant art director didn't make you the king of Connecticut or the maharaja of Manhattan, but you had a nice spot, Parker, a very nice spot. You fought for it, and you earned it. Then all the fight went out of you. You threw it all away."

"I'm twenty-eight," Parker said gently. "I figured I'd spent too much time fighting for something I didn't really want."

"An estate in Connecticut, someday? A penthouse in New York?"

Parker grinned. "I guess we're going to run right through that old dialogue. I just can't convince you, can I, that that's not the way it is with me?"

"Money to buy time, Parker—and a one-man show of Parker Haines oils? You had a salary that could buy a lot of artistic freedom."

"A roundabout way of doing it," Parker said. "And anyway, you can't buy time or freedom. You can only sell them."

She was honestly puzzled, Parker could see, in spite of the many talks they had had about it, and, latterly, the quarrels. She was a girl of undoubted ability, a fashion artist happy to ride Manhattan's merry-go-round, unable to understand any crybaby who wanted to get off, but sympathetic. Her heart knew how to beat in unison with his, but this had only made them quarrel the harder.

And, of course, there was the final question, the one Parker didn't want to hear. But she was bound to say it.

"What about me, then?" Nora said. "Wasn't I worth the fight?"

"Ah," he said, "a Gordian knot, that. Somehow, I never could exactly separate you from the postulates of ambition."

"And so," she said, "you just cut the knot."

"Look," Parker Haines said, "we'd had one of those quarrels, and there'd been a lot of them. Or maybe," he said as she began a gesture of denial, "you'd prefer to call them arguments. The point, I began to see, was that I could never really convince you that I'd made a mistake, a series of mistakes. New York wasn't for me, a hot-shot job wasn't for me. I couldn't paint decently in the rat race.

"Anyway, we'd had this quarrel and after it was over I went to my office. I was kind of shaking and sweating, in the manner that had become habitual with me," he said, his voice tightening down in an agonized way on the words of his recital; "only the shaking and sweating didn't stop this time. Pretty soon I was in a mess. I think I cried a little because by then I knew that the battle was over and I was conceding defeat. I'd lost the prize—you—and that was what the fighting was all about. So then I sent out for a bottle of whisky and I drank about half of it straight down. I had the idea of smashing the rest of it against the wall, or something picturesque, but I didn't. I just put it on my desk, and walked away."

"My dear," Nora said. "I never knew. I never knew it was like that at all. You had a crackup."

"No," Parker said. "I was just recognizing the facts. Through a veil of emotion, I grant you. But then, they were emotional facts."

"But you broke away, regardless. You know, Parker," Nora said, "somehow, I admire you for that."

"Don't be sentimental about it," he said. "I can't stand New York-style sentimentality." He put his head down on the steering wheel. "What did you come up here for?" he said.

"Curiosity? Female curiosity? Do you care to buy that?"

"O.K., I'll buy. You always were a thorough researcher."

"Sold," Nora said. "Do you care to buy the idea of driving me back to the station to flag the next down train?"

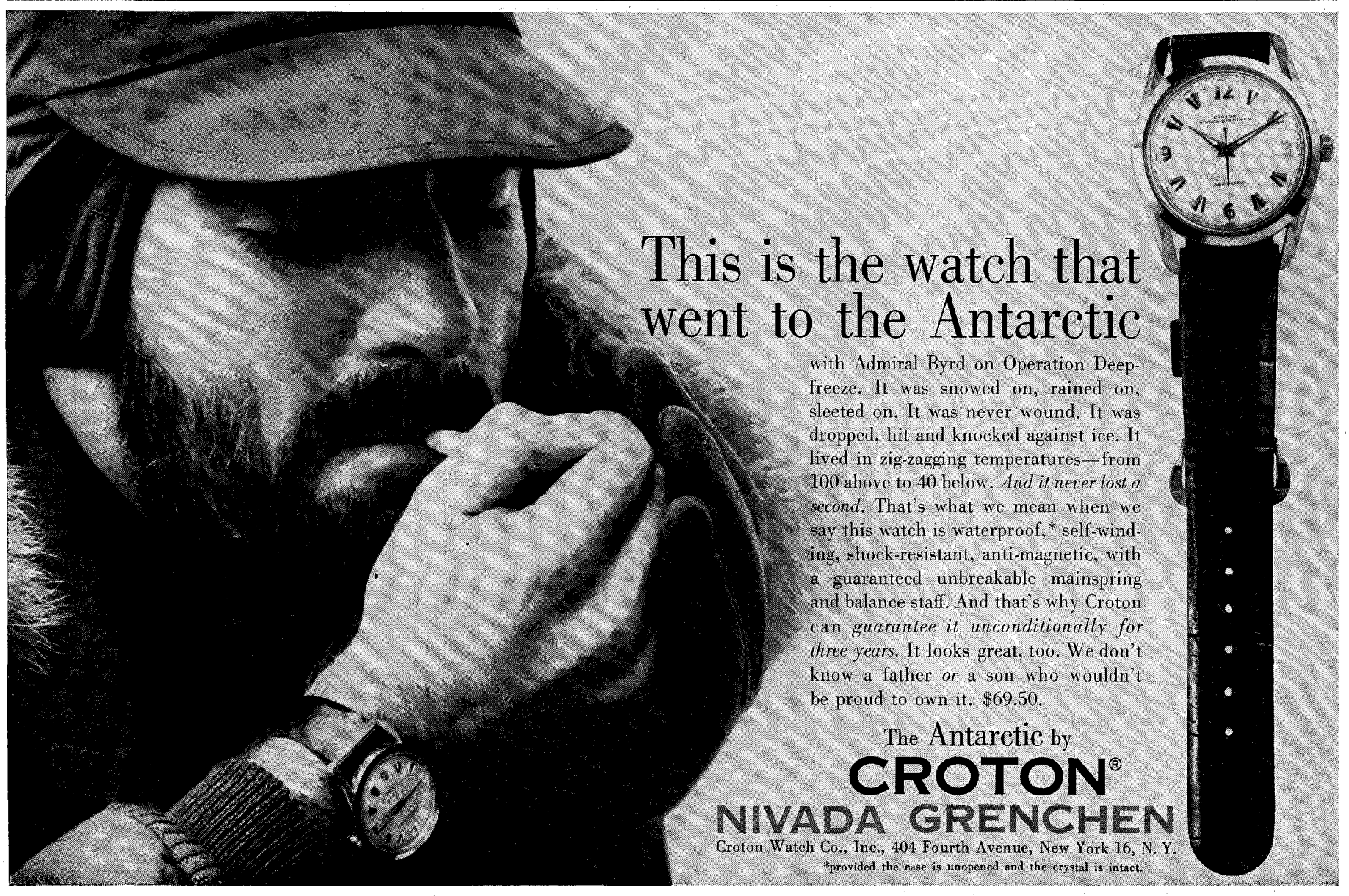
An old haggardness had reasserted itself in Parker's face. Now he turned this face toward her. "No!" he said.

Nora smiled faintly and stretched. "It's a delightful feeling for a woman," she said, "to know she's wanted. Even in a half-baked way."

"Turn the knife," Parker said.

"I didn't even bring a knife," Nora said. "But I suppose," she added mournfully, "you won't believe that. I just want to know, that's all. For instance, I'd like to know who is this Joe Hyslop you are taking shelter with, besides being a relic of carefree Korea?"

"A farmer," Parker said. "Works the hell out of me and pays me practically nothing. Says that's what I'm worth on a farm."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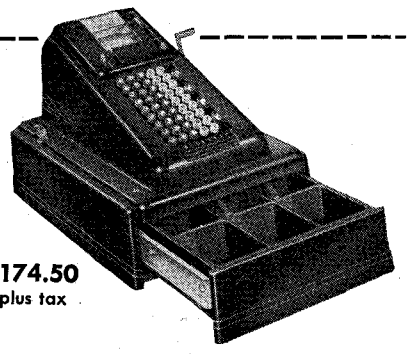

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"He's probably right. What else?"

"Well, I'm a fair hand with a wrench," Parker said, beginning to sound cheerful. "I built this car out of the wreckage of an old command car. It'll go anywhere."

"Parker!" Nora grated. "Are you trying to tell me you haven't painted anything? What have you painted, Parker?"

"Joe's barn." Parker grinned. "Barn-red, I painted it."

"Damn you," Nora said. "Did you jilt me to play at farming, to play with machinery? You were going to hit the world in the face with your painting. You were going to paint me, once," she said.

"Ah," he said, "I've tried that. From memory. I found it very heartbreaking."

"Well I'd like to see," Nora said. "Surely I have that right."

Parker nodded.

"I might even be persuaded to pose for you, Parker."

"Oh, no," Parker said. "Oh, no! You'd better catch that train."

"I've got a leave of absence," Nora said. "So I might as well use it; that's only sensible. What about this Joe Hyslop? Has he a nice big farmhouse, lots of room for an extra guest?"

"Yeah," Parker breathed.

"Well, is there a Mrs. Hyslop? I mean, it would look better all around if the arrangements had a moral tone."

"Yeah," Parker said. "She's kind of fat. Look," he said, "it's started to snow all of a sudden. You don't know how it snows up here. You could get snowbound for a week."

"Ah," Nora said. "If I'm any kind of a woman at all I guess I could convince you in a week, hey, Parker? Especially snowbound. I guess I could have you headed back to New York in a week's time."

Parker pounded the steering wheel with his fists.

Nora smiled smugly. "Head for the farm, Parker," she said. "I've a few suitcases at the station, though, if you'll stop there first."

"So you're Parker's girl," Mrs. Joe Hyslop said. She wasn't fat, exactly; not the way Parker had said. She was womanly, and small.

"The question seems in abeyance," Nora said. Then she said with a little gush: "It's really wonderful of you to take me in, Mrs. Hyslop, without any warning."

"Unexpected guests save a lot of fussing," Mrs. Joe said. "I wish I could get into that suit."

"Oh, this," Nora said. "Last year's, I'm afraid." She smiled her special candid smile at Mrs. Joe, and Parker knew that Nora, having dared and dived, was now more than a little out of her depth. The farmhouse was real; and Joe Hyslop, greeting her and taking her luggage, had smelled not a little of the creamery and the barn. But Parker knew also that neither Joe nor Mrs. Joe would know that Nora was floundering. She was a very self-contained girl, until she chose to be otherwise. He watched her going up the stairs with Mrs. Joe, the two of them talking clothes, Nora's ankles elegant above black suède pumps, her legs elegant in sheer hose, her hips merely quietly eloquent. Parker groaned.

Presently Joe Hyslop came downstairs. "You broke your engagement and ran away from her?" he said. "You're a psycho."

"Don't you start," Parker said. "This's been a rough day."

"Yeah, I guess so," Joe said. He wandered to the window. "Gonna be a real blizzard," he said. "I just heard it on the radio. And the new graders we voted for are still in transit."

"So there you see them," Parker said the next morning. He had his canvases and drawing boards lined against the wall, but by now the blizzard was in full blast and he had to augment the weak light from the windows with a fluorescent lamp.

"Well, Parker," Nora said, "you've certainly caught the barn, all right. A marvelous likeness."

"You haven't even seen the barn," Parker said indignantly.

"Oh, shush. It's a fine barn. I'm not even looking at the barn. You made the first crack about barns, so now be quiet."

Presently Nora said "H'm-m-m" in a sizzling way. "Parker," she said, "you know too much about me." She lifted a painting of herself and carried it to the window. "You make me blush," she said.

Parker grinned.

"On the other hand," Nora said, passing down the line of work and taking another likeness of herself to the window, "there are some things you haven't divined, a few girlish secrets I've been able to keep. All right," she said abruptly, "I'm fighting it. You are a painter, Parker. And you know that I know what I'm talking about. You don't need a job in New York. Just come back and take a studio. These will sell like mad."

"You gave yourself a week," he said. "Don't rush it."

A wife is a person who can ride through the most magnificent scenery in the world with her eyes glued on the speedometer.

LUKE NEELY

She smiled sweetly at him. "You're feeling strong this morning, aren't you?"

Parker gestured toward the paintings. "I did those up here," he said. "I'm very strong up here, away from the rat race."

"You'd be strong anywhere now," Nora said. She put her hand on his arm. "Wouldn't you?" she said. "You've just been finding yourself, my dear. That's been your trouble all along."

"Don't," he said. "Don't ask me to go back. I'd only lose myself all over again."

There was a muffled roaring outside and then Joe Hyslop's jeep bounced into view through the driving snow. Joe scrambled out. "Hey, Parker," he yelled in the hall. "Front and center, boy!"

"What's up?" Parker yelled, down the stairs.

"What's up is every road for umpty miles around is choking up with snow. The cops are organizing everybody with jeeps and heavy trucks to get people out of stalled cars."

"That bad, huh?" Parker ran down, with a feeling of escape.

"Yeah, and our three graders coming in by rail went down a gully with the flat-cars on top of them. So we can't even count on a main road cleared. That car of yours any good in stuff like this?"

"Should be," Parker said. "I could put chains on."

Joe spread a map on the table. "They got traffic into the area stopped here," he said, "but that's miles away. We've broken the whole area up into squares. You take this one. Get the people out of the cars and back to the farm here. Take some rum and hot coffee along. They'll be needing it. You better take a sandbag in the car for weight," Joe added.

Nora had come downstairs. "What's the matter with me, if you need weight?" she said.

"Ma'am," Joe said, "if you'll excuse me for saying so, you're not exactly sandbag-shaped, and you don't weigh as much, either."

Nora preened herself. "Why," she said, "that's the first real compliment I've had since I left New York."

"Listen," Parker said. He jerked a thumb outside. "That's not Central Park out there. Besides, look at your clothes!"

"It's a perfectly good tweed skirt and sweater set," Nora said. "Cashmere. I bought it especially for country wear."

"If Parker gets stuck you'll both be in bad trouble," Joe said.

"That's what I was thinking," Nora said. "I'd like to be in trouble with Parker."

The men's eyes met over her head and Parker nodded. "All right," he said quietly. "Get your head in a scarf. And wear overshoes."

Outside, with the wind buffeting the command car and the strange twilight of the blizzard all around, Parker fired up the engine and crept up on his chains. When he got out and knelt to tighten the chains, the wind took his breath away and filled his mouth; and the cold of it ached in his ears and teeth. He looked with real doubt at Nora, who had come out and was waiting in the front seat. But he just said "Give me the map" when he got in.

The temperature gauge crept up and the heater came to life. He put down the map and put the car into four-wheel drive. The chains were on the front wheels, for better steering and traction. The car bucked and growled into the blizzard.

He twirled the steering wheel, experimenting with the front-wheel traction, and slammed the heavy car through a drift. They nosed out onto a windswept bare patch of road, and he accelerated hard so that the car burst, leaping, through the next drift. The spinning wheels reached down through the powdery stuff for a grip, and he could feel this reaching and gripping through his hands and feet on the controls. He down-shifted, and the car plunged and yawed like a boat beaching in a heaving surf.

His eyes flicked down to the temperature gauge. He was beginning to worry a little, now that he was grinding and plowing along in second, lest the motor begin to overheat; but the gauge was well below the danger mark. He was worried about Nora too. This was worse than he'd expected. He glanced at her, so close beside him, and she had an eager, little-girl smile of pleasure secreted about her mouth. The danger didn't exist for Nora, he decided; and he decided, too, that he would make her get out when they got back to the farm.

With this in mind, he felt relieved when he saw the dark snow-streaked shape of the car ahead. A plume of vapor was whipping away from it. Parker felt dread until he saw the well-fleshed lady climbing out, waving.

"Glory be," he said, relieved in a very different way.

"Young man," the lady shrieked through Parker's lowered window, "I'll give you two dollars to tow me to the nearest decent hotel."

The wind was very loud. "Ma'am," Parker bellowed back, "I could sure use the money, but your car's stuck until the road's plowed."

"But my friends aren't feeling very well ——"

Parker bounded out of his seat and jerked open the back door of the stranded car. At his urging, two more well-fleshed ladies appeared. He herded them all into the back of his command car, and started it off with a lurch.

"Sitting there with the motor running to keep (*Continued on Page 77*)

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A new luxury COMES TO MOTORING

You see before you a car whose sole purpose for being is to bring you a new magnificence in fine-car travel.

The name is Roadmaster 75—and much of its excellence speaks for itself.

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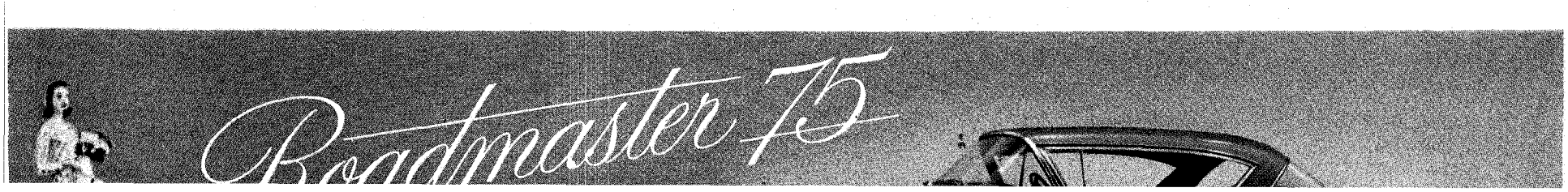

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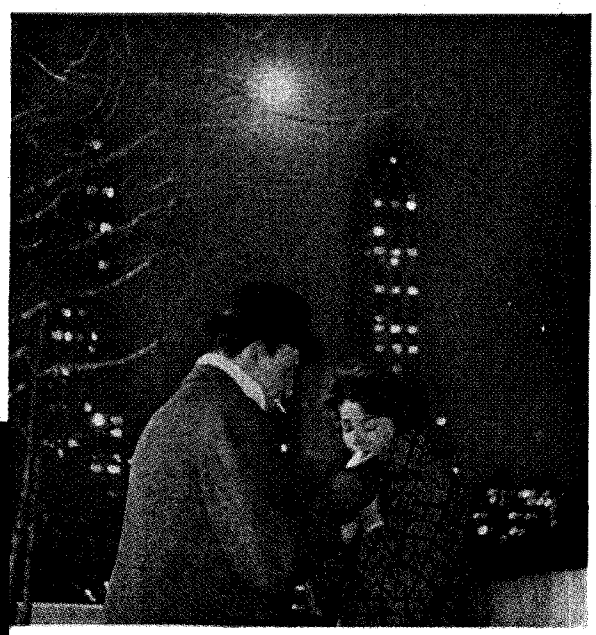
Super Anscochrome in 120 and 35mm sizes, daylight type.

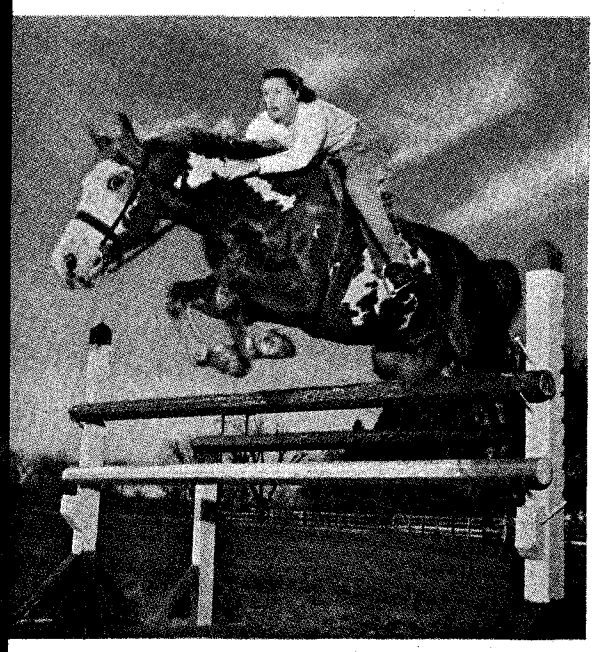
SPEED 100

- **First color film that's even faster than standard black-and-white film**
- **Ten times faster than conventional color film**
- **Gets the color pictures you've never been able to get before**



Moon, match and lamp post were the sole sources of light . . . yet Super Anscochrome, fastest color film ever created, captured this romantic little scene in lifelike tones. Exposure with Super Anscochrome: *f*/3.5, 1 sec.

Candles were the only light! Super Anscochrome, the color film that's faster than black-and-white, got this without flash or floodlight, without time exposure at 1/10 second at *f*/3.5.



Once only black-and-white had the speed you needed for top action. No color film was fast enough! But with Super Anscochrome, you can freeze fastest action in sharply defined color . . . use smaller stops, get greater depth of field! Exposure with Super Anscochrome: *f*/6.3, 1/500.

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Super Anscochrome gives your lens keen new "sight" . . . gets sharply defined color even at sunset, without time exposure or tripod.

Super Anscochrome is the "premium" color film. As you would expect, it is priced somewhat higher than conventional color films. But you won't give price a second thought, once you've seen the pictures you get with Super Anscochrome.

Important! If yours is a simple snapshot camera, Super Anscochrome is too fast; use *regular* Anscochrome. Either regular or Super gives you the most lifelike color since color film was invented. Ansco, A Division of General Aniline & Film Corp., Binghamton, N. Y.

REGULAR ANSCOCHROME
Exposure Index 32—makes any camera a better color camera. 35mm, 120, 127, 620, 828, 16mm and sheet sizes; for indoor or outdoor use.

ANOTHER CONTRIBUTION TO BETTER PICTURE-TAKING FROM *ANSCO*—THE HOUSE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC FIRSTS

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(*Continued from Page 74*) warm!" he roared indignantly. "It's a wonder you're not all dead."

"Young man," the first lady said, "don't you dare speak to us like that, and kindly close your window."

"You need the air," Parker said.

Nora turned around. "Pay him no heed," she said. "He is merely exuberant because he's out playing in the snow."

At the farm, cars and trucks were churning in and out of the yard. Parker ran to find Joe Hyslop, who was ramming the lighter vehicles out of the way with his jeep. "You got a doctor here?" Parker shouted.

"Yeah," Joe said. "One decided he'd better receive here."

"Well, I've got a couple of patients for him. I think they're groggy from monoxide."

They ran back to the command car, but the ladies were getting out unaided and apparently exchanging some kind of pleasantries with Nora. Joe headed them for the house. "Nice work," he said. "They wouldn't be feeling so good if you'd found 'em five minutes later."

"You're telling me," Parker said, grinding into gear. "Into the house," he added, to Nora. "You've had it."

"Drive on, Parker," she said. "I'm beginning to enjoy this grim facet of your personality."

Parker hesitated, but Nora was smiling the little secret smile that meant she was going to fight to have her own way. And time, he reminded himself, was of the essence. He drove out.

"Next time," he said, "you get dumped for sure. This could be really dangerous."

"Scaring old ladies," Nora said. "That's dangerous, all right."

Parker gunned the car down a mile of road that had been whirled clear of snow, and smashed through a drift. He was driving badly.

"Stop resenting me," Nora said. "I resent it."

"I don't resent you," Parker said. "I resent what you represent."

"Let's not fight," Nora said. "There's another stuck car."

A man waded out into the road. "I'm Doctor Smiley," he shouted. "Got a man here kicked by a horse. I was a fool to try to get him to town."

"We can take him to Joe Hyslop's," Parker said, getting out. "They have an ambulance relay set up there."

They slid the injured farmer off the seat. His face was gray, and the bandages around his head seeped blood. He had been rolled in the filth of the stable. "Open the back door!" Parker shouted to Nora.

Twisted around on the front seat, Nora looked down with her face turning white, her eyes becoming large and dark, while Parker and the doctor struggled in the deep snow and tried to ease the semi-conscious farmer into the back of the command car. Parker slipped and fell to his knees, holding the man high with all his strength.

Suddenly Nora scrambled over the back of the front seat. "Here," she said, taking the farmer's head in her lap. She put her arm under his shoulders and skidded herself along the seat, drawing him in. Her face was now very white.

"Good girl," the doctor said. "I'll hang on to the rest of him. Get goin', young fella," he said to Parker.

An ex-army ambulance was huddled by the Hyslop house, and Joe and some other men were transferring blanket-wrapped figures into it from the jeep. Parker helped the doctor lay his patient on one of the stretchers and the ambulance crawled away toward town.

"Let's get some coffee and look at the map," Joe said.

The house was crowded with people thawing out in front of the big kitchen stove and the fireplace. Joe's eyebrows climbed when he saw Nora in the light. Her yellow cardigan and sweater were horrible with blood and dirt. "You should've worn overalls," he said.

Nora took one look at herself and then ran upstairs. "I guess that settles that," Parker said. He gulped coffee and studied the map over Joe's shoulder.

Nora came down wearing a clean cashmere sweater, and pearls.

"I guess maybe you're about ready to help Mrs. Hyslop here, Miss Flood," Joe said. "Passing out coffee and stuff."

"I don't feel very domestic today, Mr. Hyslop," Nora said. "I think I like it better riding with Parker."

Parker banged his cup into the saucer.

Joe said, "One of those people I found with the jeep was stiff. Dead, Miss Flood. Besides, you're just not dressed right for this weather."

"If I am to be found stiff," Nora said, "I prefer to be found in my finery. Shall we go, Parker?"

The darkness was now increasing as the storm reached its height. Parker covered their previous route, and plunged on.

"Let's see the map again," he said presently. He stopped at an intersection that was now merely an open square hazily marked by the tops of fence posts. "That's one area we can write off," he said, and swung into a new road.

They were now far from the farm. Nora peered out. "I wonder if this is the way sailors feel," she said. "Sort of adrift in space."

"A sailor," Parker said, "wouldn't have anything like you aboard his ship."

"Aren't you lucky?" Nora said.

"I am beginning to think so," Parker said. "Very much so, in fact."

Nora preened herself.

"Stop that," Parker grunted, fighting the wheel. "Don't make me sorry I said it."

The car bucked and then came to a lurching stop. Parker rammed it into reverse, and then tried to rock free. But he had run into a very deep drift. "Looks as though she needs help," he said presently.

He unstrapped shovels from the carrier and started to dig. Nora got out and dug with him.

They dug until they were panting and sweating. Then Parker put Nora in the driver's seat. "In reverse," he said. "And give her all she's got when I start shoving."

At the front he laid the broad of his back against the radiator and thrust with his legs. The command car's wheels scurried; the car itself slewed off toward the hidden ditch. "Hold it!" Parker shouted.

They dug again, until Parker had the feeling of red-hot wires working across his shoulders. He didn't want to ask Nora about her shoulders. Parker was beginning to be a little awed by Nora.

"All right," he said, at last. "We try again." He went to the front of the car and braced himself until he felt it start to move. Then Parker shoved, precisely as though his life depended on it.

The car surged back, then hung up. Parker's heels scrabbled for a grip through the powdery snow; his hands wrapped desperately around the bumper as he pushed and lifted. Things were in pretty much of a red haze for him before he realized that the car was now pulling him.

"All right," he panted, falling behind the wheel. "Do we quit?"

Nora wiggled over to her own side. "Oh, no," she said.

Parker backed the command car far up the road, until it met the drift behind. Then he slammed it forward, his foot to the floor, into the drift that had trapped them. They went through in a white explosion.

Almost at once they found a newly wed couple, badly frightened; and after they had been delivered to the farm, Parker began to lose count of the trips. He gassed the car several times.

It was after one in the morning when Parker drove out to the last mile of his assigned area, and found his last car. It had churned its way off the camber of the road and was tilted into the ditch. A man's figure separated from it, and stumbled toward them.

"Praise the Lord," Parker said, "that we never quit."

A woman and two children were in the car. They were all numb; numb with cold, and numb with fright, too, Parker surmised. The man was unable to lift one of his own children.

Nora climbed out of the command car. "Get into my car," Parker said to the man; and he handed the woman, who had started to cry, out to Nora. Between them, they got her in beside her husband. Nora put a blanket over them.

The children were whimpering. Nora got into the front seat. "Hand them in," she said to Parker, "and I'll bundle them." She spread open her coat and took the children into her arms. Parker got in and worked the car loose while Nora stripped off their mittens and shoes and enfolded the children against the warmth of her body. Her face, in the glow of the dash light, was solemn.

Parker drove the final few hundred yards to the crossroads that was marked on the map as the end of his search. His headlights picked up the drifted tracks of a jeep where it, too, had turned back after completing its sweep.

"Praise the Lord," Parker said. He gunned the command car into a snow-showering U-turn and headed it back to the farm in its own tracks.

The man in the back seat leaned forward. "Man," he said, "you certainly can drive. I don't know what would have happened to us if you hadn't happened along."

Nora twisted around. "We didn't happen," she said. "This is organized. In this part of the country, you know," Nora said proudly, "we look after people."

Joe Hyslop had held a final ambulance for anyone Parker and Nora might bring in. Now the search was over, and the big house was emptied of its refugees when they went in. "Coffee and food for you in front of the fireplace," Mrs. Joe said. "We'll tell you how wonderful you are in the morning." And she padded off, yawning.

"Well," Parker said. "You feel beat?"

"I ache," Nora said. "I ache screamingly. I've got blisters on my hands," and she turned them up for Parker to see.

There was something about the palms of Nora's hands that always affected Parker. He regarded them and their hurts with tenderness.

"But I'm not beat," Nora said.

"No," Parker said. "Just don't," he said cautiously, "let all this excitement go to your head. We don't have a rip-roaring time like this every day of the week, you know."

"I'm simply trying to say," Nora said, "that anything you do, Parker, anything, I want to do with you. My personal discovery. It's as simple as that."

"I guess," Parker said, "I've never thought of you in a simple way."

"Well, you'd better start," Nora said. She stretched, and she was a girl who stretched in a very luxurious way. "Parker," she said, "stop repelling me. I can't stand any more of this repelling."

"I'm pretty fed up with it myself," said Parker. THE END

"This is his den or her sewing room, depending on which one you're talking to."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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STILL THE LEADER ON THE TOURNAMENT CIRCUIT

The returns are in! — from California to Florida to the Carolinas! During the big time '57 tournament season to date, Titleist was teed up by more players — amateurs and pros — than any other ball.

These players know golf. They know golf balls. They know that the best ball means the best golf.

This is a strong recommendation. It's the strongest you can have. So ask your own pro about Titleist. Ask him which is best for *your* game.

Ask him, too, about the wonderful new Acushnet putters, gloves and head covers.

ACUSHNET

GOLF BALLS

Sold the World Over Through Golf Course Pro Shops Only

Cruising the Cool Coast

(Continued from Page 37)

Capt. Frank Swift picked her up and refitted her in his thorough Maine shipmaster's fashion.

He converted her cargo hold into seven plain but neat tourist cabins, kept her old oak-paneled after house for a dining saloon, put in two pump-handled, water-gushing, seagoing flush toilets—one of which at least was of unforgettable chill and personality—bought a stack of enameled wash basins and stowed them on deck near the foremast, alongside a big fresh-water tank, signed on a Maine skipper and mate and the best sea cook in New England—and sold us each a ticket for eighty-five dollars—it's eighty-seven now—all found. All found, that is, save for blankets, a pillowcase, a towel and a cake of soap.

She was spick-and-span, Bristol fashion, when we boarded her. She looked as gay and merry and as slow as your fat Aunt Maria, but just as kindly and dependable. Her cabins were seven steps down a steep ladder, and cool in their deepness. We sniffed! Old wooden vessels, like cheese, mellow and ripen with the years. This one was as sweet as a breeze below, swabbed clean of all her odoriferous past in some mysterious Maine housekeeping manner. She was tight-hulled too. Twenty strokes on the pump sucked her dry at dawn every morning.

We watched our shipmates coming aboard. They were happy, exuberant people, laughing when their landsmen's feet, quaking down the steep, slimy dockside ladder, touched the Mattie's rail.

Jack Mahoney, the college kid who was our mess steward, purser, halyard hand and dishwasher, called the twenty-three-name roll. It was a fine roster of modern-day American names: Tileston, Solazzo, Tolz, Donohue, Eggleston, Zozze, Caine, Ozimek, Lamont. Most of them hailed from New York City, but New Jersey was represented, too, and Pennsylvania, and there was a doctor of something from Washington, D.C. There was a family from upstate New York, with two children—the Lamonts. The mother was our loveliest face—one that was to grow more lovely in our days of sun and peace.

At first glance they seemed a mixed lot, having no common denominator. But in a trice, a common bond appeared. We were, as I say, twenty-three in number. Around twenty necks cameras suddenly dangled. Light meters were held aloft, measuring the sunlight. There came the click of shutters shooting scenes. It was a sound, that small click of many shutters, that was to symbolize our voyage, more than any sea sound.

The camera lenses swung their cyclopean single eyes on Capt. Fremont Cotton, of Rockland, Maine, our skipper. He made his appearance at the very moment of sailing, the perfect figure of a down-East sailing master—tall and gaunt and as straight as a spar. All his youth had been spent in sail, until sail was done, and then he went into oil tankers, until age put him on the beach, where he could not and would not stay. He made a weathered, resigned smile at the cameras, gave a look aloft, nodded to Kip Grant, our husky mate, who was waiting to swing out over our stern and into our yawl boat. The yawl boat's motor—we had no power in the Mattie—roared alive. With the little boat's padded nose pushing against our stern, we slid away from the wharf. Once out into the bay, the big mainsail creaked aloft and slatted gently, waiting for the foresail and the jib. They followed their halyards aloft. The noisy little motor astern died suddenly. The blessed silence of sail descended. Our cruise had begun.

The Camden Mountains began their green, soft dominance over us. They make a lovely backdrop of Penobscot Bay as they stand brooding and watching. Because they rise almost sheer out of the sea, their soft green slopes loom unforgettably grand.

It was a lazy, fickle morning with a gray sea and an uncertain sky, but a bit before noon a true, small southerly wiped the sky clear. With booms well off and the old packet as level as a wharf and as silent, we greased along past the north side of North Haven Island. It was motion like velvet, a rarity in our modern day of noise and vibration. Its spell lulled our passengers. Their soft laughter and lazy, relaxed voices came from amidships. They were in their city-bought sun suits and shorts now, strangers no longer, sprawled about in the lee scupper and draped over the nearby cabin tops. They might have been a picnic party who had known one another for years.

The captain, who stood his own wheel watch hour after hour, pulled the long peak of his amateur swordfisherman's cap down to shade his very unamateurish wrinkled eyes. The smell of sunburn lotion, which appeared in bottles and tubes and little tubs to keep our women greasy and shiny all week, drifted aft. It blended with the dinner wood smoke that came from the small Charlie Noble—the stovepipe of our cook's galley stove. A passenger, sent aft by the rest, wanted to know where we were going. The captain looked to windward, then down to leeward, then aloft at the cloudless, friendly sky. Then he cleared his throat.

He gave the answer that was never to vary all week long, "Well, it's kinda hard to say. It all depends."

The cook, with his dinner on the stove and cooking to suit him, was leaning out of his galley hatchway, elbows on the coaming, after the manner of all sea cooks since time began. He winked broadly.

"It's Stonington," he said softly. "The old man likes to keep his navigation to himself. They all do."

He was a master cook, Clayton Hodgdon, of the Boothbay Harbor Hodgdons. He was small and nimble, as he had to be to fit into his tiny galley. He had been cook for MacMillan in six trips to the arctic, and he had had seal and walrus under his grill, and polar bear in his oven. We gorged on his wonderful meals. On Friday, when, according to windjammer tradition, there is always a big feast of lobster on deck, he made a fruit salad with a sour-cream dressing just touched with curry that was a masterpiece. There was an unforgettable batch of hot corn muffins one noon that would have earned a cheer anywhere in Virginia. There was a memorable rib roast of beef that came on the table in slabs as big as Canadian red ensigns, but much thicker.

We made Stonington with the sunset gilding the sloping streets of the town, and the sardine-plant gulls were haloed in fire as they wheeled and banked. Our two flat-bottomed boats splashed over from their stow outboard of the main shrouds, and our people loaded into them. The girls wore roseate thighs from the day's sun, despite all the lotions. The sunset made them look as cooked as the lobsters. They rowed in to the town wharf with the high, uneven stroke of landsmen and cornered the market on "wish you were here" post cards.

That night the harbor was as still as glass and there was an impromptu sing on deck. No one could sing very well, and modern music has apparently done nothing to replenish group singing, but we warbled through old songs because it was such a beautiful time and we were where we were. The head of our family, Robert Lamont, a lawyer, counsel for a group of upstate New York milk co-ops, among other things, hemmed loudly, as if he were about to beseech a court.

"I've got an accord——" he said.

"Oh, dear," his wife said. "He would bring it. All he can play is Ei du Schone Schnitzelbank. . . . But go get it, dear."

It was a small, black push-belly of an accordion that had a wheeze on the inhale like a walrus blowing down to leeward, but on the crisp night air it sang clear to the stars and as sweet as an organ. He knew much more than Schnitzelbank.

With much clatter of oars and bumping of gunwale alongside, a late boatload of our people climbed up on deck.

"Cheer up, folks," one of them said. "It's ninety-three with plen-n-nty of humidity in New York. I just called my home."

I heard a tiny voice down beside me, a sweet, true, birdlike pipe so small that I had to lean (*Continued on Page 80*)

"... then one day I found out he was slipping tranquilizers into my food ..."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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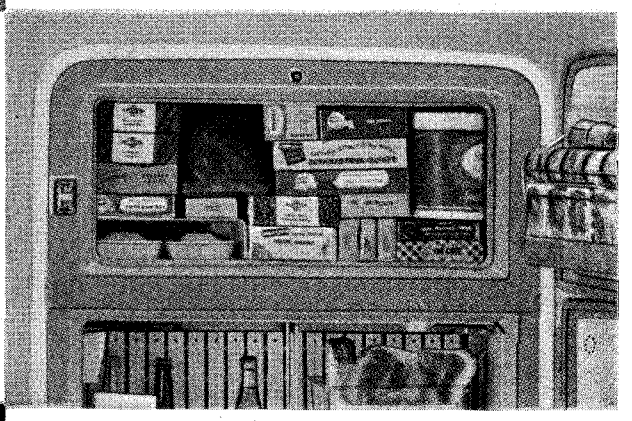
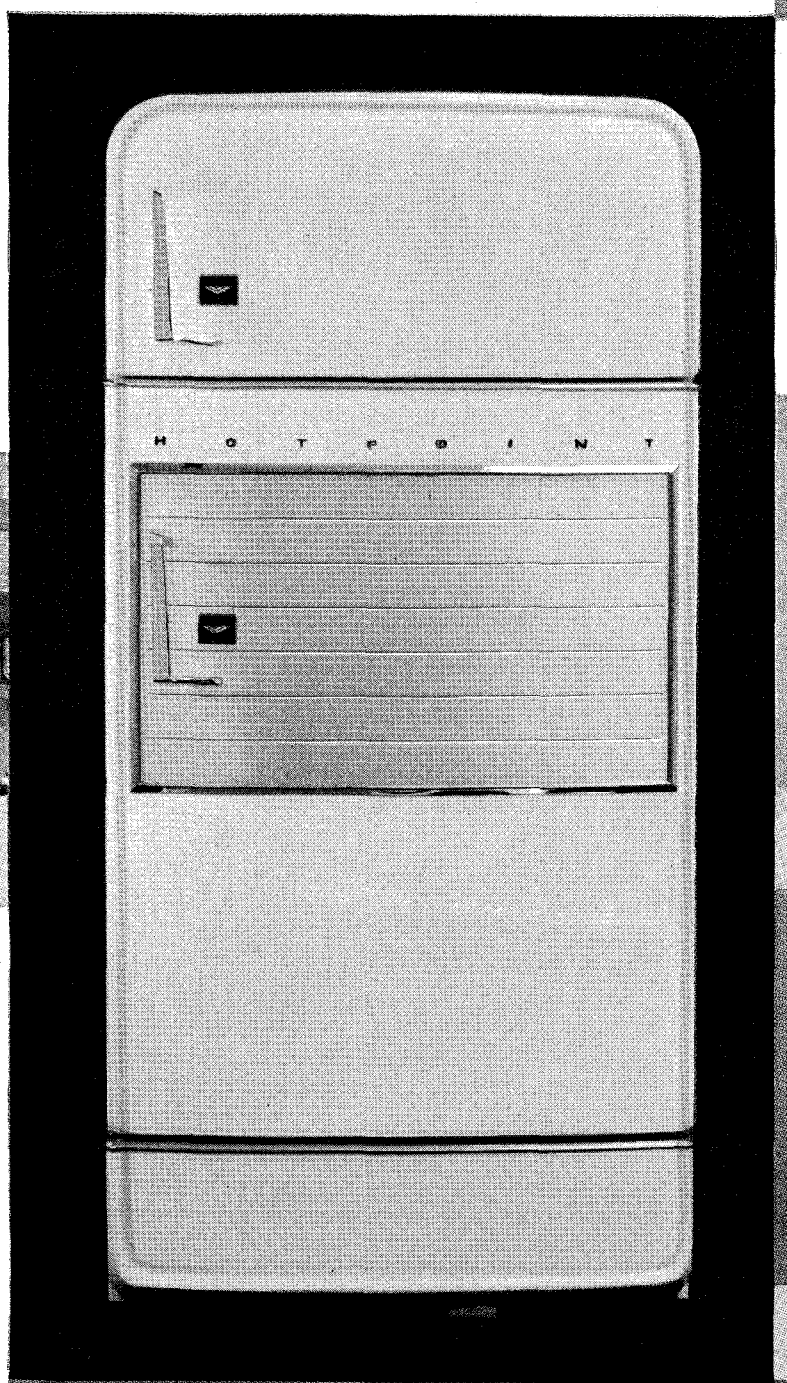
2-door beauty you can live with

Hotpoint's new beauty that won't go out of fashion ... built-in ease of cleaning ... 4-way shelves that personalize your foodkeeping ... and over 20 square feet of usable shelf area



The big 91-pound freezer really freezes—Constant cold freezes your foods quickly, keeps them solidly frozen up to a year.

Rich in aluminum, to serve you best—Lasting beauty, freedom from rust, extra strength, 4-times-faster cooling.



4-way shelves personalize foodkeeping—They glide in and out, adjust up or down, put foods squarely out front.

"House-clean" inside it often as you like—Everything slips out easily. No out-of-the-way cracks, no fastened-in pans or covers.

Clean under and back of this Hotpoint, too—Touch the toe-brake, roll the cabinet out easily—to dust, mop, wax, or decorate.

YOU'LL LIKE LIVING with this new Hotpoint 2-door—so beautiful to own, so beautiful to use. Always plenty of shelf space ... and always the right place for everything. There's extra room in the big Dairy-Stor and in the deep door shelves. Fully automatic defrosting. The new Safety Latches are smooth, quiet, child-safe. Your choice of 4 luxury colors or gleaming white.

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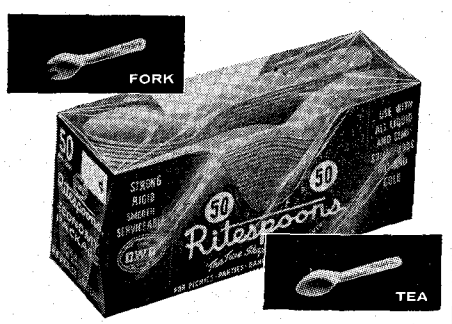

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*William T. Ingram—Investigation of sanitary aspects of single-service spoons 1955-56.

(*Continued from Page 78*)

down to hear it aright. It was singing all to itself, "Lowlands—lowlands—away my Joe ——" a minor-key halyard chantey, the saddest and most beautiful of them all. The tiny girl's voice sang it through. Its sad, longing melody had been torn to wisps off Cape Horn. It had threaded out in blood-red dawn long ago over the tea clipper fleet waiting at Java Head for the China Sea monsoon. Now little Charlotte Caine, somebody's secretary in New York City, so shy and modest that one had to cup an ear to hear her, was singing it on a dude cruise in Stonington Harbor. No wonder Chaucer did so well with his Canterbury Tales. He had wonderful material—the unfolding facets of the secret human heart that can open out like a rose unfolding sometimes when strangers and happiness and beauty all come together on a journey.

We wafted to the eastward the next day, with the big blue lumps of Mt. Desert watching our slow approach. They watched Champlain in 1604 when he came sailing by. The tops of the lumps looked bare then as they do now and he named the island "L'Isle des Monts Déserts."

It was one of those quiet days when coastal Maine sits still and shines. There was just enough breeze to fill the sails, and the sun in a cloudless sky shone down through air more crystal-clear than any camera lens. The sunburn lotion splashed like sperm oil sloshing on a whaler. A youngster with a well-tanned hide that made him a sunburn expert, John Bodnar, an advertising Joe when he wore his gray flannel suit ashore, and the life of our party with everyone's approval, for everyone liked him immensely, showed the girls how to stroke on the lotions. He did it, dreamy-eyed, with the long, soft strokes of a practiced masseur. Carlier Teran, a Guatemalan girl from New York, stretched out her tender, already well-cooked limbs for Bodnar's ministrations.

"Hey, Bodnar," Steve Zozze, an aviation-inspection mechanic from Queens, New York, on his fourth windjammer cruise and our realist and cynic aboard, called from forward, "more of that lotion won't do any good—and you know it."

Bodnar rolled his eyes at him, and everyone, including Captain Cotton, laughed.

Our photographers were beginning to shoot one another now, upon better acquaintance. A swashbuckling picturesqueness was the thing to achieve. Beards were sprouting. Gaudy shirts came out of luggage and appeared on deck, to be greeted by cheers and a ring of cameras. Bob Tileston, of the Bendix Corporation Laboratories in New Jersey, with a stubble of white beard beginning to show under, of all non-seagoing rigs, a white elephant hunter's hat, was a fine subject. The light meters registered and reregistered the day's high glare. The shutters clicked forward and aft, alow and aloft, at early dawn, at high noon, when the afternoon shadows were lengthening.

The Candace, another green two-masted windjammer like ourselves, converged with us as we headed into York Narrows, the tortuous channel north of Swans Island. Captain Cotton, standing his wheel watch on long, tireless bones, turned and watched her. There was just steerageway for both of us as we slid past the channel buoys.

"A narrow, mean chance," I said.

"Nawthin' today," he said, "but a bit worrisome in a thick dudgeon o' fog. Tide's just goin' to catch that fella astern."

And so it did. We weathered the last buoy, coming out into the broader waters of Casco Passage, and could see a riffle of breeze ahead when we heard the Candace's yawl-boat motor cough and then hammer away. The captain smiled to himself.

"Will she stay with us from now on?" I asked.

"Hope so," he said.

Northeast Harbor is pure, polished Maine, but a rich man's gem. The beautiful estates show a graceful eave or a curving, oyster-shell drive back in the trees. There was a nice fleet of yachts at moorings at the head of the harbor. We rounded up and let our chain run at a respectful distance, as an old modest coaster should. But we cashed in on some of the loot. There is a luxurious bathhouse for visiting yachtsmen ashore, with a fine battery of showers and apparently limitless hot water. We hit out for it in shifts, each carrying his cake of soap. We were a gleaming, albeit slightly curl-papered, party for breakfast next morning.

Blue Hill was where we sailed next day. We left the Candace slowly astern. With Blue Hill Harbor in sight ahead, our captain motioned the mate to the wheel and went below for his glasses. He studied long astern.

"What's he up to back there?" he asked. "Wind fallin' and tide against him." He squinted another long moment, then laid aside his glasses. "Goin' to anchor at South Blue Hill," he said. "Make me chase him tomorrow."

We got an early start next morning with that chase in mind. We cleared the harbor buoys and opened up the channel inside Long Island. The captain's glasses stared ahead. There she was, that Candace, just a heliotrope-and-white smear far ahead. She had got an early start too.

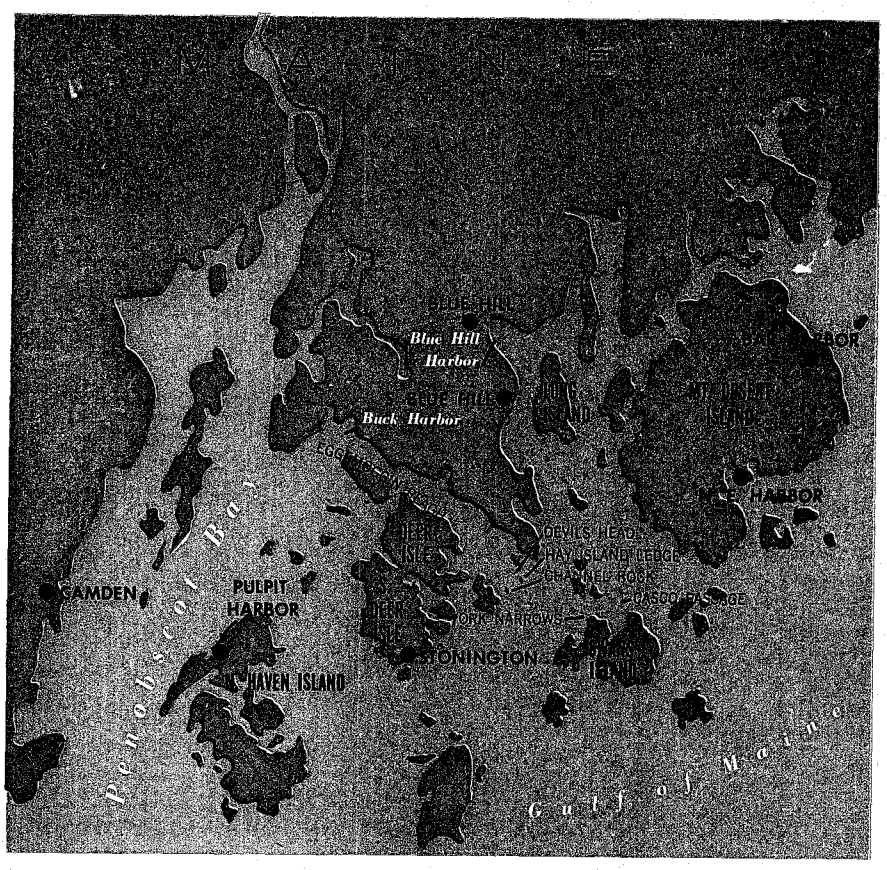
The old man sniffed in disdain. He barked at the mate to tend the flying-jib sheet. He scowled out over the bow then, himself, eased off the mainsheet not more than six inches. He lit one of his very rare king-sized cigarettes to quiet his nerves, pulled the long peak of his cap down over his eyes and took a sot stance at the wheel. A stern chase is a long chase.

It was an exasperating day to coax an old, lumbering, undercanvased schooner to hurry. The breeze veered and hauled, died and puffed up again. It was jib-o and "Hey, everybody, watch that boom!" It was jib back again and "Landlubbers, 'ware those mainsheet blocks!" We gained slowly, but so unthrilling and hopeless the chase seemed that interest died. Life dozed and gossiped idly or read a book on deck. I made sure Mrs. Mario Solazzo wanted to be called "Bimbo" in print. She was our chic one and, to me, very charming and interesting. A Swiss girl, partner in a New York embroidery-importing business with her young husband, Mario. Instead of broiling her bare legs in shorts, Bimbo wore knockout corduroy, tapered slacks with embroidered slippers on deck. She learned with horror that here in America we are wasting our mussels, despite a whole northern coast thick with them. Later, in Bucks, she dragged a protesting Mario ashore and together they gathered a bucket of the black things, and she demonstrated how correct the French are in labeling them a delicacy.

"Bimbo," I said, "do you really know what Bimbo means—or used to anyway?"

"Oh, sure," she said. "A girl like this"—she cocked her bandanna headdress over one eye and made a swaggering sway of her pretty head. "A live number! A good, wild one! I like it. 'Miss?' Bah, a skim-milk word! Mary, Anne, Susan—what you say?—Gwendoline, Jane. Nice names. But not much life. But Bimbo! Everybody calls me Bimbo. Even my baby. Someday Bimbo will be a word like—like *Fräulein* in your language. I am Bimbo. You say that."

We wafted by Channel Rock bell buoy with the Hay Island red nun close aboard and Devil's Head off to starboard, and opened out Eggemoggin Reach. No stretch of water in America is more beloved by cruising men than that placid, broad channel. It is a straight, wide way, eleven miles long, lying northwest-southeast between the mainland and the two Deer Isles. It has few unmarked dangers. Frequently it is clear of fog when, outside, the coast is pea-soup-thick with it. Much



Long known to pleasure sailors as the most perfect small-boat havens on the eastern seaboard, these are the Penobscot Bay harbors visited by the windjammer cruises.

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of the time there is a reaching breeze, a fine chance for a fast, easy sail on smooth, delightful water.

Our chance at it was not going to be fast. The day had slowly overcast and the breeze, never anything to blow your wig off, seemed to want to die completely. Ahead was the thin skeleton of the famous toll bridge that spans the Reach. Drifting toward it, well over on the northern side and still a good two miles ahead, was our miserable rival, that Candace. Captain Cotton stared despondently at her. He studied the Deer Isle shore and the flat, gray, overcast sky above it; then spun his wheel down. We drifted over toward the southern side of the channel, the opposite side.

Ahead, through the glasses, the Candace was doing nothing. Her canvas had the big up-and-down wrinkles of flat becalm. We went just as calm ourselves. Smoke off a cigarette went straight aloft. The only sounds aboard were sleepy, gossiping voices, the squeak of a hatch cover, the thump of a pump on one of our seagoing toilets. The world seemed drugged and somnolent, and content to be so. The skipper looked over at the isle shore. He dropped the wheel and stood facing the shore. Then he moved more swiftly than the occasion seemed to warrant and started a fast haul on the mainsheet. He motioned the mate, and the mate hurried for the foresail sheet and hauled madly too. Together the big blocks sang a squeaking, complaining duet, a shocking noise on the still air. Everyone's head came up in surprise.

When the booms were well in, at the very moment the old man was making fast, the completely unpredictable, unexplainable squall hit. It came dead on our beam off the isle shore. For the first few seconds it was blowing over completely calm water, as if the sea itself had been caught unaware. Then the darting streaks and scurrying ripples of squall began. Perfectly trimmed, so as not to waste a capful of that live, pushing air, in a moment we were lumping along on a port tack close reach, canvas as hard as steel, a nice cant to our fat old deck, a slap of young sea at our bows and the old girl swirling a wake astern like a gamboling, foolish old cow kicking up her heels.

The Candace was still dead over on the far shore. We gained on her, hand over fist. She was three points off the bow, she was four points, she was six points and, in almost as little time as it takes to tell, she was abeam. Only then did the breeze reach her. We looked aft at her now and there was a little white bone in her teeth. She was alive now and sailing after us. But too late. Stolen lead of the night before and all, we were giving her her just deserts. We were beating her again.

"How did you know that breeze was coming?" I asked the old man.

The wrinkles around his eyes were a tight web of high, shrill merriment, bubbling, chortling "He-he-he!" within him. He did not answer at once, relishing the kick of his wheel, the life that was in his old vessel now.

"Didn't you smell it?" he finally said. "Smelled like chowder cookin' down in Stonington."

Stonington was dead to windward, all right, on the seaward side of Deer Isle, but a good ten miles of spruce woods and hayfields away. Smell it indeed!

We came bowling and cheering into Bucks. It is easy to come bowling and cheering into that grand place sailing westward up the Reach. Bucks opens out so simply and clearly when you're sailing that course that the cruise books all tell you to try for it even in heaviest fog. We had no fog, but clear, beautiful Maine summer afternoon now, and the place held a magic to entrance all hands. Because it comes in a package with Eggemoggin and is so perfect itself, Bucks Harbor is a sailor's dream of pure heaven. The shelter is perfect, and the curved harbor shore shows little trace of man. A blessed quiet is waiting to absorb the splash of your anchor and the echoing run of your chain, and then give you peace forevermore.

Camden under its hills was calling us home the next day. The hills were draped with rain cloud. As we closed with the harbor and the end of our cruise, Bob Tileston, his white whiskers in a porcupine-quill stage now under his elephant hunter's hat, motioned everyone around him.

"I've just got a real compliment for all of us from the captain," he said, greatly impressed. "He said he wished he could sail with us for his passengers all the rest of the summer."

"Not old It's-kinda-hard-to-say-it-all-depends?" said Steve Zozze, our cynic—who was already making plans for his next year's cruise. "That's unheard of. That's terrific. I know. He likes to have his picture taken."

"Speaking of pictures, you lens hounds," I said, "we've been in some beautiful places. What's your choice for beauty and remembrance?"

"How do we know?" Steve Zozze said. "We haven't got our film developed yet."

"Bimbo says Bucks," Bimbo said. "When people in New York ask, I shall say Bucks. I looked back sad when we sailed away from Bucks. Now we leave everything, even the old Mattie. I am very sad."

We all said a sad, fond good-by in the rain. THE END

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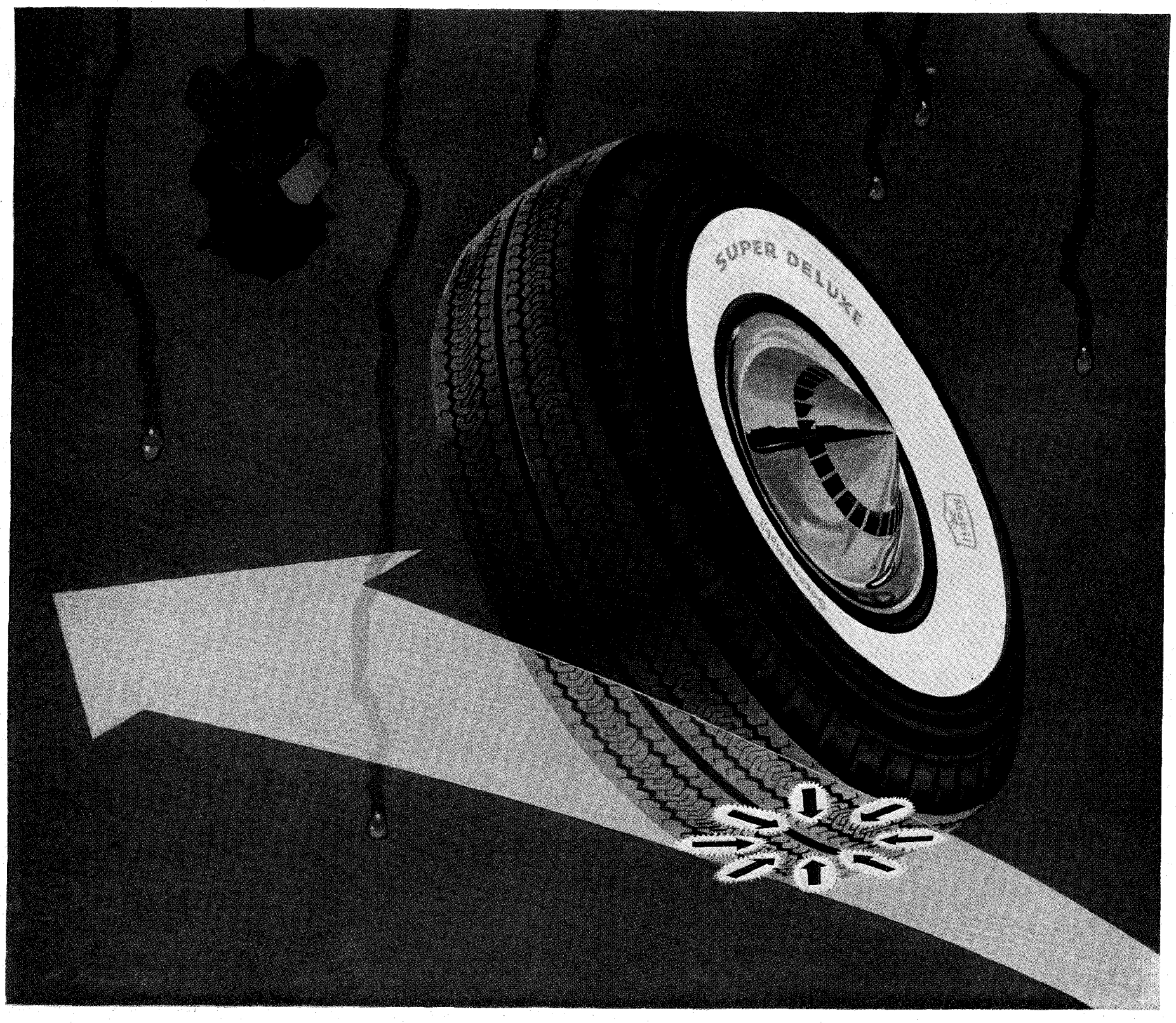

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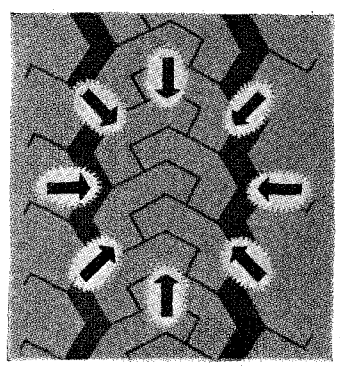

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Bargain Bonanza (Continued from Page 28)

voices and the out-of-this-world noise of four solid acres of dogs—every color and kind, but mainly hunting hounds—sniffing, howling, fighting. I had never seen so many cold noses in one place or so much flea scratching.

In my meandering around the jockey ground I saw things the like of which probably couldn't be duplicated anywhere else. A large, bareheaded Negro held on to the jerking hind legs of a lunging, squealing, forty-pound red shoat, carrying it through the crowd to his truck; he put it in a crate on which a blue-tick hound-dog sat like a statue. The man had swapped a shotgun for the porker.

A neatly dressed couple strolled along, leading a snow-white, curly-mohaired goat that looked as if it were just home from the laundry; they were ready to trade it for anything of value.

Things like this have been happening in Canton the first Monday of every month for eighty-one years. It is Hoss Monday, the big day on which people come in from miles around to shop, swap or lean against a post or truck and talk coon hunts, politics and weather with friends, neighbors and strangers. Hoss Monday stimulates the inclination to drive a bargain. It fevers up the natural trading instincts of man. On the jockey ground these instincts are unbridled and permitted to run their full course. The deep desire to swap and, if possible, to "draw a little difference," or "get a little boot" permeates the air and is overpowering.

People in Canton told me they'd about as soon see Christmas marked off the year's calendar as the twelve first Mondays. In the not too distant past nearly every county-seat town in this Southern part of the country had some sort of trading day—usually a Monday. However, in many places these events have played out because the horse, the main trading commodity, has virtually disappeared. But Canton's big day seems to have led a charmed life; it has flourished and is more ripsnorting than ever. It is such a good-humored institution that some people feel it an honor to make trades in Canton even if they get skinned a little. The old Eastern Texas saying that you can swap off anything or swap for anything at Canton on first Monday is almost an article of faith.

It may be that Canton's old-fashioned trades day thrives in the sky-streaked jet age because a special brand of Texans resides there. Canton lies about sixty miles southeast of Dallas, in the cotton, corn and sweet-'tater country, which is also good for coon hunting and oil wells. The town has a population of about 1000. It has no hotel or motel, and no railroad. But it does have a three-story stone courthouse, for it is the seat of Van Zandt County—known as the Free State because it once declared its independence from the whole dad-blamed world.

When Texas was readmitted to the Union after the Civil War, the citizens of Van Zandt County—it had about 750 then—bucked up and said, "We won't go with you on that. Not jine up with the damyankees again." Thus they became the only Texans ever to secede from Texas. Not only that; they had given up allegiance to the Southern Confederacy and defied the United States. They raised an army, which never had uniforms, to back up their decision.

Gen. Phil Sheridan, who is famous in Texas for his statement that if he owned hell and Texas, he would rent out Texas and live in hell, heard of this new rebellion. He hurried a cavalry troop to the Free State of Van Zandt.

Hiding behind trees, the Free State sharpshooters took pot shots at the mounted men and forced them to retreat. Gathering in Canton, the capital of the Free State, the victorious Van Zandt County lads celebrated by passing around several little brown jugs several times. When these ceremonies were at staggering heights, the Union cavalry charged in soberly from all directions and captured every last one of the Free State soldiers.

This was the end of the Free State, but not the end of Canton's fierce spirit of independence. Wills Point, in the northwestern part of the county, was on a railroad. It tried to swipe the county seat, but Canton, in battles on land and in court, eventually won. However, Canton remained good and mad at Wills Point. Mail from Canton had been going to Wills Point to the railroad, but Canton made arrangements to stop the trains at the edge of the woods ten miles out of Wills Point and load on the mail. The village of Edgewood sprang up at the train stop and today the Canton mail is still put on the trains at Edgewood.

Hoss Monday started soon after the collapse of the Free State, at a time when there was little money. It has never been promoted by newspapers or tinhorn professionals. There is nothing stagey about it. One thing that sets the event apart as unique is the fact that it has no management and no set rules to go by, making it a public institution open to everybody and nearly everything.

The variety of articles I saw displayed, in addition to members of the animal kingdom, was incredible: trace chains, kerosene lanterns—some of them with bull's-eye globes—buggy whips, leather harness, bird cages, picture frames, whiffletrees, baby buggies, rolls of used barbed wire, cedar posts, dishes, radios, television sets, tractors, all sorts of tools and nuts, bolts and screws. Manufacturers quit making some of the articles years ago; for example, a one-wheeled walking planter. I saw a man trade a wash tub for the head part of an iron bedstead, and I asked him how he intended to use it.

NEXT WEEK

HERE'S HOW I GYP YOU
Confessions of a Crooked Furniture Salesman

Paradise for Horse Players
By RED SMITH

IN COLOR:
THEY BATTLE THE ANCIENT SCOURGE
All-out Attack on Malaria

I Was Always Hungry
By KIRK DOUGLAS as told to PETE MARTIN

THE MEN WHO LEAD THE WHITE CITIZENS' COUNCILS
By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

Beginning an Exciting New Western
California Passage
By CLIFF FARRELL

This one's from my wife..."Why don't you take me out to dinner?"

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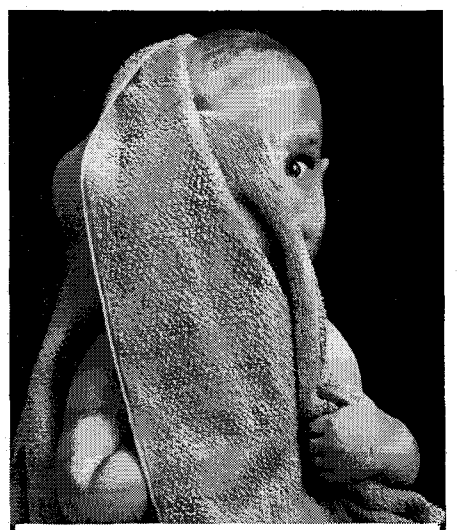

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"Why, man, that thing will make one of the best pasture gates you ever saw," he replied.

Another man swapped a pair of ducks for a Georgia stock, one of the earliest of one-hoss plows and one which was almost out of date when Van Zandt was a free state.

"Just the idea for plowing my garden," the new owner remarked.

Neatly dressed women from Dallas, Tyler and the oil centers of Kilgore and Longview swarmed over the jockey ground, their eyes probing for rare finds in antiques. They picked up such things as brass spittoons, old snuff bottles, coffee grinders, stray pieces of silver and chinaware, and kerosene lamps with beaded bowls and brass burners. It isn't unusual for a valuable antique to come to Hoss Monday in a farmer's truck.

Like all traders before them, the traffickers at Canton abide by an unwritten code involving the tongue; they keep it in their cheek. One man sold a dozen black-and-white-spotted pigs. I asked the buyer what he had paid for the pigs.

"Just what the man asked," he replied.

Then I queried the seller about the price he had received and he said, "All I could get."

Mrs. Albert Abbott, of the Big Rock community in adjoining Henderson County, demonstrated that she is a pretty shrewd trader. Like everyone else on the jockey ground, I had the urge to buy or swap, but all I had to trade was a ballpoint pen, and I was using that to take notes. I asked Mrs. Abbott about her peanuts. She said she had raised them and was selling them at twenty-five cents a pound. I told her I'd take half a pound.

"I wouldn't know how to charge for half a pound," she said. So she sold me a pound.

Mrs. Abbott was selling other things she had grown—sweet potatoes, black-eyed peas, crowder peas—and honey and sorghum molasses which she had brought to market for neighbors. She has come to Hoss Monday so many times that she has regular customers there. She and her husband are known all over Eastern Texas for the fine paper-shell pecans they grow. Several women from Tyler and Canton rushed up to her truck and asked about her big pecans. She had to tell them there would be no more until fall.

Scads of farmers and their wives were there with their prize products, including jars of chow-chow, pickled peppers, home-canned vegetables; blackberry and dewberry plants, onion sets and cabbage plants—the latter "absolutely guaranteed to be frostproof."

Other farm and small-town women were on hand with gay, tiny-stitched, home-pieced quilts displayed on the sideboards of their pickup trucks. Every quilt was traded or sold by noon.

At about that time, a church group opened a little hamburger stand, and a young lady with a hog-calling voice began chanting, "Fat hamburgers and hot coffee!" Canton's restaurants—the Service Café and the Eat Shop—did as rushing a business as the hamburger stand. They always feature chili on first Monday. Great pots of it, plus plenty of crackers, disappeared into hungry traders.

During the noon hour I struck up with D. T. Riley, the jolly and rotund dean of Canton businessmen—half a century in one store. He has seen more trades days in his town than perhaps any other person. He was born within earshot of the jockey ground seventy-five years ago, and can remember more than sixty-five years of Hoss Mondays. He said the event doesn't stimulate much cash-register ringing inside the neat stores.

"A little boot money is left here, I reckon," he said. "The cafés do a good business, as you can see. But we're not interested in the money first Monday brings in. Through the years it has been a helpful thing to all of us. Today, if a man needs a part for a tractor, plow, mower or windmill, he can find it here and maybe trade something for it. During hard times, this bartering helped many people get along and keep their pride. They could swap off what they could do without for things they absolutely had to have. It still gives the farmers a good market for their stuff, and everybody always has a high-heeled good time. Of course, us old-timers miss the great horse swapping that used to take place here."

There's still a remnant of that traditional trading. Half a dozen saddle horses were swapped or sold, and there were about eight spans of long-eared, long-legged mules on the ground. A man led a pair of dun-colored mules up a crowded street and tethered them to an almost-new farm tractor. You could see the fever rising in veterans like Mr. Riley. Apparently the first thing a man interested in a mule wants to know is its age. In thirty minutes at least a dozen men came ambling along and went through the same motion. Each walked up to the mules and, taking them one at a time, patted the mule on the neck and said, "Whoa, boy." Then he took a good look inside the mule's mouth.

Each man said the same thing, "Nine and ten." He meant that one mule was nine and the other ten. A horse-trading expert can glance at the teeth of a horse or mule and determine its exact age—that is, until the animal is past twelve, and then it is said to be smoothmouthed. But this age-reckoning art is passing, along with the animal that indelibly marked Canton's trades day with its name.

The dog has all but replaced the horse. The common old flop-eared hound is really big business. There must have been between 500 and 700 of them at Canton, plus a lot of sharp-faced, bony-tailed greyhounds and more curs than you could shake a stick at. The hills, woods and river bottoms of Eastern Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and parts of Oklahoma are full of timber wolves, foxes, coons, possums, mink, skunks, squirrels and rabbits, with a scattering of bobcats. And there's a tremendous amount of hunting among farmers and city dwellers, as well; it is mainly for sport, but some folks do eat coons and possums, and many feast on young squirrels and rabbits.

The hounds at Canton, not being the aristocratic, registered sort, are worth from twenty-five cents up to $100. A proved squirrel dog may bring seventy-five dollars, and a top coon hound more than that. However, when an old pooch is valued at seventy-five dollars or more, the prospective buyer usually demands the privilege of hunting with the dog before paying over the money.

Of all the bickering, dickering and bantering a man ever experienced—well, the most haggling takes place at a dog trade. Two men may jaw around for an hour, each trying his best to find out exactly what it is the other wants and also whether there's a chance to draw some money to boot.

It's fun to watch the noncommittal feints a man makes in trying to get trade talk started. A Negro boy with a young black-and-tan hound on a leash strolled among the clumps of traders.

"Say," called a cap-wearing man from Sulphur, Oklahoma, who had brought a dozen dogs to Canton, "what you want to do with that little old hound? Sell 'im or swap 'im?"

"Swap 'im," the boy said, grinning.

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"Well, I got a little old red 'un here that I'd trade you and take the difference," the Oklahoman offered, probing to determine whether the boy was a greenhorn.

"I'm looking for difference," the boy said, and walked on. He knew his way around.

Coon hunters are fussy about the way hounds sound. The moaning music in the deep woods is one of the main attractions of that nocturnal sport. In dog trader's language, the way a dog sounds is called "mouth." I listened as the men talked trade.

One was trying to sell a frisky-looking blue-tick coon hound of some reputation.

Finally the prospective buyer said, "How's his mouth?"

"Say," the other replied, "you'll really like it. Just a minute. There's old Jim. He was out with the dog just last night. Got a big coon. He'll tell you."

Jim, a tall stooped Negro with grizzled hair, was called over. He wore faded overalls that looked as if they'd hit the briers in many a coon hunt. Jim praised the hound to the heavens, saying that on the night before it had treed a fifteen-pound coon within twenty minutes in the Neches bottom.

"How's his mouth, Jim?" the prospective buyer asked.

Jim's face and mouth extended in an affirmative smile. "Man, has that dog got a mouth!" he exclaimed.

Just then some men put a chained wild coon up a live oak at the edge of the jockey ground. The traders took the dog over to test its vocal talent. When the hound sniffed the coon he went into action and cut loose with long, deep, mournful yowls. As soon as the prospective buyer heard the "mouth," he forked over the cash and took the hound home.

One man was giving a scarred old hound a great build-up. The dog stood there with his tail clamped between his hind legs and his soft brown eyes rolled up.

"He knows what we're saying," the owner said, giving the dog an affectionate pat. "Just the other night I was out with him, and he was lazing along at my heels. I shoved him with my gun butt like this, and said, 'What the Sam Hill you doing? Get out there and get me a coon.' Well, sir, he took to the woods, and in fifteen minutes he treed the biggest coon I ever saw in my life."

"I had a smart coon dog like that one time," another man put in, scratching a match on the seat of his pants to light his pipe. "I was hunting coons for their hides. Had several boards of different sizes for stretching the hides. I'd lean a board on the front porch, and that dog would take one look at the board and then light a shuck for the creek bottom. Pretty soon he'd be back with a coon that just fitted the board. Then one night the wife, she forgot and left her ironing board out on the porch, and that was the last I ever saw of my dog. He may still be looking for a coon that big."

Dog traders don't pay much attention to the other fellow's boasts and guarantees, but the owners make them anyhow.

One man said, "I'll take a paralyzed oath that this little old hound won't hunt anything but coons. He won't even notice a rabbit."

Another, who was offering a monster of a white-and-brown-speckled hound, said, "I'll go right over there to the courthouse and sign a dead moral certainty that this dog won't hunt anything but wolves and foxes. He'll just walk around a coon and won't pay no mind to a rabbit."

Lester Pence, of Cooper, Texas, who used to swap horses, but has lately shifted to hounds, was standing there with a little red dog that had its tail so tightly curled that it seemed about to draw its hind feet off the ground. He said the pooch was a bench-legged feist and good for squirrels. Pence had come to Canton with an old pot-likker hound. He had traded it for eleven Bantams, and then sold them for $5.50. He had paid $2.50 for the new dog because it looked like a good squirrel hunter he had once owned.

I asked him the difference between old-time hoss trading and modern hound swapping.

"Not much difference," he said. "If anything, maybe the dog boys tell a few more lies. Maybe it's not exactly telling lies, though. A man can sure get to liking an old hound and think it's just what the doctor ordered. Some of the men may scratch up a dog's ears to make it look like it's been in a fight with a coon or wolf. But dog swapping's all right. If you don't watch sharp, though, you're mighty apt to be taken to a good cleaning. That's part of the game."

Joe Tarlton, of Mabank, Texas, came loping across the trade ground proudly leading a large blue hound.

He shouted to his wife, who was waiting in their truck, "I got Old Blue back!"

Early in the morning he had swapped Old Blue for some other hounds, and had received a nice chunk of boot. But he had felt bad about it. So he had watched the dog all day and had seen him change hands eight times. Late in the afternoon, Tarlton couldn't bear the thought of going home without Blue. So he bought him back, paying a good deal more than he had realized in the first place. But Tarlton was jubilant; he was planning a coon hunt with Blue the next night.

There are about as many guns as dogs at Hoss Monday. Fully 100 men and boys strolled the grounds carrying guns—small-caliber targets, high-powered rifles and shotguns of all sorts. There was a gun swap at intervals of about five minutes; moreover, a .22-caliber rifle was the boot given in many a dog swap.

However, the hot items in firearms are old guns. Canton has become one of the big centers for trading in antique guns—six-shooters of the sort Western gunmen like Billy the Kid and John Wesley Hardin toted, and muzzle-loading muskets and shotguns and ancient long-tom squirrel rifles. Collectors and traders were on hand from the large cities of Texas, and from Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky. There must have been at least 1000 pistols on display. W. N. Hill, of Palestine, Texas, who hunts old guns all over the nation, had a car trunk full of cap-and-ball revolvers, some of them more than 100 years old. A good one that will shoot sells at from forty to eighty dollars.

Late in the day I dropped by to see Mr. Andrews, the man with the monkey, to find out how he had fared. He had sold the potbellied paint pony, his bird dog and his chickens and had swapped off most of his other stuff, but he still had old Coaley, the mule, and the burro. He had been offered fifty dollars for the monkey, but had turned it down. Mr. Andrews figured he had made thirty-eight dollars and some cents, and he was articulate over two of the dollars.

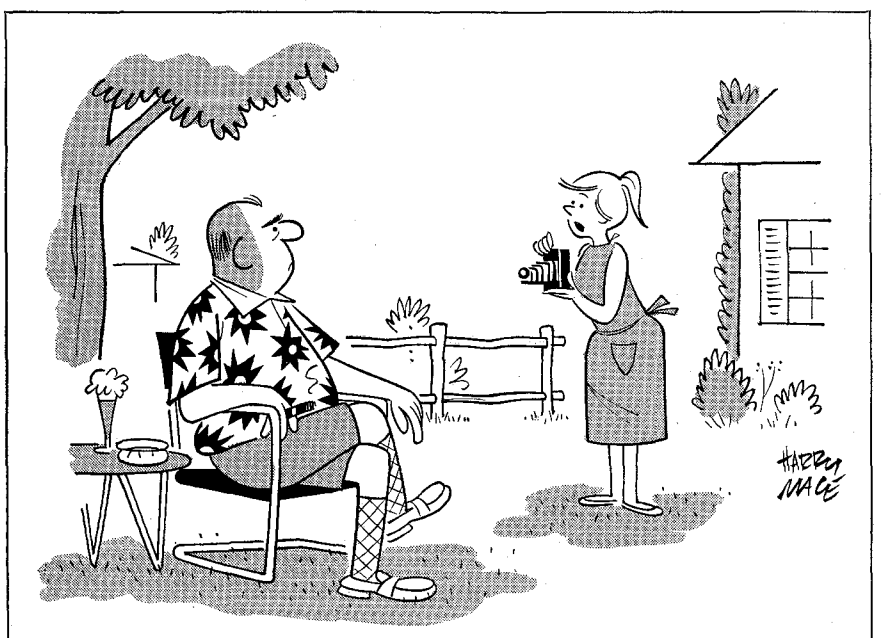
Early in the morning he had swapped a good pocketknife for a rifle and had drawn a dollar and a half in money. Later he sold the gun for two dollars and fifty cents; then he had strolled down the street where 100 or more men were swapping pocketknives, and there he had bought back his own knife for two dollars. So he had the knife with which he had started and had two dollars to boot.

The knife swapping is really a free-for-all; everyone, even the stranger who stops by to see what's going on, trades knives. I saw one man who had ended the day with forty-three knives. About two dozen men in one bunch launched into an old-time session of "sight-unseen" and "not-back-out" knife trading. You never saw the like of old frog-stickers, some with broken back springs, and many with blades so dull a boy could ride them to mill.

Standing there was Deputy Sheriff Lawrence Kidd, a six-footer in a white hat. He had the look of a man who feels the urge to swap knives, but he kept his hands in his pockets. Deputy Kidd had ambled through the crowds a time or two just to make sure that everything was all right. He told me he believed it had been ten years since there had been any disorder at Hoss Monday. If anyone ever feels that he's stuck with something, he has a month to plot and plan how to unload it the next time he is on the jockey ground. "I haven't even seen a person here today with liquor on his breath," Deputy Kidd said.

Just before sundown the folks loaded up their trucks, trailers and cars, and rolled out home. Despite all the dogs, no one was bitten; despite all the guns and knives, no one was shot or cut; despite the haphazard parking and the movement of the cavalcade of motors and animals on the crowded streets, no one was hit, kicked or butted; despite all the trades, no one complained that he had been skinned.

I don't know when I've seen so many people have such a thoroughly good time and go home so happy as those who traded on Hoss Monday in the Free State of Van Zandt. THE END



"Smile."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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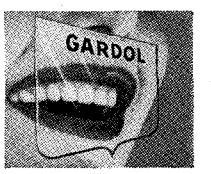
Brush Bad Breath Away!

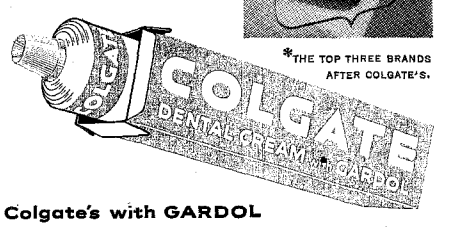
And Colgate's with GARDOL Fights Decay All Day, Too!

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people . . . with just one brushing! Gives you that fresh-clean feeling that comes from brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream.

And unlike other leading toothpastes,* Colgate Dental Cream contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing!

Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing.





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Let's be Sensible About Foreign Aid

(Continued from Page 30)

foreign economic policy, I am always tempted to stop him and ask him what it is he believes in. You earn the right to criticize by first making up your mind as to what it is you are after.

This means to me that no individual citizen, and that goes for bureaucrats as well as businessmen, should give himself the privilege of expressing categorical opinions about any particular program in the field of foreign economic policy unless he is prepared first to answer one question. He must start by deciding in his own mind what it is that he thinks the United States should seek to accomplish in the world. He must know what it is that he wants the Government to achieve. Until that frame of reference is established, no particular idea can be evaluated, no program judged. We have to know what we are trying to do before we can decide whether we are doing it well.

I have been asking myself this question ever since I undertook my Washington service, and here are my answers as of now. Each morning, as I shave, I revise them. That might be a good idea, too, for businessmen who are critical.

I must first of all point out that foreign economic policy is not altogether separable from foreign policy as a whole. We do many things that are soundly grounded on foreign policy that might not be undertaken at all for economic reasons. But addressing myself for the moment to foreign economic policy as such, I say that the United States has three objectives which it is seeking to achieve.

First, we most urgently desire to advance our military defense and that of the free world. Secondly, we desire to advance the future economic welfare of our own people. Finally, we desire to bring it to pass that there shall be associated with us nations that share our ideals.

Let me now review these and add a few words of comment.

As to the first: the Marshall Plan, by repairing the ravages of war, by bringing hope to the peoples of Western Europe, and by assisting in the restoration of their economies, advanced the capability for defense of the free world. Western Europe was saved from Communism and the forward thrust of Russian military power was stopped. But the world today is a different world. Urgent as military defense continues to be, there are other problems which command our attention.

This brings me to my second point: to advance the future economic well-being of our own people, and to insure the steadily rising standard of living which we in the United States are accustomed to, it is urgent that we promote the best possible economic relationships with other free nations. This has two aspects. First, the United States is no longer self-contained as to the essential raw materials of industry. More and more in the future we shall need to draw upon resources found outside our own borders. The new nations contain within their boundaries the great unexplored areas of the world, and it would seem to be important that these undisclosed assets be preserved within the free world instead of passing to the Soviets. Secondly, the new countries, with their vast populations, constitute the great markets of the future for American exports. American inventions are coveted in the deepest jungle, on the hottest desert and in the coldest igloo.

My third point—that we seek to be associated with nations that share our ideals— would seem to me to require no argument. The safety of my grandchildren, as well as their economic well-being, will be advanced if we are ringed about in the modern world by countries that believe as we do in the sanctity of the individual, the security of private property and the preservation of incentives in the field of production.

If these are proper objectives for our country, how do we go about pursuing them?

First of all, we seek to foster a steadily rising level of international trade among the nations and, to that end, we seek gradually to reduce the barriers to trade. This principle of unimpeded commerce has worked so well within our own country that it ought to work elsewhere.

The familiar barrier to the liberalization of trade is self-interest: all businessmen believe in freer trade for the other fellow.

I will not here debate this subject in detail, but I will point out two simple laws, which seem as compelling to me as the laws of mathematics.

The first is that what goes out must be balanced by what comes in. When I am at home, I hear much about Chicago, the port of the future. But it seems to me self-evident that when the seaway is completed the traffic must be two-way. Ships will not come to Chicago to load the products of our factories unless they are permitted to bring in the goods from their own countries with which to pay for ours.

The second is that our Government cannot establish a tariff or an import quota to benefit one segment of the population without thereby imposing an equivalent burden upon some other segment. Somebody always pays. And those who pay have no corps of trained lobbyists making the rounds each day in Washington to protect their interest. The voice of self-interest is strident; that of the victim mute.

For example, when we restricted the importation of Dutch dairy products to protect the farmers of Wisconsin, Holland immediately retaliated by restricting the importation of flour milled from Kansas wheat. The net of this is that the Kansas wheat farmer picks up the check for the bonus given the Wisconsin dairy farmer.

If we were to exclude the importation of fuel oil from Venezuela, we should raise the manufacturing cost for New England industries, and we should put factories in Delaware and New Jersey on broken time. They now ship their products to Venezuela and are paid by dollars earned through oil. We can't have it both ways.

There are administrative questions to be considered too.

The advancement of trade in the modern world requires modern techniques, and the first among these is what in our Government patter we call multilateralism. It would be clumsy nowadays for a nation to try to establish with every other country a separate trade contract to govern the terms and conditions of their commerce.

World trade is a vast pool, and what we sell to X may be paid for by imports from Y, because X and Y have a direct relationship between themselves. The rules of international trade, to which thirty-five nations have voluntarily subscribed, are contained in the GATT, which is an acrostic for the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. This international agreement, which has no power whatsoever to change the level of tariffs, brings great benefit to the American exporter by making sure that other nations live up to their own commitments. Satan himself has no greater ingenuity than that by which some nations give a trade benefit with their right hand and take it back with the left. And steadily the GATT works toward the gradual selective reduction of trade barriers by the simultaneous but always voluntary action of all of the nations.

In making comments of this sort, I am talking principally about trade with the mature economies of the world and the well-established industrial regimes. The stronger a nation is, the better customer it becomes for American goods.

The problem with the new nations is quite different. By hypothesis they are not yet industrialized and productivity is low. The typical underdeveloped country has little to offer to world commerce except the fruits of the soil and minerals. Foods and fibers are usually what it offers first.

This places the United States in a most unfavorable trading position in comparison with Soviet Russia. We ourselves have a tremendous surplus of foods and fibers which we are trying to dispose of in every corner of the world, often in the very markets which the new country itself is endeavoring to enter. They cannot buy our capital goods, because all that they have to give in exchange is that which we already have in abundance.

With Russia, the exact opposite is true. The Stalin regime placed the emphasis upon the production of capital goods, the very commodities which the new nations need, and left Russia short in foods and fibers, the very commodities that the new countries have to offer.

"Trade, not aid," which is such an attractive slogan, is hardly an effective appeal where there is little possibility of trade.

Yet if these new and far-away countries are important to us—first, for the collective defense of ourselves and the free world; secondly, for our own long-term economic development; and, finally, as sharing our ideals in a troubled world—we must take some positive and creative steps to advance our objectives. Economic assistance to such new countries is the only answer.

Businessmen often rail at "the give-away program," but I have yet to find a thoughtful member of the business community who does not come out with the conclusion that foreign economic assistance is a sound investment for the United States, once he has studied the facts and thought the matter through. Certainly that was the unanimous opinion of Ben Fairless and his associates who studied the Mutual Security Program for the President.

The principal area of misunderstanding of foreign economic assistance in the business community concerns the amount of money that is involved. It is commonly supposed that the sum is enormous, yet when compared with other governmental expenditures it is extremely modest. In the fiscal year 1957, for example, where the total national budget is about $70,000,000,000, the total sum involved in economic assistance is only $600,000,000. By this I mean expenditures that were stripped of all military significance.

The bulk of our foreign expenditure goes for shooting irons to be placed in the hands of our allies, and for payments that make possible the keeping of other troops under arms as well as ours. To criticize what is in effect a part of our military budget takes a better man than I am. In my book it is a hardy businessman indeed who dares to substitute his judgment for that of our military leaders as to what is required for our military protection. The deterrent striking power of our own forces and that of other nations, which is scattered completely around the world, is what keeps our enemy from striking us.

Not only is the sum involved in strict economic development throughout the newer regions far less than is commonly supposed, but the difficulties of putting such programs into effective implementation are not fully appreciated.

The incapacity of a new country is itself often a baffling obstacle. We Americans tend to assume that other nations think and react as we do. Of course, that is a totally false impression. Often the leaders of the new countries are locked in behind centuries of traditions that are totally foreign to our way of life.

First of all, many of the new countries lack trained leadership. I am thinking of an area that involves 80,000,000 people, where in a single year only 250 students were graduated from high school and 37 from institutions of higher learning. In an intellectual vacuum of that sort, such trained minds as do exist are drawn immediately into the central government itself, and are not available in the outlying districts for administration. Even among the elite there are few men trained in economics and few that know and respect the value of private initiative.

So it is with free enterprise. That concept, which every American wishes he might transplant to other lands, is only faintly understood in the remote countries because they have never seen it in operation. And even when they learn the lesson, they find it hard to apply because they have no trained management group.

Furthermore, in many of the new countries there is no reserve of capital except that found in the state. The per-capita income is so low that the accumulation of private savings cannot meet the nation's capital needs.

Even where the ruling caste is very rich in terms of automobiles and palaces, industry is hard to establish. The equity form of ownership is not understood and the pooling of wealth under private management is a new concept. Yet it takes more than diamonds to run a cement plant and meet its payroll.

Each member of our staff abroad must be alert all the time to seek means of advancing the cause of private enterprise in other parts of the world, but it cannot be done by pounding the table. Nations that are proud of their independence do not react well to threats, and our own fervent devotion to freedom requires that we respect the right of other nations to choose their own form of government and establish their own economic way of life. We know also that the choice is less free if it is made in a climate of economic stagnation.

So, all in all, this task of assisting the new nations, (*Continued on Page 88*)

... ...

Wife to Husband

By Mae Winkler Goodman

I feed the gas, I turn the wheel
While beside me I can feel
Your muscles tense, your finger tips
Pressed in your palms, and on your lips
An admonition, frozen there,
Too mute for anything but prayer.

... ...

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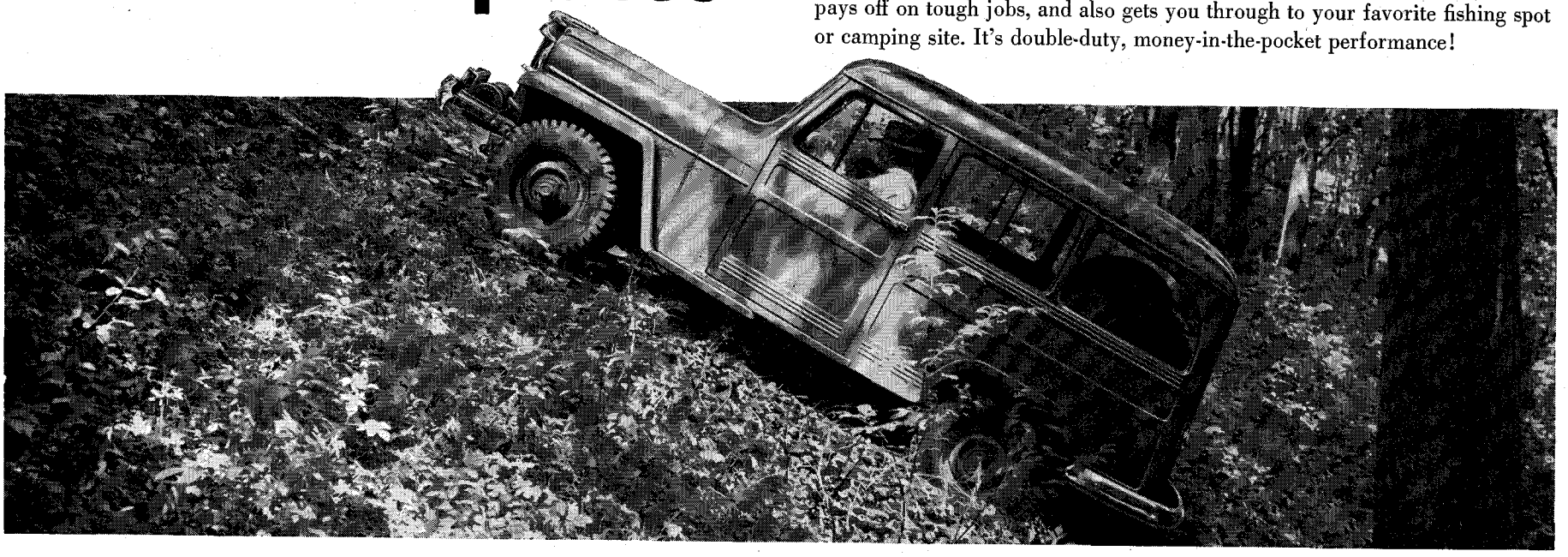
That means places you wouldn't think of going with an ordinary vehicle! The extra traction of the 'Jeep' Utility Wagon's 4-wheel drive digs in to take you through deep mud, sand, soft earth or up 65% grades. This traction-in-action pays off on tough jobs, and also gets you through to your favorite fishing spot or camping site. It's double-duty, money-in-the-pocket performance!



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Here's a mobile power plant that goes right to the job! And the job can be almost anywhere. The Universal 'Jeep' gets there—and, with power take-off or hydraulic lift, works there. It operates time and money-saving equipment from trenchers to winches, belt or spline shaft-driven machinery and most 3-point-hitch implements. It *saves* you time—replaces expensive extra equipment!

Saves more money

A drive behind the wheel of the all-new Forward Control 'Jeep' FC-150 will show you why! Its "go-anywhere" 4-wheel drive traction takes you and a full payload through, where ordinary vehicles can't go. That's real money-saving dependability! And on the road—a quick shift—and you're in conventional 2-wheel drive. Test-drive this advanced 4-wheel-drive Truck for an eye-opening experience.

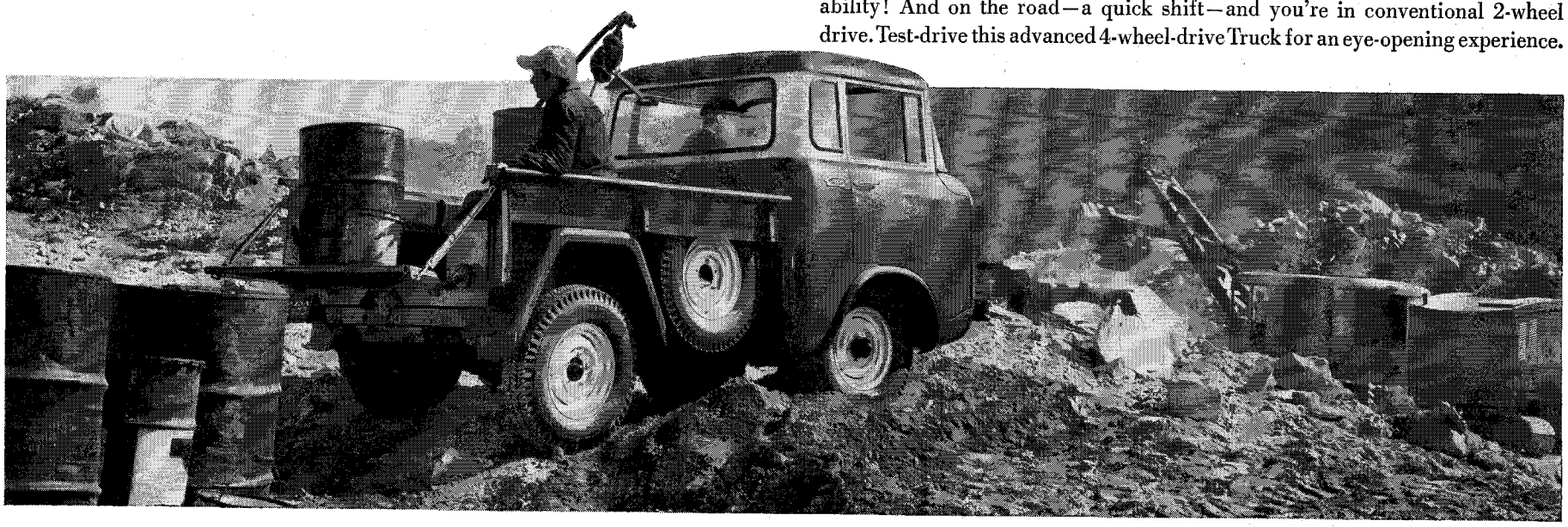

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Photo by Peter Benech

Rainbows of Color from a lump of Coal!

Almost like magic, chemistry has unlocked a vast treasure chest of colors hidden in coal. Today, out of this abundant source material are coming hundreds of dyes that help to make the modern world a brighter, more colorful and more cheerful place to live.

As a leader in the chemical industry, American Cyanamid Company is constantly developing new and finer coal-tar dyes—dyes that not only bring greater beauty but more *lasting* value to textiles, paper, leather, plastics and many other materials you use every day. Here is another example of how Cyanamid chemistry is helping to make greater and more beneficial use of one of America's most important natural resources! AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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Ask any boss: the girl who leaves neat, easy-to-read messages is a blessing. She writes so well—and she rates so high—because she uses an EAGLE MIRADO. Here's a pencil that actually stays sharp for pages... makes your memos look marvelous. (Makes you look pretty good, too!)

This is the point:

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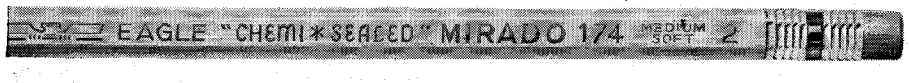

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The Artless Heiress (Continued from Page 43)

at attention and extend your hand to be kissed. Maybe the peasantry will like it."

Everything was ready for the onset before five o'clock, and the first guest to emerge from the siesta was Madame Roxy Thistlebun in a cocktail gown to end all cocktail gowns. Various ample portions of the lady protruded. Bare and muscular arms were encrusted with jewels to the elbows. There were brooches and necklaces and hair ornaments. If a cattleman had been present, he would have estimated that she was worth a hundred thousand dollars on the hoof.

Columbine, flanked by Barbara, stood waiting under a beach umbrella.

"Miss Drugget," Barbara said with dignity, "may I present Madame Thistlebun?"

"Charmed," Columbine answered, extending a slender hand.

"Whoa, Dobbin!" Madame exclaimed. "Say, I forgot my diplomatic letter. No idear I was to be presented at court." She grinned broadly and scrutinized Columbine from top to toe. "Likely heifer," she said. "Good color and conformation.... Say, kid, there's something kind of familiar about you, but I can't place you."

"I dined with you aboard the Twentieth Century a few evenings ago," Columbine said.

"Along with that bogus professor and that phony priest?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Well, snap my galluses! What were you got up to represent? This I can't endure without stimulants. Lead me to the bar!" Suspicion narrowed her eyes. "Say, you weren't in cahoots with those two phonies, were you?"

"I never saw them before in all my life," Columbine said.

"Yeah. But have you seen them since?"

"The professor applied for accommodations here. The minister dined here the other evening."

Madame snorted and ambled to the bar. She helped herself liberally to the canapés and demanded an old-fashioned, which she gulped. She strangled and waved her arms and spat.

"Crawling caterpillars!" she gasped. "What was in that—sheep dip?"

Other guests emerged and were received by Columbine. Barbara was astonished, but the folks seemed actually to like the formality of it. Somehow it added a tone that they appreciated. It supplied a certain social quality that elevated The Grove of Daphne in their estimation. Snob appeal! Barbara became aware of it and raised her brows. *Maybe*, she said to herself, *the kid's got something there.*

She heard guests discussing, saw them eying Columbine.

"How charming! How perfectly charming!" Mrs. Mudge said to Mrs. Jackman.

"Dignified, but beautiful. Er—*savoir-faire*," Mrs. Jackman answered.

"One wonders," Mrs. Mudge said elegantly, "about her background, does one not? So sophisticated!"

That seemed to be the general appraisal of the new proprietor of The Grove of Daphne. She elevated the *ton* of the institution and gave it what Mrs. Manton called "a certain *cachet*."

Sam Jones had been invited to the party by Barbara, who felt that his position as legal adviser entitled him to an invitation. It was not until he had helped himself to the delicacies and had been ministered to by the bartender that he was able to approach Columbine, holding court.

"Good evening, Miss Drugget," he said formally.

"Good evening, Mr. Jones," she replied with equal formality.

"The occasion," he said, "is delightful, the sunset you have provided is magnificent, the titbits are tasty, but as your legal adviser I must inform you that the liquor is atrocious."

"Orders were given to serve only the best," she said coldly.

"One quick swallow of this," he said, holding up his glass, "and the spasm you had on the train would be a mild and soothing reaction."

"Are you a connoisseur?" she demanded.

"I don't understand art, but I know what I like," he said.

Columbine turned to a gentleman who was approaching. "Mr. Lessing," she said, her remarkable memory supplying his name, though she had met him but briefly, "Mr. Jones asserts, ungraciously, that the liquor is atrocious. Is he right, sir, or is he wrong?"

"Miss Drugget," replied Mr. Lessing with some embarrassment, "if you wish the truth, the liquor is scarcely potable."

"I am humiliated," Columbine said, and, leaving the shelter of her umbrella, walked resolutely to the makeshift bar.

"Mr. Meggs," she said straitly to the bartender, "the guests are complaining of the quality of the liquor being served. How do you account for it?"

"I don't account for it, ma'am," the man said almost rudely. "It's the best we got."

"Let me," Sam Jones said, "see the bottle of bourbon you are using."

Meggs unhesitatingly placed the bottle on the bar. It was an impeccable brand. Sam poured a spoonful in a glass and tasted it. He spat it out.

"The contents of the bottle," he said evenly, "do not bear out the promise of the label. How do you account for it?"

"Me," Meggs said disagreeably, "I'm only the bartender around here. You're a lawyer. You account for it."

"That," Jones said grimly, "I shall do."

They walked away together; Sam Jones glowering and angry, Columbine gravely thoughtful. "Something around here," she said, "stinks in spades."

In spite of himself Sam smiled at the incongruity of this saying.

"A quotation, no doubt," he said.

"From Natalie Bolton, aged ten," Columbine confessed. "I can no longer doubt," she added pedantically, "that certain of my employees have been suborned. Someone is practicing sabotage. To the best of my belief, a conspiracy exists."

"To accomplish what?"

"To disrupt this institution. To create dissatisfaction among the guests. To discourage me with the proprietorship. To—ah—put a whammy on the business."

"Again, for what purpose?"

"To induce or compel me to sell."

"Nonsense."

"To your friend," she went on inexorably, "Lucius Quentin."

"Of that," he said, "you have no proof."

"But I have a satisfactory substitute, a combination of intuition, ratiocination, psychic phenomenon and plain common sense. Put those on the music stand and play them on your piano."

"I agree," he said, "that there is a skunk under the corncrib which must be hauled out into the daylight."

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"Is it not," she asked, "your duty as my legal counselor to eradicate the nuisance?"

"I begin to think that I am required to try."

"Bearing in mind," she said gravely, "that skunks possess certain powers not only to nonplus but seriously to discommode one who interferes with their concerns."

"You," he said, "nonplus me and seriously discommode me. Two thirds of the time you talk like a prim, overeducated schoolmarm, and the rest of the time like a guttersnipe. Which is correct?"

"That," she said tartly, "is for you to find out. Probably," she added, "I'm a bobby-soxer in cap and gown. My cosmos is not the point at issue. Your task is to discover who is tossing monkey wrenches into the machinery, and put a stop to it."

She walked away from him and mingled with the guests. She found she rather enjoyed it. In spite of the questionable liquor, the evening was almost successful. Guests shook her hand and were complimentary as they went to their cottages to prepare for dinner. Columbine ate in the dining room and then remained to enjoy a motion picture exhibited in the game room.

It was after midnight when her phone jangled and she listened to the voice of Simpkins, who was almost in hysterics.

"You better dress and get down here!" he wailed. "All hell has broke loose! There's an epidemic or something! More'n a dozen guests awful sick! Looks like they was poisoned!"

"Dangerously ill?" she asked.

"Plenty sick!" he said.

"Get doctors quickly. Alert the hospital. I'll be down immediately."

It was not a pleasant night, though not so tragic as might well have been the case. Doctors arrived and worked with suffering patients. In a couple of hours all were sleeping and in no danger. The consensus among the doctors was that in some manner a drug that was not lethal, but only capable of causing acute discomfort, had been introduced into the food.

"It looks," said Doctor Jenkins, "as if some fool had played a malicious practical joke."

But Columbine, bone-weary, knew it was no practical joke, but part and parcel of the series of events which had afflicted The Grove of Daphne almost from the moment of her arrival.

"You'd better get Lawyer Jones out here," Barbara Green advised. "There are apt to be legal thingumbobs."

"Will you call him, please?" Columbine requested.

In less than an hour, Sam Jones arrived and listened grimly.

"Thank God," he said, "there were no serious consequences. But undoubtedly actions for damages can be brought. I think I should talk to every guest who was affected as soon as possible. Maybe they will be reasonable."

"But at the very best," Barbara Green said, "there'll be an exodus from this hotel that'll look like a migration."

"It is to be hoped," Sam Jones said, "that this will not reach the newspapers."

"Are you," asked Columbine, "so naïve as to believe that the person who engineered this thing will fail to see that the newspapers are informed?"

"We must try to minimize it," Barbara said despairingly.

"How?" Columbine asked bitterly. "Will it attract guests if we publicize the fact that we were victims of a vicious practical joke? I think not. Or that there is systematic sabotage?"

"But," Barbara insisted, "we must do something."

"Try to do something," Columbine corrected.

She lifted the telephone and, alphabetically, called each of the cottages. In almost identical words, she spoke to each guest:

"This is Miss Drugget. Will you be so gracious as to meet with me in the game room in one hour? I shall have something to say of considerable import both to you and to me. . . . Oh, you are checking out! I am sorry to hear that. It will take at least an hour for you to pack and make other arrangements. I should like an opportunity to bid you good-by. In sixty minutes, in the game room, if you please."

It exhausted half an hour to speak to them all. Sam Jones was skeptical. "What do you think you can accomplish? How many of them will be present?"

"I may accomplish nothing," Columbine said, "but almost all of them will be present. Curiosity. . . . In the meantime, Miss Green, please call every select hotel in town and ask how many emergency guests each can accommodate." She frowned with her right eyebrow and lifted her left. "My information is that the town is crowded by visitors at some sort of convention. It is quite possible our guests will prefer to remain even in an in-

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A small town is a place where the news gets around before the newspaper does.

HAL CHADWICK

---

fected hotel rather than to sleep in the streets."

In an hour, to Sam Jones' surprise, practically every guest was present in the game room. Columbine sat at a table in front. Oddly enough, she wore her steel-rimmed spectacles, which gave her an expression of gravity, even of sternness. She surveyed the guests, whose expressions were inclement, not to say hostile, and arose, rapping on the table with a lead pencil in schoolteacher manner.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she commenced, "a regrettable thing happened last night, which, fortunately, only caused acute discomfort to some of you, and not tragedy. Very properly, you are alarmed. Many of you have been here for several days, even for weeks, and our entertainment has been completely satisfactory. I promise you that in the future it will be equally satisfactory."

She paused and lifted a sheet of paper. "To assist you," she said, "I have called every elite hotel in the area. I regret to inform you that, in addition to an unusually large influx of tourists, there is a convention in session numbering several hundred members. In your interests, I have done my best to procure reservations. There is not a room to be had in any decent hotel in town."

"I don't believe you," said a voice from the rear.

"Of course, you are entitled to try for yourself," Columbine said. "In fairness to this hotel and to myself, I have something else to say. Last night some drug was introduced, not into any meal served from our kitchen, but into canapés provided for my cocktail party. It was malicious mischief. Such a thing never happened before in the history of The Grove of Daphne, to which some of you have been coming season after season. Is it fair or reasonable to condemn this hotel for one incident, no matter how unpleasant, after such a record of good service and hospitality?"

She paused again and removed her spectacles. They were able to see her lovely, earnest, violet eyes.

"I, personally, guarantee that such a mischance shall not happen again. I will oversee every morsel of food prepared in the kitchen. I will watch every dish as it is prepared. I do not ask for generosity, only for fairness. One more matter: No sleeping accommodations are available in the area. Railroad reservations are difficult. Therefore, any of you who desire may retain your rooms until other arrangements can be made. And without charge. If you desire to take your meals elsewhere, they will be paid for by me for a reasonable time."

She smiled, and her smile was an effective weapon. "Since you are, in effect, prisoners here, I think it would be a nobby notion for you to sleep on it. Perhaps you will be of a different mind in the morning."

In the front row, Madame Thistlebun rose majestically. "Listen, you all," she said. "I was sicker'n any two of you put together, because I got more area to be sick in. Maybe, by gosh, it did me good. What I say is a vacant house is better than a bad tenant. Some reptile played a scaly trick on this kid. She hadn't ought to be made to suffer for it by folks that's got more decency in 'em than a herd of polecats. Me, I not only am stayin' in this hotel but I'm here 'n' now extendin' my reservation till the first of April."

It was not evident what effect this declaration had upon the roomful of guests. They arose silently and filed out into the patio. Only Columbine, Barbara and Sam Jones remained.

"Well," Barbara said lugubriously, "you sure grabbed the ball and hit the line."

Columbine peered at her for a long second, as if she did not comprehend; then she nodded. "A football expression, I take it," she said. "For myself, I prefer the pastime of baseball. I essayed a pinch play with four men on base."

"I see why you prefer baseball," Sam Jones said solemnly. "You understand it so thoroughly."

A tall, spare old lady with a waspish, spinsterish face came stiffly in from the patio. Miss Susan Flint spared no glance for Sam Jones or Barbara Green, but glared balefully at Columbine.

"If," she said acidly, "one of those pampered, purebred cattle tries to break out of this corral, I'll rassle him down and tie him with a piggin' string."

With which declaration she turned on her flat heels and creaked out of the office.

Just outside the door she halted with a jerk, turned her dyspeptic face over her bony shoulder and called back shrilly.

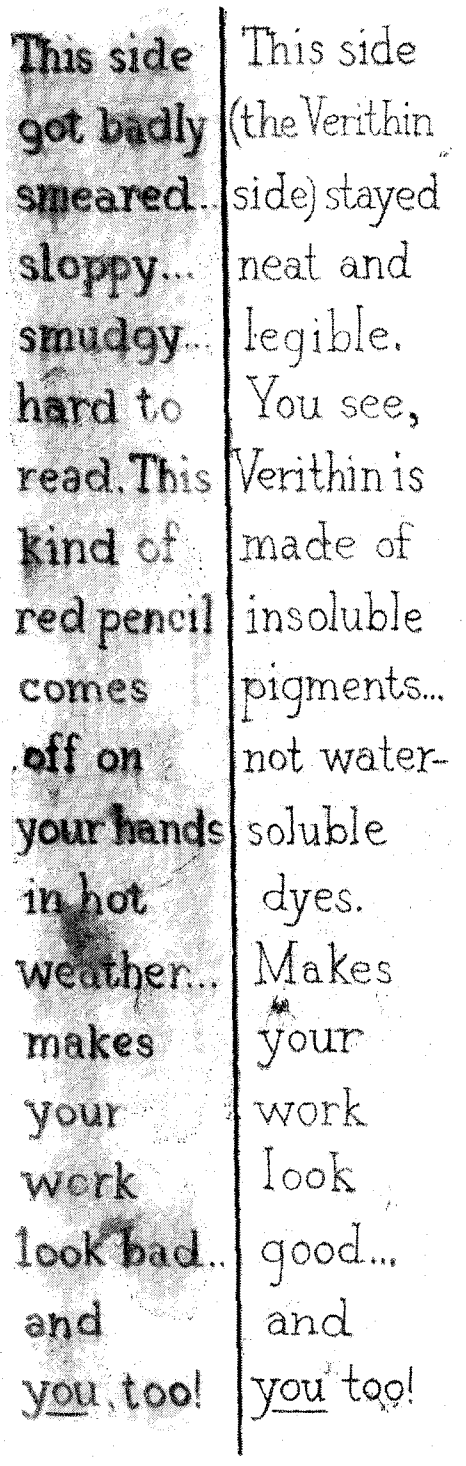
"Probably," she said, "it was what every one of them needed! Loafin' and gormandizin' and boozin' all day and half the night!"

A number of factors worked in favor of The Grove of Daphne. The first of these, of course, was the fact that the guests had nowhere else to go. Other accommodations were not to be had. A not unimportant factor was the missionary work done by Madame Thistlebun and Miss Susan Flint, who, individually and jointly, descended upon the wavering guests, bringing to bear sweet reason or the acid tongue, as the several personalities warranted. The satisfactory result was that but two couples left the hotel, and their places were quickly filled by others on the reservation list.

The newspaper sent a reporter, but the matter had so resolved itself that there was little nourishment for him, and less than a stickful of matter appeared on the third page.

LOOK!

The left side of this ad was written with an ordinary red pencil—the right side with an Eagle Verithin. Water was spilled on both sides, and...


This side got badly smeared... sloppy... smudgy... hard to read. This kind of red pencil comes off on your hands in hot weather... makes your work look bad... and you, too!
This side (the Verithin side) stayed neat and legible. You see, Verithin is made of insoluble pigments... not water-soluble dyes. Makes your work look good... and you too!

This is the point:

EAGLE VERITHIN

is one red pencil that won't run when wet!*

*NEITHER WILL OUR 39 OTHER COLORS!

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Be sure your new refrigerator is equipped with Inland "Magic Touch" Handi-Stor Ice Cube Trays. Ask your dealer for them.

INLAND MANUFACTURING

INLAND MANUFACTURING DIVISION
General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

"How did you get word of it?" Barbara asked him.

"Somebody telephoned in a tip," he said.

A couple of days of serenity followed. Columbine kept her word to the guests, and hardly a pinch of salt was added to any dish that she did not watch with suspicious eye. Duchesne, the chef, was resentful and his Brooklynese became more pronounced as his temper shortened.

"A watched pot never berls," he said sulkily.

"I know a superior adage to that," Columbine said, not relaxing her vigilance. "A stitch in time keeps the mice away."

At the end of the breakfast hour, Barbara drove her to the handiest branch bank to make yesterday's deposit. It was only a matter of half a mile. Columbine sat silent, studying the neighborhood through which they passed.

"I must," she said, just before they reached their destination, "learn to drive one of these heated rods."

"This heap," Barbara said in her monotonous voice, "is far from being a hot rod. I'll teach you to drive."

Columbine went in to the receiving teller's window and transacted her business. When she came out again upon the sidewalk, she saw a man in a black alpaca coat and a new sombrero leaning over the door of the car and talking to Barbara Green. She could not take her seat while the man stood there, and she cleared her throat peremptorily. The gentleman turned and she saw that he was Prof. Artemus Thumb.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "Miss Drugget."

His eyes, she noticed, were a peculiar light gray which had not been so noticeable when he sat across from her in the artificial light of the dining car on the Century. Behind their thick-lensed spectacles they were odd, penetrating eyes and they disturbed her because they seemed never to wink, as do ordinary eyes, but to remain forever open with a fixed, unnatural stare.

"Professor Thumb," she said. And then, "If you will step aside, I will take my seat."

"Will you not," he asked, never moving his eyes from her face, "spare me a moment?" His lips smiled, but his eyes were bleak.

"To what purpose?" she asked.

"I endeavored to get accommodations in your hotel. I was informed you were *complet*."

"We still are," Columbine said.

Idly, almost without glancing at his busy fingers, the professor sketched on the page of a notebook.

"Errors," he said, "can be corrected."

"The hotel is full," replied Columbine.

"Oh, I am sure it is. I was not referring to the state of your occupancy. Rather to a matter of identity."

"I," she said, "have made no such mistake."

"One of the tricks of nature," he said, "is that individuals sometimes resemble each other remarkably. It is not a freak in this age of mass production that articles of commerce should be exact duplicates."

"That observation," Columbine said dryly, "has width, depth and thickness."

"I was thinking of suitcases," he went on. "One could quite innocently pick up the wrong piece of baggage and walk away with it."

"Indeed!" Columbine said, not comfortable with his pale eyes immovably on her face.

"Such an error," he said, "becomes something else when no effort is made to find the owner."

"I suppose this conversation has a point," Columbine said acidly.

"And," Professor Thumb went on, "the initial error would become irreparable if the individual, attracted by certain features of the contents, planned to retain—or even to remember—what she saw when she opened the case."

"Remember?" she asked.

"To remember would be almost as dangerous as to retain."

"Innocent professors enjoying sabbatical years," she said straitly, "do not hyper about making obscure threats. By the way, sir, are you as spurious as a professor as your friend is as a priest or parson?"

"Other callings than pedagogy entitle one to be called professor," he said. "I assure you, Miss Drugget, I am a learned man—and in subjects more occult than genetics or philosophy."

He handed her the page from his notebook upon which he had been sketching with firm, sure strokes of his pencil. She glanced at the unholy picture. It depicted a man with bulging brows upon which rested a diadem; he had a long, thin nose and hair-line mouth. That was the central of his three heads. The head growing from his right shoulder was that of a cat, and the head growing from his left shoulder was that of a toad. And the legs spreading from his breast were those of a spider. There was no body.

"You draw strange creatures," Columbine said, and she shivered. "For my room clerk you drew a standing elephant with distended stomach and human hands. For me, you draw this monstrosity. I fear you have a diseased imagination."

Thin lips smiled. "Not products of my imagination, not monstrosities, but veritable portraits of two of the most important demons in the hierarchy of Lucifuge Rofocale, prime minister of hell. The elephant is named Behemoth. Your spider with three heads is none other than the demon Bael. I assure you, Miss Drugget, I am a proficient adept in this branch of learning."

Columbine seemed to give careful consideration to what Professor Thumb had disclosed. In spite of becoming gown and pert little hat and admirable shoes, she had at that moment a prim and austerely superior air, as befitted a former member of the faculty of Miss Cordwainer's school for well-born misses.

"I suppose," she said didactically, "that any individual is entitled to select his own genus of insanity. I also suppose that under the doctrine of free will each person is permitted to elect whether he shall be law-abiding or criminal. To choose, as my grandmother used to say, in what handbasket he shall ride to hell. But even so, sir, you have selected with notable eccentricity. There can be scant doubt, Professor Thumb, that you have popped your biscuit."

Barbara said, "Awk!" at this ultimate sentence, and even the professor seemed to be set back on his heels for a moment. Then his strange eyes seemed to glow as with some internal flame. He held his head high, squared his shoulders, and his voice became almost a chant.

"I have," he intoned, "cut a bough from a wild hazel which has never borne fruit, with a knife that never before was used to sever, at the very moment when the sun rose over the horizon. I have taken a bloodstone to a lonely place with two candles, and there I drew the mystic triangle with its symbols, and within it, where no demon could harm me, I spoke the words and made the contract."

The blast of a passing motor horn seemed to awaken him to reality—to, as

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it were, jerk him from a state which bordered upon the hypnotic.

He shook his head, knuckled his eyes and spoke in a completely normal tone and manner, "The alteration in your appearance, Miss Drugget, has been astounding. A few hundred years ago you would have been burned as a witch. Neighbors would have accused you of selling your soul to the devil for beauty."

"Instead of which," Columbine said, "I merely applied the more commonplace magic which can be purchased in any cut-rate drugstore."

Barbara started the car. Professor Thumb clung to the door an instant, but then released his hold and stood on the curb, staring after them with his pale, baleful eyes.

"Whoosh!" exclaimed Barbara. "That character gives me the fantods."

Columbine was grave. "I think," she said in a hushed voice, "that he really believes he has sold his soul to Satan."

"He'd better keep away from the squirrels," Barbara said, wrinkling her nose.

"If you believe a thing," Columbine answered, "then, so far as you are concerned, it is true."

"I suppose you are right," Barbara replied. And then, turning a puzzled look upon her companion, "What have you got that belongs to him? And how did you get it? And last, but not least, why did you burn that suitcase and plant that package on me? I don't mind being a patsy, but I ought to have a program, so I can tell the names of the players."

Columbine squinted; she made a grimace. Then she bobbed her head. "I conceive that, in view of all the circumstances, I had better, as Nannie White once said, arrive cleansed."

"I beg your pardon!" Barbara said. "I beg ——" Then she grinned. "I qualify as an interpreter," she said. "Yes, you'd better come clean."

"When we get to the hotel," Columbine said, "we will go to your room and I'll lay before you the exhibits in the case. Those two men can't be dead certain I have them. And I—I don't know what to do with them."

They drove to The Grove of Daphne, put away the car and walked to the office. Simpkins rushed in, wringing his hands.

"Oh, Miss Drugget!" he exclaimed. "It's a simply awful mess! A couple of inspectors are in the kitchen and they're raising absolutely unshirted hell! They have a list of violations longer than ——"

"Yes," prompted Columbine.

"Longer," said Simpkins, "than an elephant's trunk."

"Probably," Columbine said, "you mean an elephant's memory. What do these inspectors threaten to do?"

"To close us up," Simpkins said.

"This," Columbine said, "unquestionably has legal aspects. Will you be so good as to request Mr. Jones to come with all possible dispatch?" She turned to Barbara. "What," she asked, "as Mary Walker asked when first introduced to the binomial theorem, will they think up next?"

Columbine, with Barbara at her side, hurried out to the kitchen, where two men were finishing their inspection. One of them at a table was making notations on a sheet of paper. The other was taking down a framed certificate from the wall. He removed the rating from it. It was a large black A. He replaced it with a large black C. The inspector at the table finished his scribbling and handed the paper to the chef.

"Never saw such a mess of violations," the inspector was saying as Columbine approached. "I got no authority to close you down, but when this goes in there'll be a sight of changes and improvements. Or else."

"Never," said Barbara, "since this place opened, have we had a lower classification than A."

"If there was a lower one than C you'd get it now," the inspector said rudely.

"But this report," Barbara said angrily, "practically demands rebuilding of the kitchen and pantries."

"If you want to stay in business," the inspector said.

"Have you," Columbine asked, "authority to do this? To order a kitchen to be shut down, to order that hundreds of dollars be spent in making alterations?"

"Ma'am," said the other inspector, "we got the right to inspect and report what we find, with recommendations. Which most generally get followed."

"With no right of appeal?"

"You can appeal to the Department of Health."

They gathered their papers and went away. Columbine studied Lester Duchesne, the chef, with narrowed eyes.

"Even if what I think is the truth," she said to him, "these inspectors would not dare to make such a report unless actual violations were present."

"They found things," Duchesne said.

"Always, when my father lived, this place received a rating of A?"

"It did, Miss Drugget."

"And in a few short weeks, it has degenerated to this point." She shook the inspection report in his face. "How do you account for that, Mr. Duchesne?"

"Maybe," said the chef, "your father had an in. Maybe he sweetened some palms."

"That," she said austerely, "could explain it—and I don't mean the palms of anybody on the Department of Health."

Duchesne swelled as if he would burst. "Are you accusing me? Me, Lester Duchesne!"

"Not accusing," Columbine said. "Suspecting would be the *mot juste*—as you would say in your native French city of Brooklyn. The small bulb on the end of your nose twitches—which indicates something."

"You insult me!" spluttered Duchesne.

"I only insinuate. I only state a possibility. From time immemorable, chefs were said to be temperamental and vain. I wonder that your vanity can swallow such an intimation without—as Evangeline Bacon, aged nine, expresses it—blowing your top and tossing a conniption. In short, you do not resign in righteous resentment."

"Resign! I do not! You can fire me, but I do not quit!"

"No, indeed, Mr. Duchesne, I do not fire you. Not without proof. There might be unpleasant repercussions, might there not? There are a number of violations on this report requiring no structural changes to eliminate. As to disinfectants, condition of food supplies, cleanliness of

Unhappy Surprise

They who sit in luxury's lap
Should be sure they don't
forget
That luxury sometimes
stands up quick,
And spills a soft, unwary
pet.

By Doris E. Pogue

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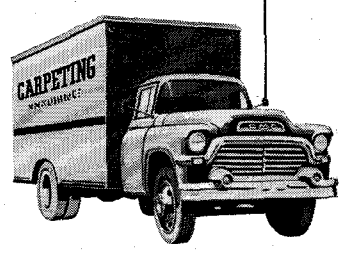

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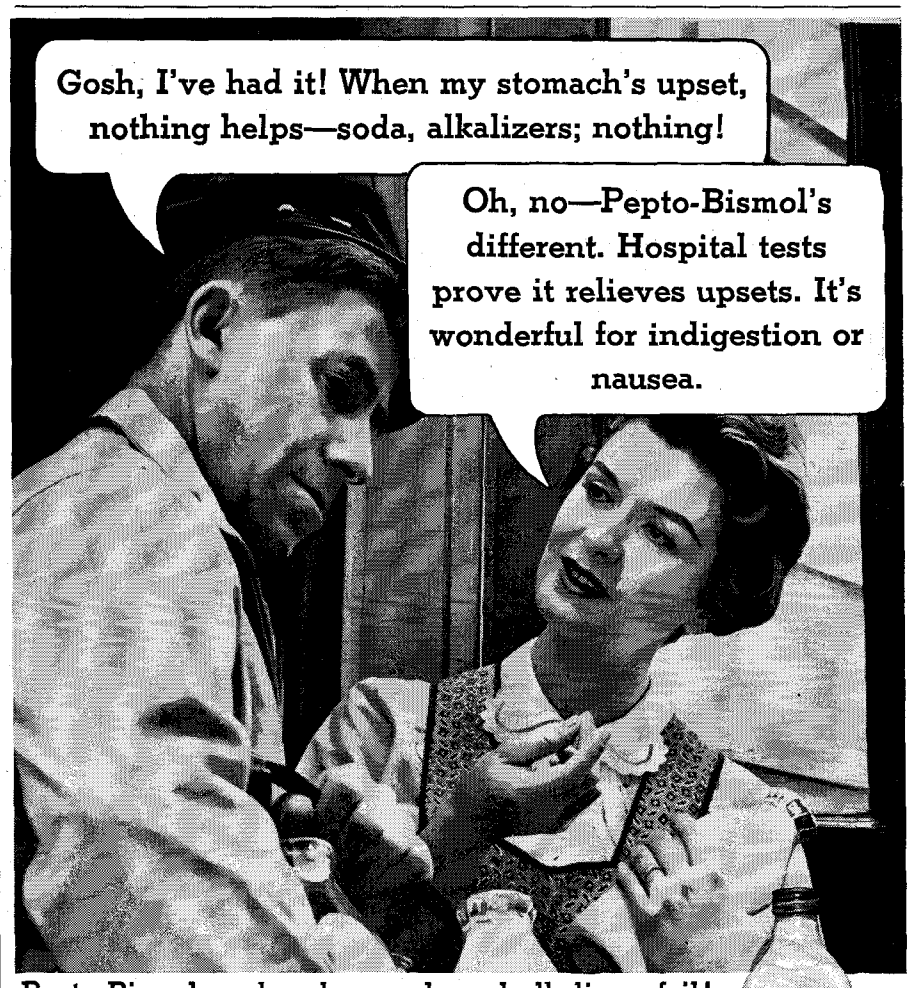
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utensils, and so forth, see that these are corrected immediately."

She took Barbara's arm and made her way out of the kitchen. "We'll go up to your room now," she said, "and talk of cabbages and kings."

"And what we've got that's boiling hot," Barbara said in her metallic voice, "and hope it's not too hot to handle."

They walked through the sunlit patio, past guests playing cards under big parasols and others busy at shuffleboard or merely existing happily in the invigorating Arizona air. They walked between two cottages fronting on the patio to the cottage in the rear where Barbara occupied a room. Off to the left was ample parking space well filled with cars, and the hotel garage and implement storage. Barbara occupied a pleasant room with its own bath, comfortably furnished and made even more homelike by odds and ends and photographs and *objets d'art* belonging to Barbara herself.

"I'll get it," Barbara said, and was about to enter the bathroom when there sounded a guarded scratching on the screen of a side window. There, chin on sill, was the homely, sheepish head of the hobbledehoy bus boy whose name was Curt.

"What is it, Curt?" Barbara asked impatiently. "What are you peeping in windows for?"

"I saw her come in," Curt said. "You tell her I'm around, huh?"

"Here she is, if you mean Miss Drugget. Tell her yourself."

"Look," Curt said, "she shook with me with her itsy-bitsy hand. You seen her, didn't you?"

"I saw her. What of it? If you have something to say, come around to the door."

"Not me," Curt said stubbornly. "I don't know how to ack, not in parlors with high, sightly young ladies. But you say to her that Curt is around, and he hain't so dumb as some folks thinks."

"I'm sure you're not," Barbara told him. "But what of it?"

"Look," Curt said with some resentment, "for you I don't give a darn. But with her it's different, see? With her itsy-bitsy hand. You say I got eyes that don't need no glasses, and my ears hain't clogged with wax. But no eddication nor manners. You jest say I'm allus around see? And I'll know when it's the right time."

"Right time for what, Curt?"

"To spill it," Curt said, and grinned fatuously and said something about "itsy-bitsy hand," and disappeared noiselessly.

"Well, well," Barbara said. "You got you an admirer, you and your itsy-bitsy hands."

Columbine's face was grave. She nodded emphatically and looked pleased. "Never," she said, "look a gift bus boy in the mouth."

Barbara went into the bathroom now, stood on the white chair and opened the sliding door of a high, narrow closet over the bathtub. She took from it a tightly wrapped parcel and stepped to the floor with it.

"Do I get to look," she asked, "or do we just discuss?"

"Open it on the bed," Columbine said.

Barbara cut the string and folded back the paper. "Hoot, mon!" she exclaimed as she saw with startled eyes the gun in its shoulder holster, the kit of tools in their leather case, the withered human hand, the wax image impaled with pins, and the piece of parchment on which was inscribed The Lord's Prayer backward.

"Guns I know," she said nasally. "A kit of burglar's tools I recognize from description, but what in tunket is a desiccated hand, and a wax doll complete with pins, and this gibberish?"

"Open the little chamois bag," Columbine directed.

A shower of living fire cascaded upon the white bedspread and lay there, scintillating, as sun rays entering the window were reflected by the myriad facets of the jewels.

"Hickory, dickory, dock!" Barbara exclaimed, and collapsed upon the rug.

"Precisely," Columbine agreed. "Probably," she said, "forty thousand dollars' worth."

"Let me guess," Barbara said. "Let me deduce like Sherlock Holmes. We have here a gun, a set of burglar's tools and a bag of priceless jewels. I ratiocinate, as Edgar Allan Poe used to write. You, Miss Drugget, are not what you seem. You lead a double life. By day you were a dry-as-dust schoolmarm, instructing the young in virtue and arithmetic. By night you roamed the city, scaling heights like a cat, opening safes, removing their contents with felonious intent. In short, Miss Drugget, a second-story woman."

"Things equal to the same things," Columbine said dryly, "do not always equal each other. Syllogisms and logic can slip on a banana peel and go bang on their fannies. No. I merely picked up the wrong suitcase and walked off with it. And these articles are its contents."

"The wax doll?"

"A representation of a person. Southern European black magic. You wish someone's death, so you make an image of him and stick pins where they will do the most good. The dried hand is called the Hand of Glory, and is much respected by thieves because it unlocks all doors for its possessor. The jargon is The Lord's Prayer written backward impiously, and is used, I believe, in the Black Mass or perhaps at a witches' Sabbath."

"But that," Barbara gasped, "is sheer insanity."

"Even today," Columbine said gravely, "many people do not think so. All over the earth white magic and black magic still are practiced. Among primitive peoples there are fertility rites and incantations to bring bountiful crops. Even in modern England and Germany and Italy we find cults and superstitions and practitioners of some sort of sorcery. No, Barbara, do not discount the importance of superstition, of magic, of medicine men and sorcerers in this modern world."

Barbara shuddered. "Hex murders in Pennsylvania!" she exclaimed. And then, "Our gentleman friend, Professor Thumb," she said.

"And what," asked Columbine in a whisper, "can be more appalling than a combination of warlock and cat burglar! And his partner, the Reverend Martinus, who has more strength in one hand and arm than an athlete has in his whole body."

Barbara sat, legs crossed beneath her, and peered with jaundiced eye at the objects littering her bed.

"A dandy little mess you've included me in," she said. She sighed and shrugged. "The first order of business would seem to be to hit on a jolly method of excluding both of us out."

"There exists, if I'm not in error, some legal prohibition against destroying evidence," Columbine said.

"Also against possessing stolen property," Barbara added.

"Even if we were lawless ——"

"Which," said Barbara, "does not precisely appall us."

"—— we could not rid ourselves of the more important of these articles. The pistol, the burglar's instruments and the jewels are indestructible."

Barbara bounced with sudden enthusiasm. "Like a great illuminating light, it bursts upon me!" she cried. "Oh, what a bright girl am I! Nobody but a world-shaking genius would have thought of it! Here we sit trying to think up something complex and clever and baffling!"

"So we do, indeed," agreed Columbine.

"Well, why not unlimber our scissors and cut the Gordian knot?"

"You might," Columbine said stiffly, "elucidate that."

"Why," Barbara said proudly, "why not just up and act like common or garden decent citizens in a dilemma, and shift the whole responsibility onto the cops?"

"The police?"

"Pretty stiff headwind today."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The cops, peelers, flatfeet," Barbara said.

"In Miss Cordwainer's school," Columbine said, "we never had dealings with such individuals. Indeed, I may say I have been scarcely aware of their existence except as they directed traffic on Fifth Avenue. Before we adopt your suggestion, let us discuss it."

"Proceed," said Barbara.

"Would it extricate us or would it plunge us in more deeply? We cannot walk up to a policeman and thrust these things into his hands and say, 'There,' and walk away. I, at least, would be required to make explanations. Would my story be believed? What evidence have we that points to the real owner and criminal? Would we not find ourselves in a pickle worse than we are in now?"

"I read somewhere," Barbara said, "that the most law-abiding people have a certain primitive fear of the police. That attitude hampers the police in their investigations. Maybe they'd be obliged to us for not hampering."

"An analogous case," Columbine said, "would be the attitude of schoolchildren toward their teachers. They regard us as natural enemies."

"But you're not," Barbara said.

Columbine dropped her eyes, and then, after a moment, lifted them again to Barbara's face. "I'm not sure," she said. "Certainly we cramp their style. Would you look with affection and esteem upon someone who compelled you to memorize the multiplication table when there was a hooper-dooper show on television?"

The telephone rang and Barbara lifted the instrument. "Barbara Green here," she said.

"Is Miss Drugget with you?" the operator asked.

"She is here."

"Please tell her that Mr. Samuel Jones is in the office."

"Right," Barbara answered. "She will be right over."

She replaced the instrument and turned to Columbine. "Mr. Sam Jones," she said, "is supposed to advise. Why not leave the baby on his doorstep?"

"Mr. Jones already thinks I am mentally deficient."

"Does that matter?" Barbara asked.

"It would not," said Columbine emphatically, "matter if Mr. Sam Jones thought I was a half-witted mooncalf."

"Is that so?" Barbara asked with lifted brows. "Is that so? Then I'll call the office and ask him to step right over and examine the corpus delicti."

She reached again for the telephone, but before she could speak into the transmitter, the door was thrust open and a man in the soiled whites of a kitchen roustabout stepped over the threshold and kicked the door shut behind him.

"Put it down, lady. Put it down," he said softly, and the two girls saw that he was not unarmed. He wasted no movements; he seemed to have planned each gesture. "No yawps," he warned them. "Both of ye lay on the bed together." He swept the evidence to the floor, and when the girls lay close together on the counterpane, he took cords from his pocket. "Kind of hate to use piggin' strings on you young ladies," he said jocularly.

He tied them securely, stuffed rags in their mouths, gathered up the several objects on the floor—the burglar's kit, the gun, the bag of gems and the bits and pieces of black magic.

"Little girls," he said chidingly, "shouldn't monkey with the buzz saw."

With which he slid through the door and was gone, leaving them to writhe and wriggle in helpless silence on the bed.

TO BE CONTINUED

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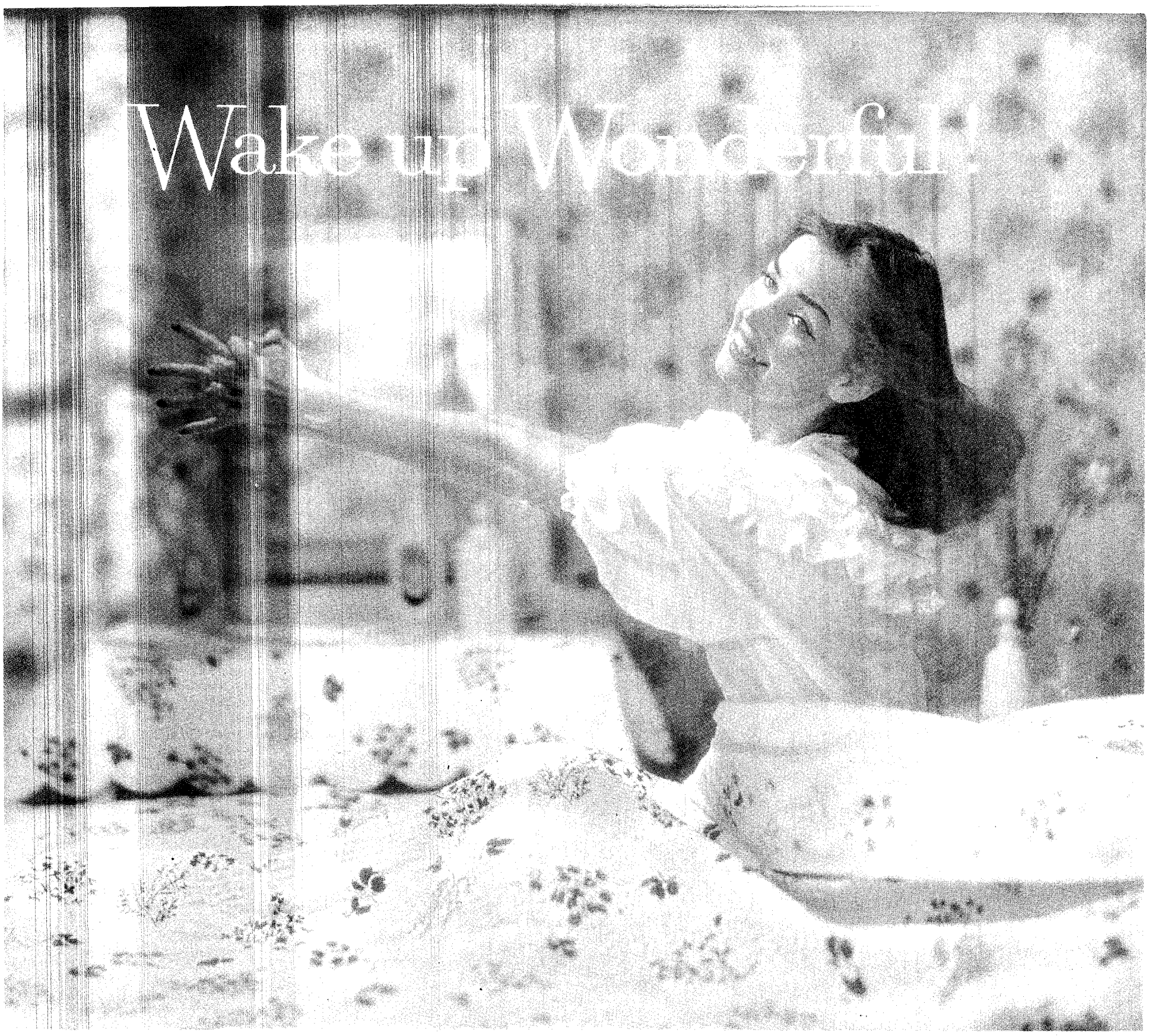

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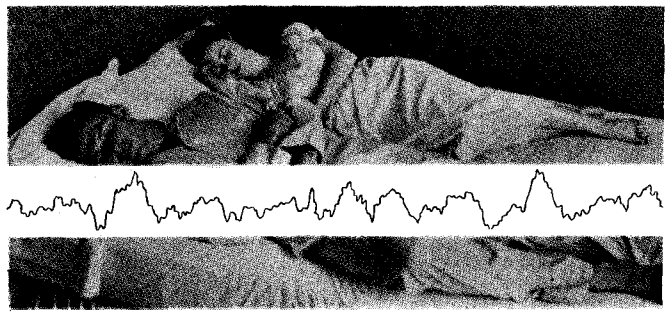

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The Deep South Says "Never!"

(Continued from Page 33)

countryside looks dead. Down a sandy lane from a shack comes a Negro boy, pushing a bicycle, his hound-dog trotting after. A small Negro boy is running in a bare dirt yard beside a shack, playing with an auto tire among the pigs and dogs and heaps of scrap iron and scrap lumber; this is poor country, salvage country, where everything is saved. Along the highway walks a tall thin Negro woman carrying a baby, and behind her is a girl with a sack slung over her shoulder. A flock of birds wheels under a highline and heads for a swamp.

Summerton is a small town of 1500, quiet, dusty, sleepy; by eight P.M. its streets are deserted except for a couple of Negro cafés and the flow of tourists' autos and rumbling trucks Florida-bound. It is a town of nice homes, some traditional brick Georgian with white-columned porch, some new ranch houses, nearly all with green lawns and shiny-leafed japonica bushes and a Negro maid to take the children for a walk. The business district is a single block of brick stores, many with false second-story fronts. The town is low and flat. Cane fishing poles wave at the sky in front of Sprott's hardware store. A crippled Negro shuffles along the sidewalk. The air is hot and sticky; it rained last night.

Two Negroes driving a wagonload of lumber cross Main Street, amiably snapping the reins at their mules; a farm pickup truck speeds by; a heavy load of logs is parked at a filling station. There is little of color or gaiety in the street scene; there are few young people here; they leave. A Negro woman with a handkerchief on her head, her long coat billowing, goes into a grocery, and a white clerk waits on her; on the window is a large round sticker signifying that the proprietor is a member of the Citizens' Council, dedicated to maintaining racial segregation. Nearly every store in town displays one. And nearly everybody on the street is black.

Across the street from the cotton gin is the public school for white children, a flagpole out in front by the graveled driveway. A few blocks away is the separate school for Negroes, Scott's Branch.

It was dissatisfaction with Scott's Branch that caused Negro parents to bring a lawsuit six years ago, a lawsuit that ended up in the United States Supreme Court and helped produce the historic school-desegregation decisions of 1954 and 1955 which have today split America as have few issues since the Civil War. Let us visit this town, this countryside, these people, these schools where all the trouble started. They may be considered typical of vast areas of the four states we are now studying—South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. A later article will deal with the Border States, which present a far different picture.

One evening around commencement time in 1949, some 150 Negro parents met in a church in Summerton to discuss their grievances with the school. One Negro recalls, "The main thing was, we needed more rooms. There were up to a hundred and four or five children in one class. One class had to meet in the hall, with the teacher sitting in the principal's office. We held commencements in the church; the school didn't have any auditorium." But Scott's Branch was by no means the worst near Summerton. Several other Negro schools scattered around the countryside were little more than ramshackle cabins set on stilts on the eroding clay, without indoor toilets or running water, lit by kerosene lamps, heated by an iron stove in each room, for which the scholars had to gather firewood.

Aided by a lawyer for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the parents petitioned the school board. The board denied the petition. The Negroes filed suit in the Federal District Court at Charleston. Originally they merely asked the board to make their school equal to the white school; later they contended that separate schools as such were unconstitutional. Losing in the District Court in June of 1951, they appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

At about the same time the Supreme Court received similar cases from Kansas, Virginia, Delaware and the District of Columbia. It heard all five together. The Summerton school board was represented by its local lawyer, S. Emory Rogers, a short, round man with a shabby, dusty office upstairs over a grocery in Summerton, and Robert McC. Figg, a brilliant, rumpled, urbane corporation lawyer from Charleston. They argued that operating schools was a state function. In Summerton, Negro pupils outnumbered white nine to one. To desegregate would force white children to attend Negro schools. "Racial feeling" could not be destroyed by legislation or court decree, they argued. "It is not 'racism' to be cognizant of the fact that mankind has struggled with race problems and racial tensions for upwards of sixty centuries. The fact of race is among the most stubborn things in human existence. It was Disraeli who said: 'No man will treat with indifference the principle of race. It is the key of history.'"

On May 17, 1954, the court outlawed segregation, holding that "separate educational facilities are inherently unequal." Then it heard arguments on what was to be done next—that is, when would the Negro children enter the white school? Thurgood Marshall, of the N.A.A.C.P., asked the court to order them admitted at once, in September, 1955, or by September, 1956, at the latest. Attorney Figg said this "would mean the end of the public-school system." He pleaded for time to gain "community acceptance." He urged the court to send all the cases back to the Federal district judges, who could take into account local conditions. That is what the Supreme Court did on May 31, 1955. Figg felt the court had temporized because of the Summerton case—the only case from the Deep South.

On July fifteenth the three-judge Federal court of original jurisdiction in South Carolina pointed out that the Supreme Court had not ordered that states must mix the races in the schools. "What it has decided, and all that it has decided, is that a state may not deny any person on account of race the right to attend any school that it maintains." Children could choose voluntarily to attend different schools. The court ordered the Summerton school board to desegregate after it had "made the necessary arrangements . . . with all deliberate speed." But the court set no deadline. It would retain jurisdiction; the board need have no fear of being in contempt of court if it acted in good faith.

What was the reaction, back in Summerton? A Negro leader has said, "Among our people there was a calm feeling that at last it's come." But Attorney Rogers says, unsmiling, "Nothing happened. Nothing's happened yet. And nothing's going to happen."

It is about sixteen miles from one end to the other of School District No. 1 of Clarendon County. The only town in it is Summerton. The county's population is 71 per cent Negro. The ratio in the schools is even higher—there are today 2360 Negro students and 312 white, approximately 8 to 1.

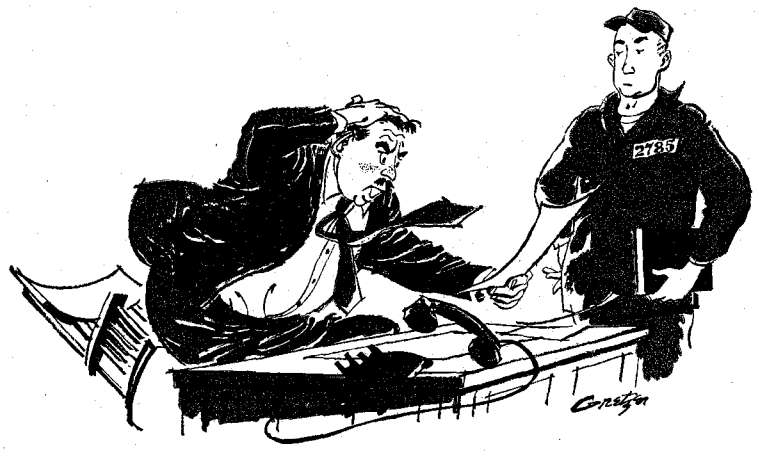
In 1951, when the state began a school-building program, in part because of the Summerton suit, District No. 1 abandoned the small rural Negro schools, built larger new ones, and today operates only three Negro schools and one white. The white school is in Summerton; it contains 312 pupils in elementary and high school. The Negro school in Summerton, Scott's Branch, contains 721 Negro elementary pupils and 337 high-school pupils. The two Negro schools out in the country are St. Paul's Elementary, with 728 pupils, and Spring Hill Elementary, with 574. Since 1951 the district has spent $92,000 in capital investment on the white school and ten times as much—$938,000—on the Negro schools. The Negro school buildings today are newer than the white and are at least as good. The Negro classrooms are more crowded. There is one teacher for every nineteen white children enrolled but only one for every thirty-six Negroes. The teachers are about equal in training.

"Most people around here have Charleston blood in them," says Emory Rogers, the attorney. "The best in the state. You'll find the old names around here—Rutledges and Moultries and Rhetts. Not the surnames, of course—those with the surnames have left. But they still use them for first names." Clarendon County is in the heart of the Black Belt of America.

The Rural South—this is the heart of the segregation problem. The Civil War changed little around here. "The pattern of life in Clarendon County today," a sociologist has said, "is one that we thought had vanished a hundred years ago. It is just like slavery except for the fact that the Negroes can leave if they wish and go North." This is an island, a backwater, in twentieth-century America. Here is not the bitter racial animosity of the Tennessee hills, nor the angry jostling of the transition neighborhoods of Atlanta—and Chicago. But here is a set way of life, a tradition of apartness, so deep-rooted that it may never be uprooted.

Attorney Rogers says, "There's a right substantial class of people here in Summerton. It makes a big difference in the master-and-servant relationship." All wealth here comes from the land, and from owning it. Many large landowners live in town. Several leading citizens own 1000 acres or more. Landowners, storekeepers, plus teachers and clergymen—that is the white population. There is no white lower class, save for a handful of white share croppers.

As for the lower class, it is the Negroes. True, quite a few Negroes own their own farms. Nevertheless, the overwhelming majority own little or nothing, and they do the county's (Continued on Page 98)



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

While in prison, Pete enrolled in a correspondence course in English. Asked as Lesson I to give his reason for taking the course, he said he intended to write a book exposing the prison's "brutality." The warden, censoring outgoing mail, returned Pete's letter with a warning. Pete thereupon wrote a stronger statement. The warden refused to permit Pete to continue the course. Pete got a lawyer to seek a court order requiring the warden to let him go ahead.

"The warden's refusal to permit Pete to continue the course is a denial of his right of free speech and of the same educational privileges which are allowed other prisoners," the lawyer argued.

"It would undermine prison discipline and misrepresent the institution to the public if we allowed this sort of thing to go on," the warden replied. "Pete is trying to abuse the privilege we give him."

If you were the judge, would you let Pete continue the course?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Pete lost. The court said correspondence courses are primarily a matter for prison officials to supervise. It added, "A prisoner who persists in abusing a privilege or opportunity extended to all prison inmates is in no position to complain of unequal treatment if the privilege is taken away from him."

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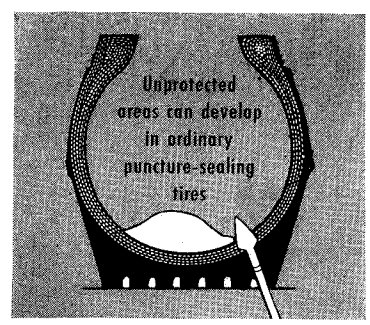

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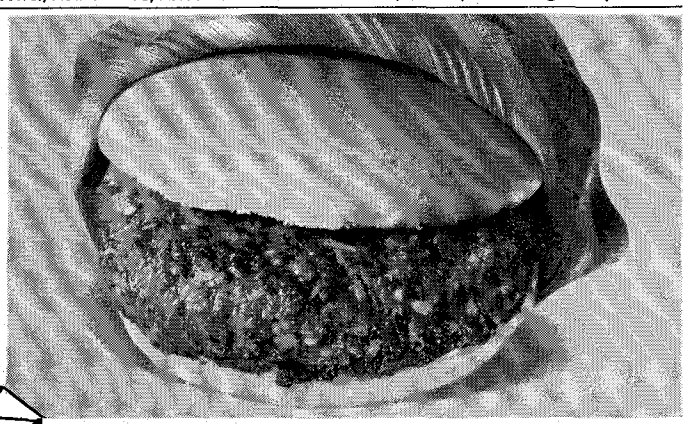

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(*Continued from Page 96*) work. A handful earn a dollar an hour in the town's only industry, the lumber mill, in the cotton gins and in the woods, logging pine. As for the rest, they live in shacks on the land and they work on the land—the white man's land. They rent the land, sharecrop it or work it for daily wages. They pay no rent. Most wage workers are paid, and so are their wives and children, only when there is work to be done. In April, May and June they are paid $1.50 or $2.00 an acre to chop cotton, thinning and weeding it with a hoe; in August, September and October, $2.00 per 100 pounds to pick it. They earn about $3.00 a day that way. Most of the rest of the year they are idle. Some, on mechanized farms, are paid $15 a week, year round. Some Negroes work on shares—the owner furnishes the land and seed; the Negro and his family plant the crop, gather it, and divide the proceeds equally with the owner. And better off Negroes rent land, paying from five to eight dollars per acre, and farm it themselves—tenant farming.

The Negroes are caught in an economic revolution. A landowner says, "We used to use several dozen mules to plow and cultivate. We don't use one now; we use tractors instead." He is a stocky man in khaki, driving a pickup truck over sandy roads on his 1000 acres and, stopping, he points across a broad flat field at a cloud of dust where a big diesel tractor is pulling a plow. "You see that five-bottom plow, one tractor pulling it? It takes one man to drive that tractor. It used to be twenty mules and five men doing the same work. We pick our cotton with machines now too. One mechanical picker replaces sixty to seventy workers a day." Even on a small farm a single tractor throws Negroes out of work.

Moreover, since the war, the landowners say, the Federal Government has cut cotton-acreage allotments in half, further reducing the need for Negro labor, since cotton requires more labor than corn or cattle. Many Negroes are going North. A small farmer says, "I've got a hundred acres here and they've got me down to forty acres this year. I sharecrop my land. I've got five nigger families living on my place, and that's eight acres apiece. How we going to make a living on that? But I'm not going to put 'em off the place. Some of 'em have been here for thirty years. There's a human side to this too. I'm going to suffer with 'em."

He is a man past middle age, gaunt, with a leathery face from many years out of doors. He says, "We live with our niggers here. In Columbia, they live in their part of town and whites live in theirs. But here we live with 'em. You'll see white and colored little kids playing together all the time. But"—slowly and with emphasis—"we aren't going to go to their schools and they aren't going to go to ours. You'd have to live down here to understand. Right now, everything's going along nice and quiet. We're going to get along with our niggers. I've been getting along with them all my life, and my father did, and my grandfather did. I don't let 'em come in and sit down at my table, sit in my living room, but they can come up to my back porch and talk to me any time they want to. I carry them to the hospital, loan 'em money if they need it, do everything I can for 'em. They get sick, wake me up at two, three in the morning and want me to take 'em to the doctor. I do. They've got more security than you or I have." Around town he is known as a man who is "good to his niggers, treats 'em right." "The old ones can't work in the woods, loggin'; it's too hard. Farming is easy. There ain't nothing much to do; they just live on the land. You take care of the old ones. I've got one; his children have all gone North, and I asked him why he didn't leave. He said he didn't want to. You couldn't run him off"—chuckling. "Every year he comes to the house to ask how he should plant his crop. Every year I tell him the same way. It don't change."

He paused. "We'll get along all right if everybody will just keep his shirt on." He was drinking noonday coffee in the kitchen. "You've got to overlook things. Once, a while back, out at the gin a white woman came running up to me, all excited, and said some nigger said, 'Hello, baby,' to her. I told her to go on home and I'd take care of it. I found the nigger. He's called Buddy Boy; he's a little crazy, I guess. He's always recitin' poetry to me, mumbling; you can't hardly understand him. Well, I asked him if he had said 'Hello, baby' to the woman. He mumbled some poetry. I said, 'Buddy Boy, the best thing for you to do now is go on home.' And that was all there was to it. But if I'd got excited, pretty soon there'd be someone yell 'Kill the nigger' and we might have had another Till case."

Clarendon County is like a dispersed city. At night, driving along the black-top road through the black countryside, only very rarely do you pass a Negro's mule and wagon plodding along, or a Negro woman and her children, heavily shawled against the night air, walking homeward; the countryside looks utterly deserted, but here and there through the blackness you can see the tiny yellow dots of kerosene lamps in the cabins, and you know that unseen humanity is scattered thick on the land in the black night. The Negroes do indeed live a life apart. And they live an oddly submerged life too. A young white man said awhile back, "You'll hear people, white men, around here say they understand the Negro and know what he's thinking, but they don't. Now you, you could never find out. You can drive out here five miles and stop at a little shack and say, 'I want to ask you about the Supreme Court's decision on segregation,' and I'll bet a month's salary all you'll get is a blank, faraway stare. You'll be talking to a kid twelve or fourteen. Finally he'll say, 'Mommy ain't home.' You're a stranger, and they don't talk to strangers. Of course, I could go with you and say, 'This gentleman wants to know what you think about integration of the schools.' And with me standing there, they'll say, 'We don't want any of it; we like things the way they are; we don't want any trouble.' Because that's what they think I want 'em to say. Or you could have a leader of the N.A.A.C.P. take you out, and with him standing there, they'd tell you, 'Oh, yes, we want it.' What do they really think? I couldn't answer you what they think. And I've lived with them all my life."

One evening not long after the Supreme Court decision, the white citizens of Summerton met "to see what we were going to do." They met in the abandoned grammar school, an ancient stone building, some 200 of them, "most of the white people in the school district." W. B. Davis, Jr., a tall, handsome, black-haired young landowner, spoke strongly in favor of closing the schools forthwith. Indeed, money already was being raised to operate a private school for white children. But Charles N. Plowden, town banker, large landowner, lawyer, former influential member of the General Assembly, a keen, square-built, forceful man, argued that delay, not defiance, was the proper tactic, for time was on their side: "Let them make us close. If the court orders us to integrate, we'll close."

School opened that fall of 1955 amid tension. A larger crowd than usual gath-

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ered in the dusty school yard. "A lot of people thought a lot of niggers would try to get in," one man recalls. "We were ready. If the niggers showed up, all we were going to do was let 'em in, then take 'em down to the office and tell 'em we were not prepared to take 'em in just yet. Try to handle it as quietly as possible." But nothing happened at all.

"That fall, relations between the races were very strained," one white man recalls. "We heard rumors that the colored people were meeting in secret. It used to be you could speak to every colored man on the street uptown, like people always did in the country, but all at once they wouldn't speak to you."

In this atmosphere the Summerton Citizens' Council was organized in September of 1955. The first Citizens' Council in the South had been formed at Indianola, Mississippi, more than a year earlier. The Council movement had begun to spread all over the South. Emory Rogers resigned as school-board attorney and became the leader of the Councils in South Carolina. Actually a similar organization had existed in Summerton as early as 1951. "It didn't get far; people said, 'It can't happen here,'" says W. B. Davis, Jr., today president of the Citizens' Council. "But after the decision we started right off with a full membership—225 members. That includes every white man in this section, I think." Rogers says, "We've got more members than Rotary or Lions because we've got both of them and some more too." Such older men as Rogers and the banker, Plowden, helped start the Council; then turned leadership over to younger men, businessmen and landowners.

Nobody meets more optimists than the clerk in the marriage-license bureau.

DAN BENNETT

Soon after the Citizens' Council was formed, its "race-relations committee" sent a letter "to the colored people in our midst, whom we greatly appreciate," inviting their leaders to meet with the whites; they might represent any church, school or other group except the N.A.A.C.P. The Rev. Henry Rankin, Presbyterian minister and head of the Council's committee, a small gray Princeton man from the North who came South fifty years ago, recalls, "The two sides sat on opposite sides of the room and talked. The Nigras didn't have a lot to say. They didn't know what we wanted. They were afraid to say anything. I made a little talk to them about the fallacy of trying to get your rights by going to court. Then Mr. Plowden talked about how we'd close the schools."

Plowden, the banker, recalls, "I told them they can make us close the schools, but they can't make us mix. I told them they've got more to lose than we have. We've got twelve white teachers; they've got sixty. They'd all be out of work. They've got twenty-seven bus drivers. They'd be out of work. There wouldn't be any school for their children, but there would be for ours."

Signers of the original school petition lost their jobs. One, a delivery-truck driver, asked why; his employer explained that his customers had said they'd quit patronizing him if he didn't get rid of his driver. "He had no choice," says Davis, of the Council. "It's not a matter of organized economic pressure; it's just a matter of unanimous individual feeling." Signers who owned farms found their credit cut off. Sharecroppers and renters were put off the land and had to find places on Negro-owned farms. (Some Negro landowners, fearful, refused to harbor them; such landowners are considered "traitors" by N.A.A.C.P. leaders.)

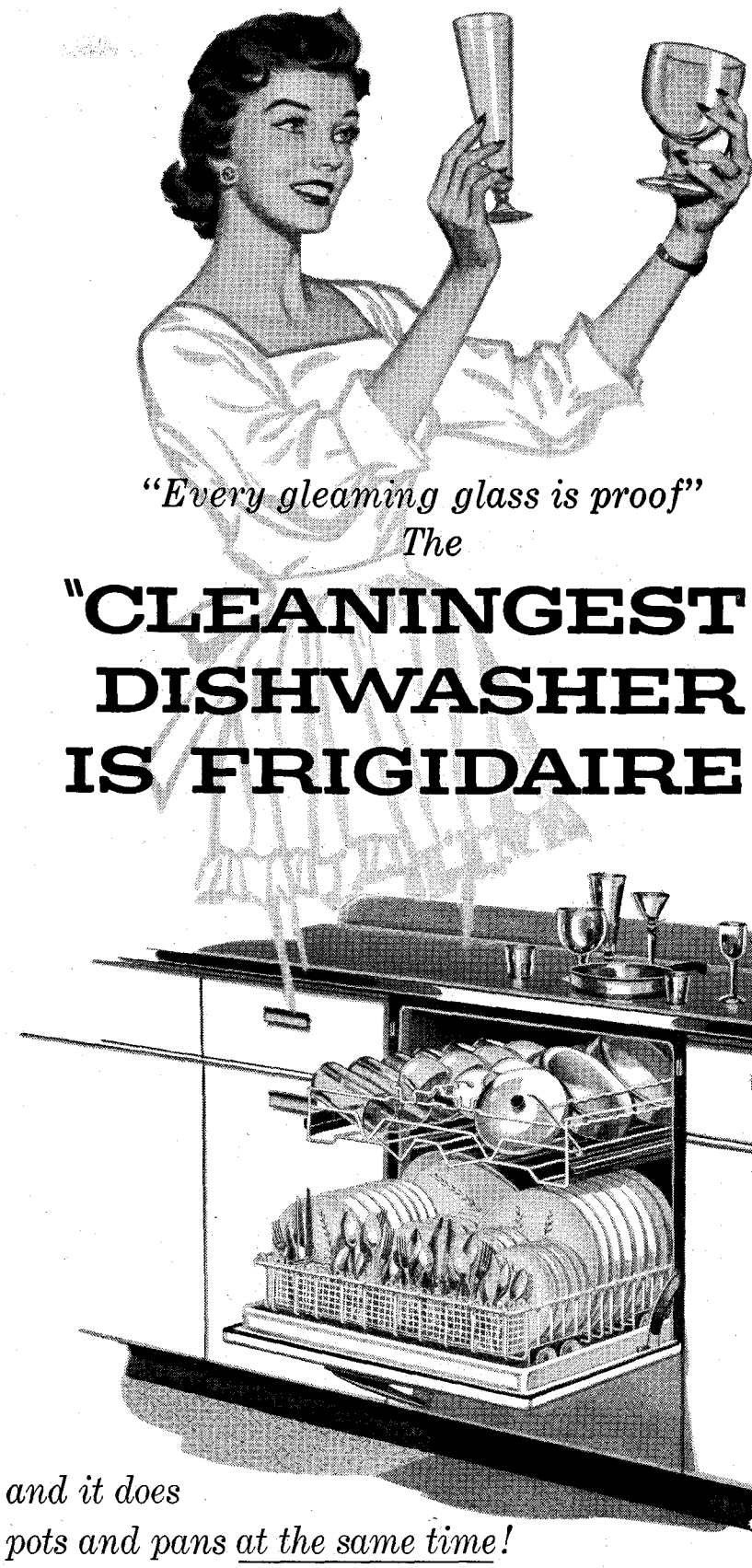
The Rev. E. E. Richburg, a Negro minister who led the petition fight, was not rehired as a schoolteacher. Neither was the principal at Scott's Branch High, though he had taught twenty-four years. The school board will not hire a teacher who belongs to N.A.A.C.P. Automatic teacher-contract renewal was destroyed in South Carolina by the legislature. Three Negro stores were boycotted by their suppliers—one simply because he would not say whether he was a member of N.A.A.C.P. He wasn't, but he didn't think it anybody's business. The stores have survived: other Negroes smuggle supplies to them through an underground. A carpenter was unable to get work; he went to Florida. The Reverend Mr. Richburg has said, "All were hurt who could be."

Many unable to make a living have gone North. This is what the Council wants. Rogers has a list of about eighty Negroes hereabouts who were "actively supporting the N.A.A.C.P. program"; only about twenty-five remain. He has heard little of the local N.A.A.C.P. lately and wonders if it has collapsed. It hasn't.

The N.A.A.C.P. has deposited money in a bank in Columbia to be lent to Negroes who suffer. Negroes are trying to form a co-operative store and credit union. Thus far, the Negroes have launched no bitter-end counterboycott, as they did in nearby Orangeburg. But the Reverend Mr. Richburg has said, "We tell people from the pulpit to spend your money where it counts the most." One of the ministers who led the petition fight left for New York after his church was burned. The home of another was burned—though perhaps without connection with the petition. The third, the Reverend Mr. Richburg, received threats of a flogging in 1955. A tall, good-looking, brown-skinned man, he lives in a neat house out in the country beside his church, the Liberty Hill Methodist. He says, "It's been quiet lately, but things haven't really changed. It's taken a different form, that's all. They are not as vocal as they were. If you have got all the economic strings, you don't have to make a noise, just keep on pulling."

Today there are fifty-eight Citizens' Councils in South Carolina, with a membership of 35,000, all but one in the low-country Black Belt. Emory Rogers, as executive secretary of the state association, directed their expansion, traveling 5500 miles and making fifty-six speeches in the first six months, writing pamphlets, distributing literature. He followed the plan developed in Mississippi. Rocking on the veranda of his large brick house on a hilltop awhile back, Rogers said, "I've lost thirty-five pounds since this started." He thinks the Councils have prevented violence. He is proud that "only the best people" are Council leaders—doctors, lawyers, businessmen. "We don't have any crackpots. We're not rabble rousers. We've stayed clear of the Klan. But we're not anti-KKK. If someone feels he can do his bit by going with the Klan, we don't say 'Do not join.'" The Klan, though active in South Carolina, has held no meetings at Summerton. Once it was prevented from doing so by the Council, according to W. B. Davis, Jr.

Rogers is a short man with small hands and feet and teeth, and a gold watch chain across his vest. He smokes cigarettes constantly. Born "down on a farm seven or eight miles (*Continued on Page 101*)



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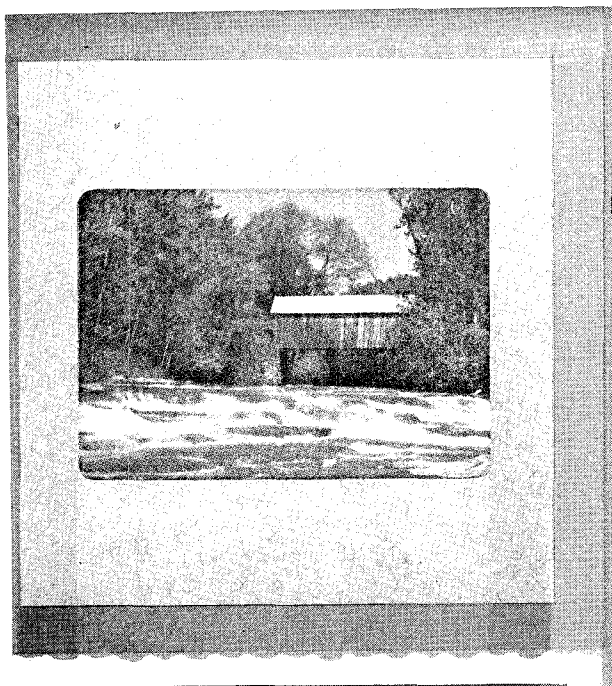

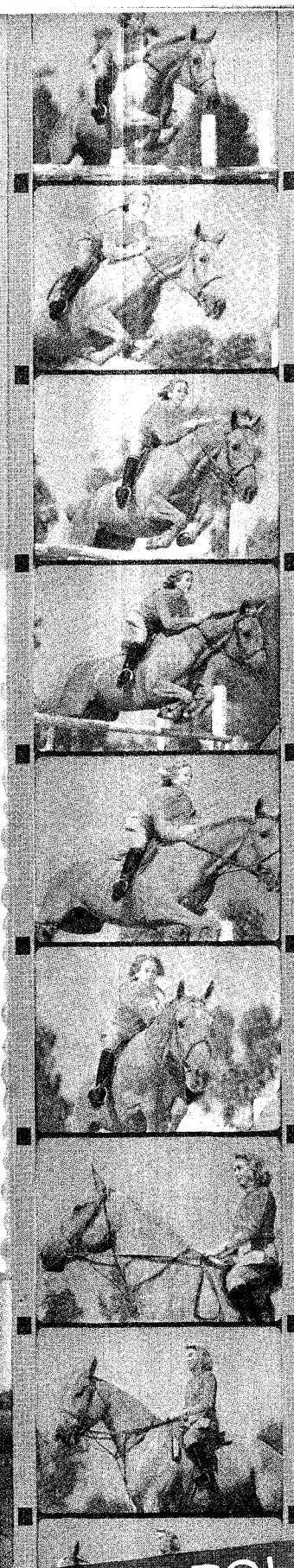

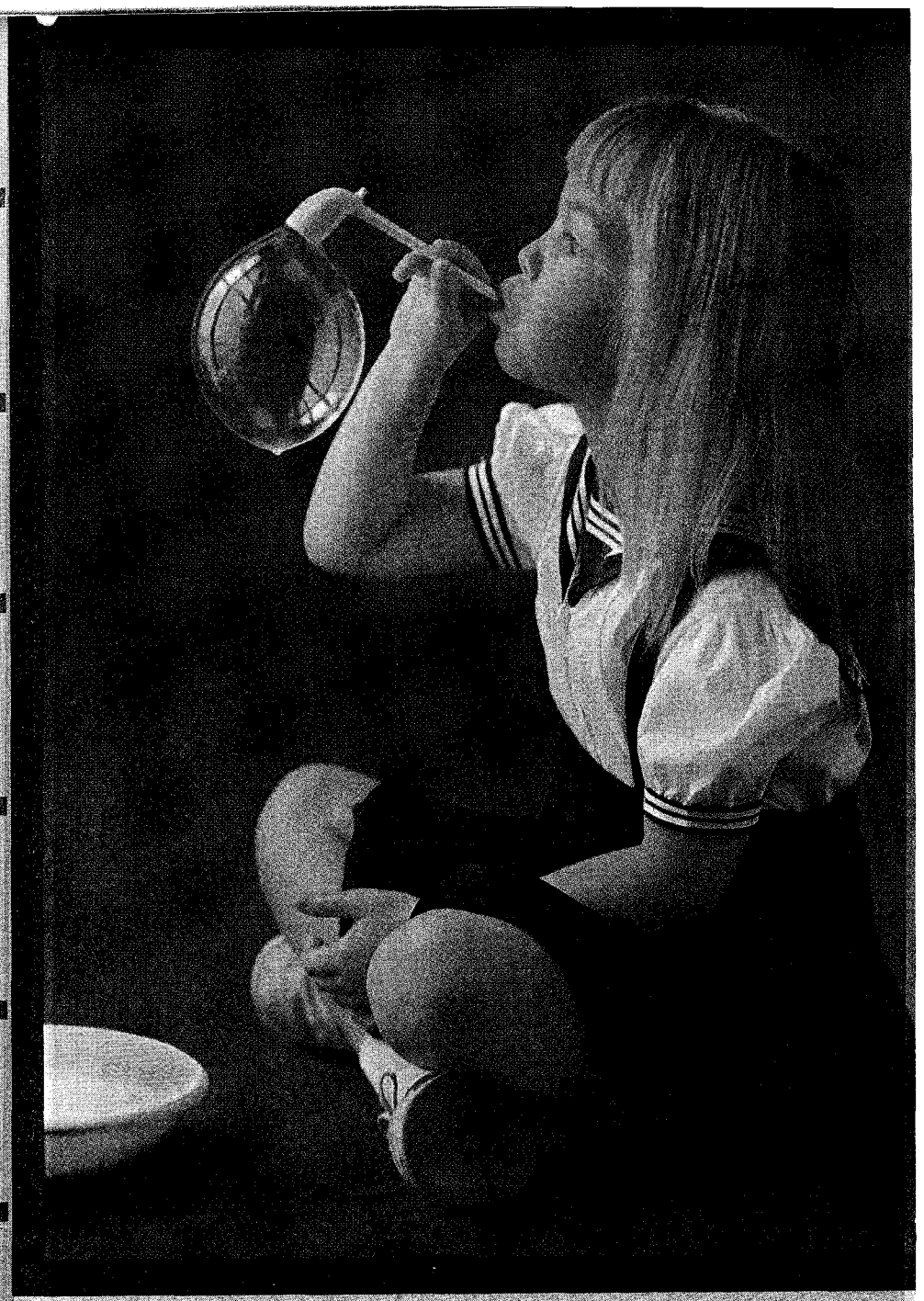

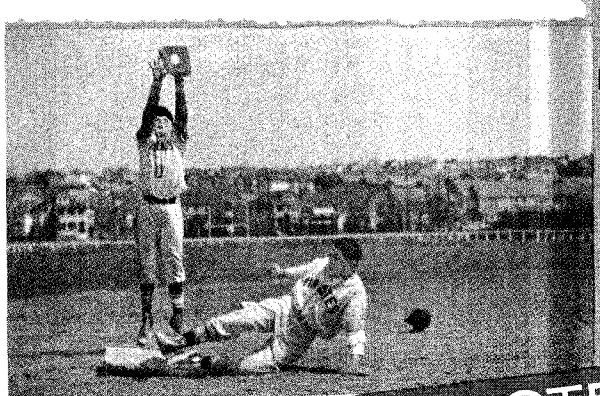

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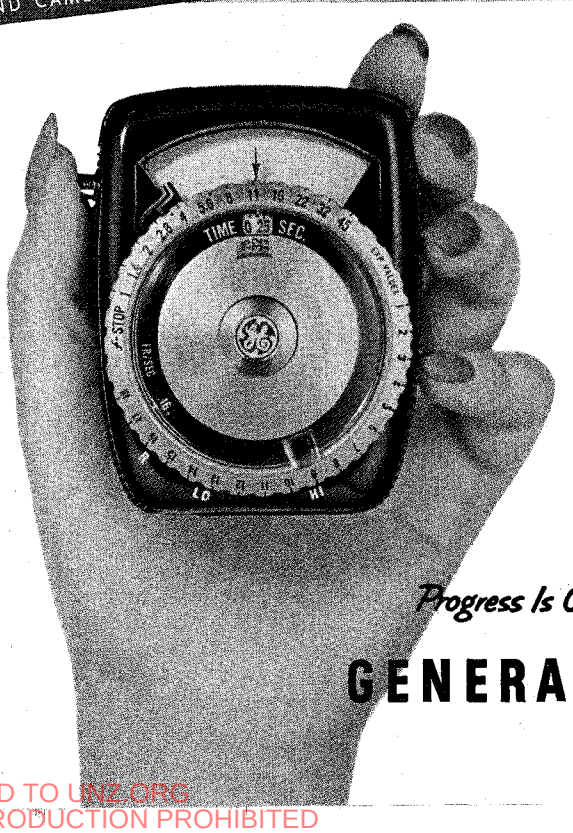

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(*Continued from Page 99*) from here," educated at Washington and Lee and Columbia, he taught English and psychology at Washington and Lee, Georgia Tech and the University of Pittsburgh, took a law degree at the University of North Carolina, and in 1929 returned to Summerton to practice. As school-board attorney, until he became involved in the Supreme Court case, his work consisted mainly in advising the board and passing on teachers' contracts and building contracts. Married, with two children, he is deeply concerned about Communist infiltration in America, and before choosing a college for his daughter, he scrutinized it carefully for Communist influence.

Awhile back, waving toward the dim lights in Negro houses barely visible through pine trees across his front lawn, he said, "There's four, five Nigra houses in my front yard," and he described how Negro and white children play together—but only until puberty. "We can't possibly see our children in their schools. At about sixteen there'll be, probably, a marriage," and he discoursed on miscegenation. "But even aside from that, we can't do it. If we desegregated the schools here, it would mean twenty-five Nigra children and three white children in every classroom. I don't think your daughter would be comfortable in that situation. I know mine wouldn't. It goes far beyond the color of the skin too. I wouldn't want my child to be constantly associating with Brooklyn Jews or Harlem Puerto Ricans or Mott Street Chinese. We have a little different standards, and we want to bring our children up with different standards. And so do you. We segregate all the time on an economic basis, and so do you. You wouldn't want to bring your daughter up in a slum in Chicago. Neither would I. You've got to remember that less than a hundred years ago these Nigras were slaves." He stopped rocking. It was almost dark. "We have a culture and we intend to preserve it. It wasn't any use my telling the Supreme Court we were going to integrate, because we're not. We aren't even going to make any plans to integrate. You"—meaning the North—"may force this down our throats. You may send bayonets and troops down here—because I think it'd take that to do it in South Carolina and Alabama and Mississippi and Georgia. But you've done that once. What good will that do the North?"

The Citizens' Council at Summerton has not met for a year and a half. "There's no need to meet," the banker, Plowden, has said. "Everything's going along quiet." A few townsmen feel vaguely abashed at the Council. All whites hope things will stay quiet. A merchant said, "It's such a touchy subject, I wouldn't want to say anything one way or the other. It might hurt business." A Negro leader, taking a Northerner into his home one night, drew the window shades, and even in Columbia, the state capital, a white businessman lunching with a Northerner glanced nervously about the restaurant and said, "Someone might think one of them damn Yankees was down here stirring up trouble."

That the whites would close the school if ordered by the court to commence desegregation there can be no doubt. Only because the court set no deadline was the school board able to keep the schools open. The board had told the three-judge court it would have a study made of the subject. A white strategist has said, "Some didn't even want to study it. They were afraid it might make integration look possible in five hundred years, and that's too soon for them." The study was not begun by the end of 1956, a year and a half after it was promised to the court, though preliminary talks had been held with a sociologist. Plowden, the banker, said awhile back, "We're studying it—and it's going to take a good long time to study."

The whites are placing their first reliance on the court. They feel it is favorably disposed to them. As one said, "This case is buried unless someone exhumes it." The N.A.A.C.P. may do precisely that; early this year Thurgood Marshall, of the N.A.A.C.P., said he intends to reopen the case "soon." Should the judge order desegregation commenced, the whites presumably would fall back on a second line of defense—a pupil-assignment law enacted by the state empowering the school board to assign pupils to different schools as it wished and withholding state funds from any school attended by a pupil not assigned there, even if he transfers by court order.

Should this law be declared unconstitutional, then the whites would close the schools. But what then? Nobody knows for sure. One man said, "It's just like going to war. You don't know what you'll do, but you'll go." The Negroes would have no school. The whites might send their children to school in another district or another county. In that case, presumably the N.A.A.C.P. would file a suit and force integration there. A separate suit, theoretically, could be required in every school district in the state. More likely the whites would set up a private school of their own. Could they afford it?

At present the total school budget is $297,000 a year, of which only $37,000 comes from the local property tax, $260,000 comes from state aid. The whites have estimated they could operate a private school for $34,000 a year—about what they pay in property taxes. Some hope the state would repeal or rebate the property tax and allow them to support their school with its equivalent. Would the courts uphold such a device? Nobody knows. And would all whites pay for the school or only those with children in school? Some wealthier citizens feel it their duty to carry the load for those unable to pay, but do all?

Nor is there any indication that the whites have considered carefully the full effect of closing the schools on the community's economy; the school payroll is $23,000 a month, close to a quarter of a million dollars a year, by far the biggest industry in town; and what happens to a poor agricultural community when such a payroll is chopped off? "It's the teachers that buy the new automobiles," says one man, "and if we have to close the schools, the auto agency will have to close down." Most people seem to view the closing of the schools as a regrettable necessity forced upon them by the heedless, unfair Supreme Court. Plowden has said, "It's too bad; we spent all these years building up the schools, and any step now will be destructive." But this gives no one pause. During Reconstruction, when attempts were made to desegregate some South Carolina schools, they closed—and thereby were set back for many years. This gives no one pause either.

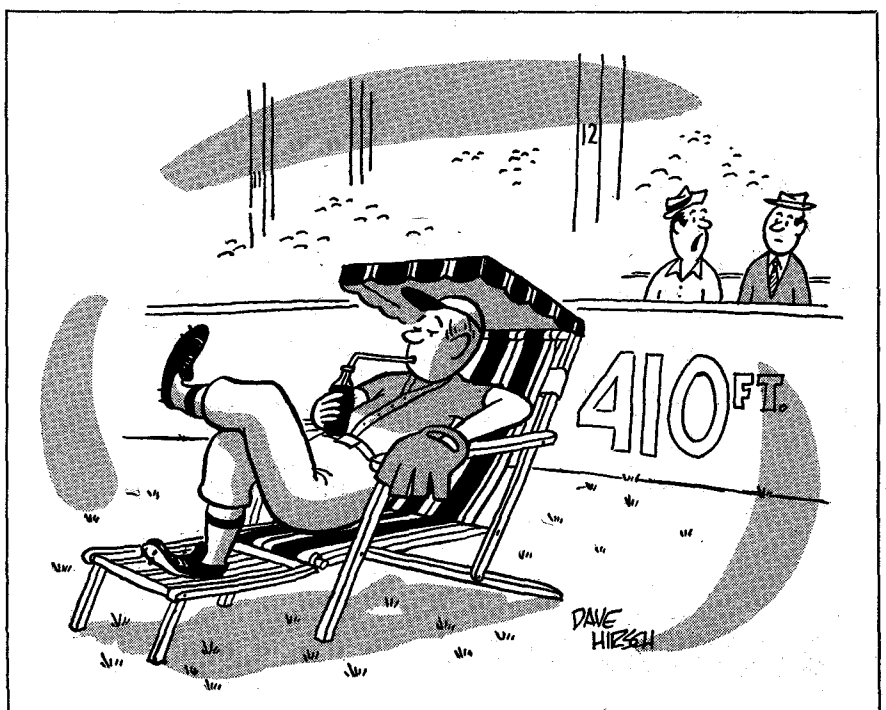
Now and then, one hears talk of "really putting the screws on" to drive the Negroes away—of using every method to deprive all Negroes of their livelihood and importing whites—perhaps refugees from Hungary—to operate the tractors. The possibilities of violence in this scheme do not seem to occur to those who suggest it.

Responsible Negro leaders estimate that if tomorrow the school board announced that any Negro children who wished could attend the white school, not more than twenty-five children would go. Why, then, could not the whites and Negroes compromise on gradual or partial desegregation? Davis, of the Citizens' Council, says, "Maybe only a few would come, to begin with. But if ten came the first year and there was no trouble, then next year they'd all want to mix. We'd no more agree to take one than to take a hundred." Compromise seems hopeless. Both sides say they want to preserve the schools. But they will not even discuss means of doing it. There is no longer any meaningful communication between the races. And if ever the schools are actually closed, so much bitterness and need for face-saving will result that adjustment will be harder than ever. Both sides have wasted time, and time is running out; for the court cannot forever ignore noncompliance.

Although things are calm on the surface in Summerton, there is a deep inner tension felt by everyone. They pretend that nothing has been changed, but actually nothing will ever be the same, for the relations between the races will never be the same, and that relationship affects all of life. The forceful determination of Plowden and Rogers and Davis—there is a real tension behind it. And it must be this tension, this depth of feeling, that has triggered violence elsewhere. It is a feeling that lies much deeper than the poor white's fear of Negro job competition or than the Negro's desire to go to a good school. This tension involves the whole personality, the whole range and complex of human thinking and feeling. It truly is a way of life which is felt threatened. These men's feelings about segregation are as strong and as contradictory as anybody's feelings about sex—and it is interesting that in discussing segregation, they always come round to sex. Coupled with tension is a defensiveness. All hate the Northern press, which ranks second only to the N.A.A.C.P. in the Southern demonology. Although, of course, the greatest enemy of all is the Southern renegade, the white Southerner who favors integration. Yet they seem to feel, too, a wistful, almost childlike desire to be understood, as when they say, as many do, "You'll find Southerners are relatively human. Come and live down here with us for a while. You'll understand."

Sometimes, in all the uproar and dispute, people forgot the Summerton schools. They went along. In the white school by the highway, boys were shooting basketball in the gym, and small children were sitting at their desks in an elementary room, their feet curled up beneath them, blond hair combed, listening solemnly while a teacher read to them; and down the road at the edge of town in Scott's Branch School small Negro children, their faces bright and shining, the girls neat in cotton and pigtails, tumbled down the hall and into a first-grade room to sit at tiny desks where a sign on the wall said, "Good Health Habits: My own hairbrush, my own comb. Do you have one?" Strolling through the corridors, Superintendent Betchman, who started teaching here thirty-three years ago when oxen were used for plowing, said, "I got the Nigras a piano. They love to sing. They've got a real good choir. They sing my favorite songs. There isn't anything those darkies wouldn't do for me." He loves the children, as any good schoolman does. "It'd be terrible to close these schools."

Out in the country on the red, muddy road beside the Liberty Hill Church, the Reverend Mr. Richburg said, "We're not scared they'll close the schools. Oh, they may. But we don't think they'll stay closed." He is a tall man, one of nine children born and raised nearby on fifty acres his father owned. He holds three college degrees and has taught school and preached around here all his life; he has a son in the Army and a daughter teaching school. He seems relaxed, pleasant, friendly. "I don't hear much talk about the problem today," he says. "We feel the Supreme Court has spoken." Like white men, he spoke of the fear of "mongrelization"—an imaginary fear, he thought. "They just use it as an alibi. They pretend we're just like a lion, going to jump on a white girl and rape her. Or going to marry her. It wouldn't happen. My wife is a dark-skinned woman; that's my choice. I like dark-skinned people." He talked about the prospects for a private white school. Only a few whites, he thought, could afford it. And if the Negroes, with no school for their children, departed, who would work the land for the whites? "They know that," he said. "But prejudice has blinded them. They think they can outlast us." He was speaking slowly. "They'll spend what they've got to crush us, and they think we'll take this underdog position again and it'll be worth it. But we ain't gonna do it, the Negroes aren't. It's a new day, that's all. They're going to leave this area; what they're going to do and how long it's going to take, I don't know, but the old day is over. It's a new day, that's all."



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Editors' Note—This is the second of five articles by John Bartlow Martin. The third will appear next week.

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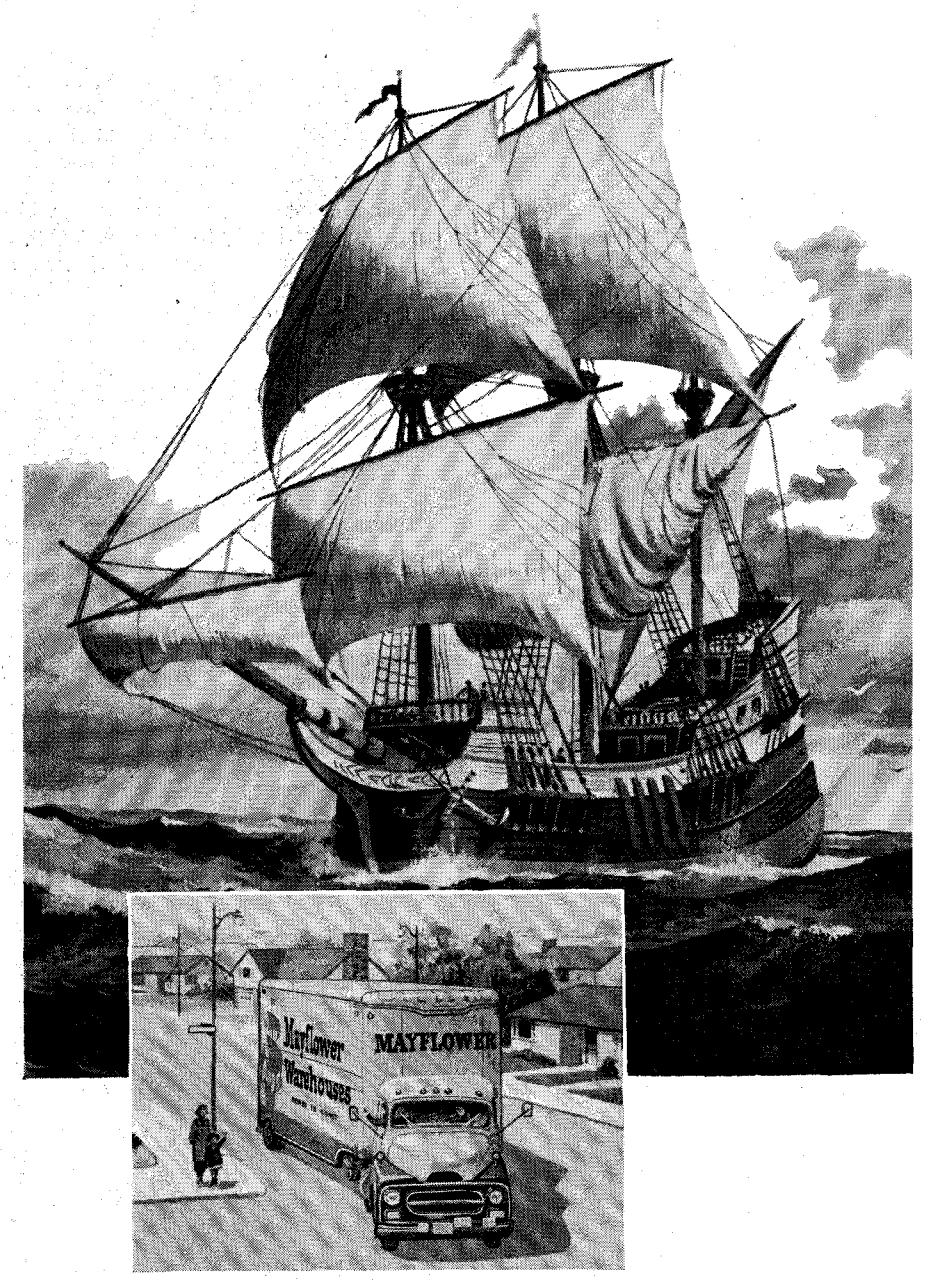

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Young and Scared (Continued from Page 35)

began to run again, awkward in her high heels, her suitcase thumping against her leg. Dundeen lengthened his stride and overtook her before she reached the next intersection.

"Hey!" he said. "Just a cotton-pickin' minute."

She did not stop until he took her arm with one hand, took her bag away from her with the other. "Let me go!" she said then. "Please!" Her face was white, the street lights showed the glistening paths of tears. "I didn't do anything."

"Nobody's saying you did."

Dundeen spoke gently. He held her gently, looking into her face. The soft line of her trembling mouth, the soft curve of her cheek bothered him. Sixteen, he decided. A young sixteen. Dundeen was nineteen, but he had been up the road and down the road, and knew what made the world go round. This girl was a child. A child in high heels, wearing too much lipstick.

"You're going back to the depot with me," he said. "We've got trouble back there, and you don't run away from trouble."

"I don't want to go back!" she said.

Dundeen set her bag down. He pushed his cap back and leaned against the building. "You have to," he said. "But there's no screaming rush. How old are you, sis?"

"Almost eighteen."

He grinned. "Fibber. Your tongue'll turn black."

Defiantly, she said, "I'm seventeen."

"Sixteen's closer." His smile did pleasant things to his brown face. "You're too young to be loose in town this time of night. It's against the law."

"Are you a soldier or a policeman?"

"With a chick like you," he said, "a guy's got to be a little of both." He put a firm hand under her chin and began to wipe the lipstick from her mouth with his handkerchief. "Who's the guy who slapped you? He isn't your father, is he?"

"My parents are dead," she said.

"Uncle, then? Guardian?" He finished wiping her mouth and looked at the result. "Better," he said. "You don't need all that gluck." He put the handkerchief away. "Well?"

"What makes you think he's anything to me?"

"Honey child!" Dundeen said. "There's this young girl sitting in a bus station late at night, nowhere to go. She freezes solid every time a cop looks at her. Y'know what she is? She's a runaway. Can't be anything else." Dundeen put a gentle hand under her chin, lifting her face to the light. "One pal to another, what's the pitch?"

Tiredly, she said, "A foster home. I've lived with him and his wife since I was thirteen."

"Then he's your legal guardian," Dundeen said. He thought about that for a moment. "He's got all the muscle on his side—the court, the police. If you've got reasons for wanting out, you'll have to take them up with the authorities."

"Please don't make me go back."

"Look," he said. "What's your name?"

"Mary. Mary Lasher."

"Fine," he said. "I haven't met a Mary in a long time." He picked up her bag. "I'm Johnny Dundeen, private in the rear rank." He smiled at her.

The stocky Lewis was nowhere in sight when they returned to the bus depot. The porter was there, still swishing his mop over the tile floor. He greeted them soberly, a look of concern on his thin face.

Dundeen said, "Where'd our friend Lewis go?"

"He took off, soon's he was able," the porter said. "Five, six minutes ago. And he ain't no friend. He's a real mad guy."

"Maybe he went after a cop," Dundeen said.

The porter said, "It's likely."

"I'll wait for him," Mary said. "This isn't your worry. You've got things to do. You don't have to stay. I'll just ——"

Dundeen smiled at her. "I keep telling you," he said. "You can't run from trouble." He turned to the porter. "We'll be in the coffee shop. When Mr. Lewis comes back, send him in."

Dundeen seated Mary in a corner booth and sat down opposite. He ordered chocolate for her, black coffee for himself.

"Did you expect someone to meet you?" he asked.

"My girl friend. I wrote and told her I was coming."

"Did you get an answer?"

"No," she said. "There wasn't time."

"This friend—what's her name?"

"Jill Johnson. We went to school together where—where I lived. We've been writing to each other ever since her folks moved down here. She's asked me to stay with her lots of times. She said she'd help me get a job."

He watched her drink her chocolate while the moments ran away. Write a letter and get on a bus—not real sharp thinking, but who can think clearly with trouble on his back?

"Does Jill have a phone?"

"I don't know," Mary said. "She lives on Picket Road. It's not right in the city; it's out in the suburbs."

"It begins to look like Mr. Lewis isn't coming back," Dundeen said. "You can't sit here all night. If you'll give me Jill's address, I'll see if they're in the book."

"Four eleven Picket Road—I know it by heart."

Dundeen left the coffee shop for the waiting room and the bank of phone booths there. The directory listed page after page of Johnsons, but none on Picket Road. Dundeen closed the book and turned to find the little porter at his elbow.

"What goes?" the porter said.

"I'm trying to locate a friend of hers."

"You better bail out, sonny," the porter said. "A kid her age and a soldier—if that guy wants to make trouble, it ain't goin' to look good. There's nobody on the Travelers Aid desk this late, but I can call 'em. They'll send somebody."

"Uncle," Dundeen said, "you worry too much."

He went back to the coffee shop. "No luck," he said. He looked at Mary thoughtfully for a moment. "You're sure of this girl? She's a good kid and her family's all right?"

"Jill's real nice," Mary said quickly. "So are her mother and father. He helps build bridges and things."

"We can look them up," Dundeen said. "We can tell them what happened and ask them to take you in. But only for tonight, understand? Tomorrow you report to the authorities."

"If you say I have to," Mary said.

The cab driver was a man of forty-five. A redhead with a tough face and a belligerent disposition. He looked at Mary's young face, he looked at Dundeen's uniform and he looked at his watch. He didn't like any part of it.

"You two related?" he asked.

"Nope," Dundeen said. "I picked her up in the bus station."

The cab driver's chin jutted. "Oh, you did, eh? Well ——"

Dundeen grinned at Mary. "Y'see? You've got a lot of people on your side."

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To the cab driver he said, "She's got friends where we want to go. A good family who'll take her in for the night. Me, I'll come back with you."

The cab driver had a long look at Dundeen. "O.K.," he said finally. "You want an apology?"

"Just a ride," Dundeen said.

"That's way out on the edge of town, soldier. Six bucks each way."

"No strain," Dundeen said. "And the name's John Dundeen."

"Red Murphy, here," the driver said. "The girl?"

"Mary Lasher."

The driver was looking at them in the rear-view mirror. "I'll make a note of it," he said. He took them swiftly along near-empty streets, thinking, scowling.

"Mary," Dundeen said, "where does Mr. Lewis live?"

"In Scottsburg."

"A hundred miles east. Think he went back there?"

"His sister lives here. He's probably at her house."

"Um-m-m," Dundeen said. "I'm trying to figure out why he left the depot, why he didn't call the cops. We were gone for a while. It would look to most people like you'd come to meet me, and we'd run off together. That's a deal for the cops."

"Cops!" the driver said. "Say, what is this?"

Dundeen told him. "We went back to the bus station and waited there for half an hour. No sign of him. No sign of the police. Seemed to me that was long enough. So then it was time to find Mary a place to stay."

"You're the guy who should've called the cops. You've got a juvenile here, a runaway. That spells trouble with a capital *T* for any man, a soldier first of all."

"What's trouble about helping a girl?" Dundeen asked. "Tomorrow we'll take it up with the people in charge. They'll decide whether she has to go back or not, and she'll do what they tell her to do. Tomorrow, the police. Tonight, she's with friends—you, me, the people we're on our way to see. If you had a daughter, wouldn't you want that for her?"

The driver rubbed his face. "I've got a daughter."

"Mary," Dundeen said, "this foster home—this Lewis family? What happened there? You don't look like you've been overworked, or starved, or beaten. You're wearing good clothes."

The girl didn't answer at once. Her head was bent, her face shadowed; she pleated a fold in the cloth of her coat with shaking fingers. Then she lifted her face and turned it away.

"It was like—like being a prisoner," she said.

"They lock you up?" the driver said.

"No," she said. "But they stopped liking me, and they wouldn't let me go anywhere."

"Like where, for instance?"

"Where any normal person would want to go!" The girl's voice was stronger, almost defiant. "Where other kids went. I couldn't go to any of the high-school games or any of the dances. I couldn't have a date. If I was one minute late getting home from school, he bawled me out. Then I had to say who I was with and what I'd talked about. I couldn't even go to church!"

"Kids," the driver said wearily. "That's all they think about—going someplace."

"Your daughter too?" Dundeen asked.

"Her too."

"There's a difference," Dundeen said. "Your daughter goes, doesn't she? And you take her about half the time?"

"She goes," the driver said, "or I lose my head."

To Mary, Dundeen said, "Were you a bad kid?"

Mary made fists of her hands. "No! I've never done a bad thing in my life! And they know it. They didn't have any reason to turn against me and start treating me like a prisoner."

"They didn't always?"

"No," she said. "As long as I did my chores, they were fine. They let me work in the berry fields last summer. I earned enough to buy all my school clothes."

"Any idea why they changed?"

"No," Mary said. "Maybe they needed me before—needed what the state pays for my board, needed me to work. Then, when Mr. Lewis started making money, they decided I was a nuisance, or something."

"What's Mr. Lewis do?"

"He owns a print shop. He prints announcements and business cards and things like that."

The cab driver said, "Here's your address."

The house was big and old, set well back from the road in a grove of trees. There was no glass in the front windows. The front door swung with the push of the morning wind.

"Nobody home," Dundeen said. "They've moved."

The driver said, "So now what?"

"Back to town," Dundeen said.

"I mean after we get back."

Frightened, Mary turned to Dundeen. "You won't take me to the police! Please! I'll go tomorrow, when it's time! I promise! I—I just can't do it now!"

The cab driver had turned the cab; they were going back. He said, "You know what time it is? It's almost four o'clock."

"Where I come from," Dundeen said, "four is only an hour from breakfast." He took one of Mary's hands, opened the fingers and laced her fingers in his. "Nobody's going to leave you," he said. "We can live in the bus depot for a few hours."

The cab driver shoved his cap back and rubbed his face. "Y'know what you got then, Johnny? You've got an all-night deal. You and Mary. How're you going to explain that?"

"What's to explain?"

The driver swore helplessly under his breath.

Mary said, "Where do you come from, Johnny?"

"A cattle ranch, east of the mountains," Dundeen said. Then, to keep her mind busy, he told her about it. He and his father and mother were partners, he said, in the Dundeen Cattle Corporation. Twenty-five hundred acres under fence, more than half irrigated, fifteen hundred head of cattle. A modern spread, the cowboys rode in jeeps.

"I always wanted to ride in a jeep," Mary whispered.

She was asleep when they reached the bus depot, her head against Dundeen's chest, her hair brushing his chin. The cab driver looked at them and shook his head in despair.

"Beggin' for trouble," he said.

Dundeen grinned at him. "You want to give her to the cops?" he asked softly.

"Take her inside," the cab driver said. "Keep her warm, let her sleep. I know the beat cop; I'll talk to him. Around nine or nine-thirty, I'll take you to Judge Elliot. She's a lady judge, she handles the kids."

"Judge Elliot," Dundeen said. He awakened the girl. Then, standing on the sidewalk, his arm around her, he grinned at the driver again. "Now who's beggin' for trouble?"

"Yours truly," the driver said tiredly.

Dundeen took the girl into the depot. The porter was sitting on a bench in the corner, dozing over his mop handle. The mop clattered on the floor when he saw Dundeen and the girl.

"You've still got her!" he said. "Jehoshaphat!"

"I decided to keep her," Dundeen said. "Put a frame around her, hang her on the wall and she'll make a dandy souvenir."

He told the porter what they were going to do. Then they found a bench where the girl could lie down, contrived a pillow and covered her with Dundeen's uniform jacket. Before he let her sleep, he asked for the address of Harvey Lewis' sister.

"So I can telephone," he said.

"He'll come after me."

"He won't know where you are," Dundeen said. "But I've got to tell him what court we'll be in tomorrow, and when. They'll want his side of the story."

Harvey Lewis was furious when Dundeen finally got him on the line. "You bring her here!" he said. "And you bring her now! That girl's a minor!"

"I know," Dundeen said. "She'll be in Judge Elliot's court first thing tomorrow morning. You be there, and you can nail my hide to the barn. How about it?"

"I'll be there!" Harvey Lewis said.

Then Dundeen placed a long-distance call. "Dad," he said, "what's the big idea?

"What seems to be, ouch, your problem?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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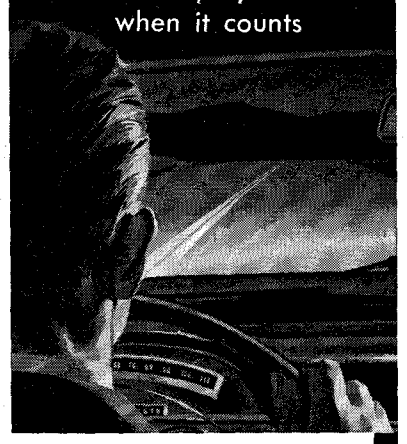

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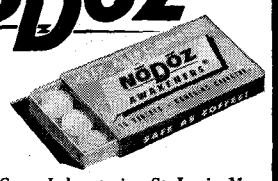

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Here it is four-thirty Monday morning, day after tomorrow's Wednesday, the week's half gone, and you're still in bed. How lazy can you get?"

He held the receiver away to spare his ear the violent reply. "I'm going to court in the morning," he said. "I'm going to face a charge of assault and battery, kidnaping and contributing to the delinquency of a minor. How's that for a night's work?"

"Sounds busy," his father said. "Tell me about it." . . .

The girl was asleep when Dundeen went back to her. He stood with the porter, looking down at her quiet face. "This is a good girl," he said softly.

The porter bristled. "Who said she wasn't?"

The place where Judge Grace Elliot heard the problems of children was not a courtroom in the usual sense. It was a large many-windowed room, equipped with oak tables and oak chairs. The walls were lined with books. There were a number of people in the room at ten o'clock the following morning. Dundeen and Mary sat at one of the tables, Harvey Lewis at another. Others were sitting in the rear of the room.

Judge Grace Elliot was a woman of fifty-five. She was small, her hair was gray, her face thin and sharp. If there was warmth in the woman, humor or compassion, she hid them well. She looked at all who came before her with direct and probing eyes. She spoke to them in a cool voice.

"Mr. Harvey Lewis," she said, "will you come forward?"

Harvey Lewis folded his topcoat carefully and left it on the table. His heavy jaw was freshly shaved, his sandy hair was wetly combed, but there was weariness in the set of his blocky shoulders, grave concern in his pale eyes. Clearly, his manner said, he had rested little through the night. Judge Elliot looked at him for some time before she spoke.

"Mary Lasher has never been a ward of this court," she said then. "But since the child is in this city, I'll hear the case and make my recommendations to the proper authorities. You may tell me whatever facts you feel are important."

"The child ran away," Harvey Lewis began.

He showed the judge his tired face. He had given Mary a good home, he said, all the care and attention a child could possibly need. It had been a heartbreaking thing to find her gone.

He had checked the bus depot in Scottsburg, had learned that she had bought a ticket there, and he then had come after her with all haste. It had been luck and nothing else that he had found her just as she met the soldier.

"The soldier slugged me and they ran away together," he said. "I couldn't find them. I spent the night with my sister, hoping the girl would change her mind and come there. I heard nothing from them until early this morning. Apparently, they had become frightened after spending the night together."

"What do you feel should be done?"

"The girl's a minor. The soldier should be punished. I'll sign a complaint. Mary's like a daughter to me. I'll take her back and my wife and I will do our best to straighten her out."

"I won't go!" Mary whispered fiercely.

Dundeen covered her hand with his. "Easy does it."

The judge asked then for a Mr. Snell. The bus-depot porter, small and spry, hurried forward to give his account of what had happened. He was followed by the belligerent cab driver and Officer Delahantey, the beat cop.

Delahantey summed it up. "I've known some bad ones," he said. "But most kids work hard at being good kids. Like I said in my report, these are two of the best."

Softly, Dundeen said, "Thanks, you good people."

The judge said, "Mary Lasher, come forward, please."

Eyes impersonal, voice cool, the judge asked Mary to give her reasons for running away. Mary repeated the things she had told Dundeen and the cab driver. Frightened now, she couldn't speak with conviction. Her reasons seemed weightless, even frivolous, and the judge looked at her without sympathy.

"Are you willing to go back with Mr. Lewis?"

"No!" Mary said. "I'll run away again."

"Then you would be sent to an institution."

"I—I guess you'd better send me now."

The judge looked at the papers spread before her for a moment. Then she called Dundeen. He went to stand beside Mary, tall there, young of face, but quietly untroubled.

The judge studied the two young people, her face expressionless.

"John Dundeen," she said, "in Officer Delahantey's report, he states that you wish to ask Mr. Lewis some questions. Will you do that now?"

"Yes, ma'am." Dundeen turned to face Harvey Lewis. "You treated Mary all right when you were broke. When you began to make money suddenly—a lot of money out of a print shop that had never given you more than a bare living—you made her a prisoner, as much a prisoner as you could make of a high-school girl. Were you afraid she might unknowingly give someone a clue as to how you were making that money?"

Lewis' face lost color. "What nonsense! I refuse ——"

"Why didn't you call the police after I hit you last night?" Dundeen asked. "I'm a soldier, she's a minor; as her guardian, it was the thing you should have done. Are you afraid of the police, Mr. Lewis? Afraid they'll ask you what you're printing?"

Now Lewis' face was white. He was not tired now, not discouraged; he was a frightened, guilt-ridden man.

Judge Elliot asked, "What are you printing, Mr. Lewis?"

Mary was staring at Lewis, wide-eyed, thinking. "Stamps," she whispered in a small voice. "Stamps for whisky bottles—I heard him and Mrs. Lewis arguing about them one night. She didn't want him to. Can he print those?"

"No," Delahantey said. "He can't print those."

He took Lewis by the arm, took him away to talk to the Treasury people about counterfeit Federal tax stamps and the distributors who would buy them. Judge Elliot gave her attention to the papers on her desk again. She made a comment to no one in particular that Lewis had indeed had cause to keep Mary as close to home as he could. There was nothing like a child, she said, for giving away family secrets. Then she looked at Mary.

"But what are we going to do with you?"

Dundeen said, "May I make a suggestion?"

What he had in mind, he said, was a ranch east of the mountains. A couple of good people up there had lost their top hand to the Army for a couple of years. They were in need of a replacement, even a tenderfoot-girl type. They had plenty of room, indoors and out, and even a jeep for her to ride in.

"I mean my folks," Dundeen said. He put a Dundeen Cattle Corporation business card on the desk. "I talked to them last night. They're all for it. All they need is a call from the people in charge, and they'll be here in three hours."

"I'll call them," Judge Elliot said.

Dundeen looked at Mary. "What do you say?"

Mary tried to say yes, but no words came.

Dundeen cupped her chin and lifted it. "So now I've got a bus to catch. What I want from you is a letter now and then. And when I come back, a girl who's proud and tall. Can do?"

"Can do," she said.

Dundeen turned. "Mr. Murphy," he said to the belligerent cab driver. And to the small porter: "Mr. Snell." He walked toward them. "How's to see a soldier on his way?"

"Be a pleasure," Murphy said.

And the three went out together.

... ...

Of Peaks and Parables

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

You get used to these lean
hills,
Ribs showing in the sun,
Light crashing against
canyon walls
Where lizards run;
For every reckless, rolling
weed
A stubborn, rooted flower
Lives upon the memory
Of some old shower;
And you get used to
wind-worn rocks
And time's unending plan,
For where the years have
taught the earth,
Earth teaches man.

... ...

Beware Those Phony Stock Salesmen! (Continued from Page 19)

lost, in two weeks, only $4000. He may postpone a new car for another season, but he was hurt no more than that.

It was different with T.U.B., 1000 miles away. T.U.B. had farmed for thirty years. Some of them were big years and his savings were in six figures. He may salvage 10 or 20 per cent of this amount, after dealing with the telephoning stranger, but he will never have the comfortable old age for which he had saved. And in an adjoining state the declining years of L.A.B., aged eighty-three, will be pitifully thinner than the already slim ones he had secured before he listened to the seductive voice.

Unless a near miracle occurs, the children of S.C. are not going to college. It was planned that they would, before S.C. answered the phone and was impressed by the simple fact that someone had phoned him from such a great distance. Miss O'C. will work years longer than she had intended, as a domestic in a large Eastern household. Dr. V.F. had thought of giving up his practice and retiring to Florida within two years. He may still retire, but it will now be four years, or six or ten.

When these half dozen answered their phones, they thought they were talking to genuine salesmen, legitimately soliciting business for a legitimate firm dealing in securities. They were not. They were talking to expert, conscienceless con men who, in the shelter of telephone privacy, uttered fantastic lies about themselves, their firms and the dubious or worthless stocks they touted with hypnotic pressure. Anyone with a fair amount of financial experience would have known instantly that such calls must emanate from only one source, a place called a boiler room, and that there is only one sensible response. Hang up!

But the victims say yes. They mail their checks. They wire money. Few pause to reflect—the salesmen invariably say that getting aboard this rich opportunity is a hurry-up matter. Sometimes, in the rush of blabber over the phone, the victim can't remember whether or not he agreed to buy. He need not dwell on it. If his money is not forthcoming promptly, he will be billed by mail. Some people have been billed for purchases they did not agree to, and a high percentage of them are confused enough to pay anyway. The stock certificates are always forthcoming. Failure to deliver them, even though their value may be small, can lead to a Federal rap.

A boiler room is a center of cruel deception. It is a hive of pitchmen who range from larcenous beginners (coxies) to professional fast-talkers (loaders, reloaders and dynamiters) who have had years of experience in gulling the gullible. They slide in and out of stock schemes. They may come and go to and from narcotics, house-repair rackets, Spanish-prisoner schemes or any of the standard con games.

In the boiler room they have a stock to sell, perhaps two or three, and they take a 5 per cent commission on their sales. The house for which they work is a broker-dealer (he takes 15 per cent or more) intent on distributing thousands of shares of the stock. It is a basic premise that there is something wrong with the stock or the price, to warrant this expensive and illegal manner of getting rid of it.

The prospective buyers come from mail inquiries or from purchased lists of names. The sucker list may have been purchased from a source within three blocks of the boiler room in downtown Manhattan. There is said to be available here one expensive list of 5,000,000 "hot" names. All are people with detachable money—G.I.'s with back pay or bonuses, widows recently inheriting estates, and others possessed of plums which presumably they are not equipped to handle wisely.

The fraudulent-stock approach by mail is extravagantly promising but nonfactual literature to which a coupon is attached. It may carry the name of a broker-dealer or an investment adviser. Response to it may at first bring conservative recommendations intended to breed confidence. One of our (*Continued on Page 106*)

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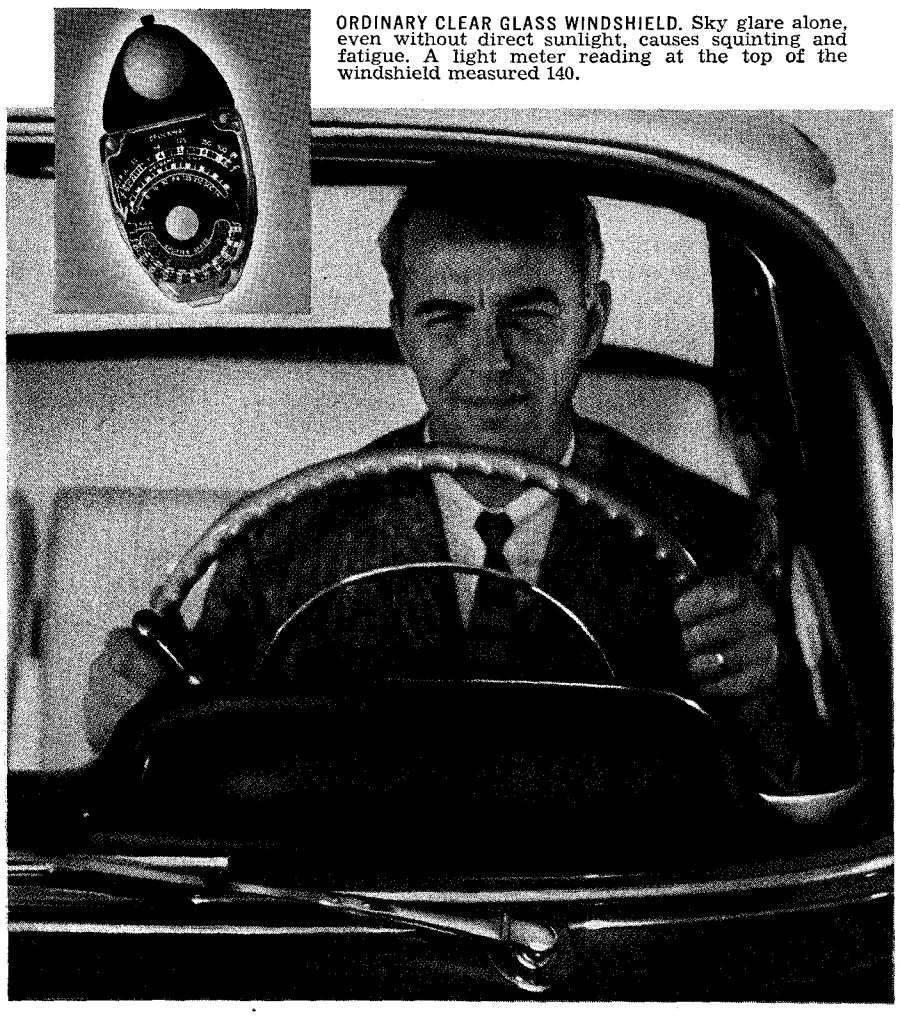
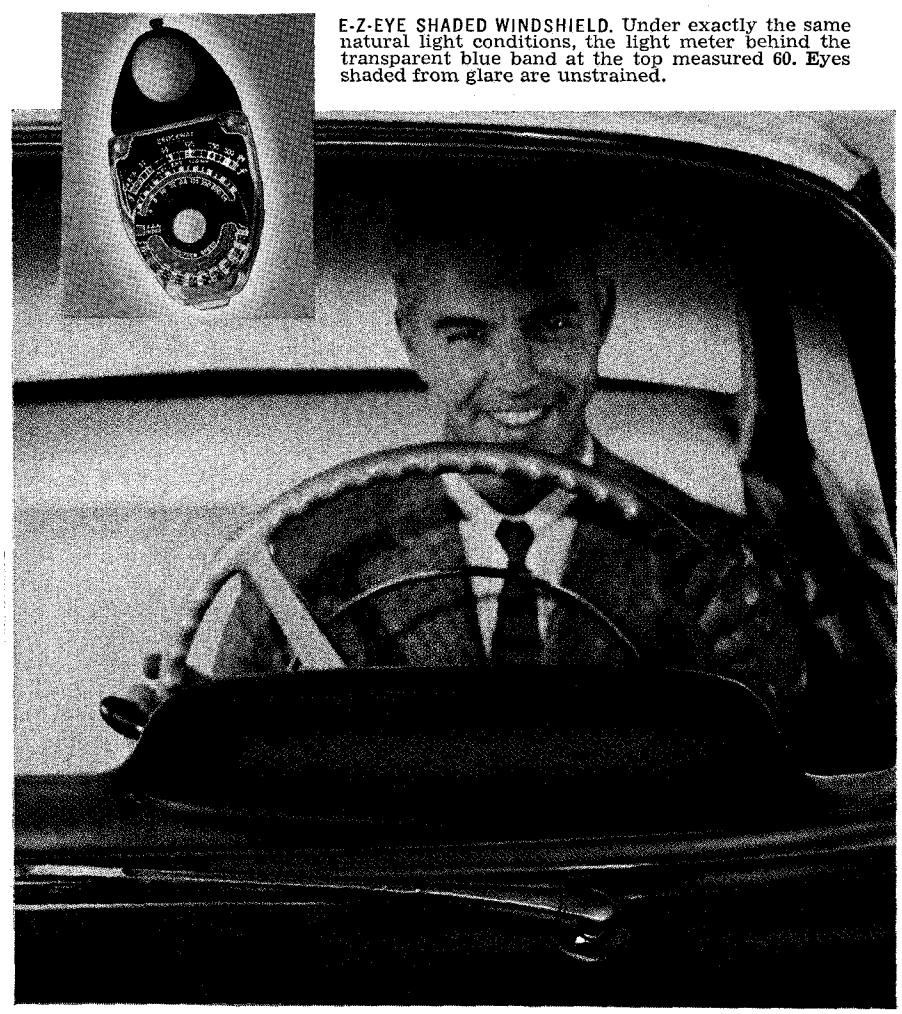
(in your next Chevrolet, for instance)



ORDINARY CLEAR GLASS WINDSHIELD. Sky glare alone, even without direct sunlight, causes squinting and fatigue. A light meter reading at the top of the windshield measured 140.



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High on the E-Z-EYE windshield there's a transparent blue-tinted band that protects your eyes from sky glare, yet gives you clear vision ahead.

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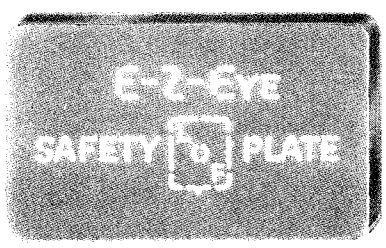
Riding with E-Z-EYE is like cruising along in the cool, clear shade of a tree. Ask your car dealer to give you a trial run. E-Z-EYE is optional equipment on Chevrolets and other General Motors cars. (According to national surveys, "tinted glass" is one of the most wanted features on new cars. It's also one of the least expensive.)



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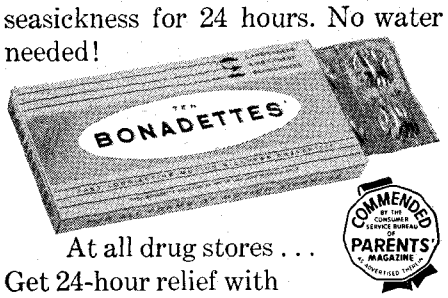

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(*Continued from Page 104*) half dozen victims made money on two well-known securities before the bad one was sprung on him.

At the height of boiler-room activity in New York last year mail solicitation was drawing the astonishing return of 10 and 12 per cent. And sooner or later the telephone call comes. Boiler rooms tapping these lush reservoirs of potential victims have paid weekly telephone bills in the thousands of dollars, representing calls made by batteries of twenty or thirty pitchmen.

On January 12, 1952, The Saturday Evening Post published a confession of a boiler-room salesman. It was a jeering, defiant story in which the author pretended his career, although confessedly criminal, was one of matching wits with customers who had larceny in their own hearts. The point is a little bit right. Buyers of securities are acquisitive. So are people who shift their savings from a bank paying 2 per cent to another paying 2½ per cent. The boiler-room con game, however, is no game among equals. It is predominantly fraud on victims who are inexperienced, who offer trust foolishly or who have too feeble a talent for resistance.

The published confession came from an operator in Toronto, Canada, which at that time was the center of boiler-room activity. Subsequently Ontario authorities swept the stockateers out of town. They moved to Montreal, to New York, and recently, there is reason to believe, some have resumed business in the western provinces of Canada.

Boiler rooms frequently hook up with headline news. A strike is made somewhere in oil, gold, uranium or some other rare metal, and it is predictable that swindlers will promptly offer shares of companies operating in the currently exciting commodity and in or near the area where the latest bonanza has been uncovered. For the last few years increasing realization of the truly great potentials of Canada in ores and oil has unfortunately made stocks of dubious Canadian enterprises especially easy to sell. The long upward course of the legitimate stock markets smoothed the way for the boiler rooms. When friends and neighbors are making profits on the honest markets, the man on the sucker list is that much easier to pluck with the bad ones.

Nevertheless, a large-scale boiler-room invasion of the Wall Street area in 1956 was shocking. For twenty-two years we had had a Federal watchdog, the Securities and Exchange Commission, presumably standing between swindler and investor. Yet within a rifle shot of the New York office of the SEC, felons were droning whoppers into the telephone and unloading misrepresented stocks.

This was a challenge to everything the SEC stood for—complete and honest disclosure of the origin, ownership, nature and backing of securities sold to the public. In some degree SEC could blame its own existence for the success of the boiler rooms. For over a decade New York had been relatively free of fraudulent stock sales.

After this long period of quiet, the average man may have concluded that the SEC had changed criminal nature, that there was no longer need for suspicion and alertness.

The SEC, of course, had done nothing of the kind. That agency requires only that the issuer and seller of shares in an enterprise must describe truthfully and fully what the enterprise is and has. It is not the SEC's province to forecast success of the venture. A company may be formed to dig for gold in the city dump. If it is reasonably established that there might be gold there, and if it is made clear in registration with the SEC, and in the prospectus explaining the stock offering to prospective buyers, that money obtained from selling stock will be properly used, there is no technical bar to the project.

Our present securities laws, nevertheless, are quite different from those prior to establishment of the SEC in 1934. In the old days a crook could sell phony shares in something no more substantial than a piece of blue sky, then skip across a state line and, unless the state where the act occurred could get him back, he was safe.

Now the promoter is dealing with the Federal Government. He must register his project with the SEC before he can use the mails and telephone to sell it. The company whose shares he is offering must have assets which must be explained and recorded with the SEC before the commission will grant permission for public sale of the shares. If the promoter misrepresents those assets or anything else about the company, he is in a Federal fix and no state line will protect him if the SEC can find him.

There are certain exceptions to this requirement, and herein lies an important significance in the 1956 surge of financial misbehavior. The SEC, with its staff and funds limited, cannot hover over every nickel and dime that change pockets in a securities deal. Therefore it has hitherto permitted the issue and sale of small amounts of corporate stock without requiring the exhaustive reports it demands where big money is involved. The line between the little ones and the big ones is set at $300,000. But this exemption of the small issues, it turns out, has been abused. It is so susceptible to abuse that the country's leading brokerage firm treats all such exempt securities as it treats penny mining stocks. It will not execute orders in them.

The $300,000 exemption means small money, and in 1956 the boiler rooms were taking in millions. It was obvious that much grander schemes were in existence. So a counterattack was launched, not only by the SEC but by the whole reputable securities-and-investment industry. The SEC, since it possessed legal powers, was the only body that could act directly and quickly. Armed with voluminous material from victims, the SEC speedily secured court injunctions against the worst boiler-room operators. The first actions were civil. Attacks on criminal grounds take time to prepare and the SEC believed its first obligation was to do what it could to diminish the mulcting of more victims.

For this campaign a young, smart and dedicated lawyer was moved from the Department of Justice to a position as regional administrator of the SEC New York office. He was Paul Windels, Jr., and it would be months before he achieved the decisions he was really seeking. Meanwhile such commandos as Tim Callahan, years ago a Yale football All-American, and Bill Moran, a snappy, crackling colleague, raided the New York boiler rooms. The sites were not particularly concealed. New York newspapermen knew about

What Would You Have Done?

It happened in an isolated small town in Utah. An eight-year-old boy who had been playing in his uncle's auto-repair garage suddenly began screaming with pain. His mother investigated and found he had picked up a steel ball bearing and pushed it into his ear. The ball bearing was barely visible. An expert might have reached it with a probe, but the town's only physician was answering an emergency call many hours away.

Meanwhile, the boy kept screaming with pain and fear. What would you have done?

The uncle inserted a small bolt in the ear far enough to touch the ball bearing. Then he applied a powerful shop magnet to the bolt and very gently pulled out the bolt and the ball bearing with it. No tissue was damaged, and the pain ceased immediately.

DALE L. ALLRED

The Post pays $100 for authentic, typewritten contributions to this department. Those accepted will be acknowledged within a month. Send stamped envelope if return of others is desired. Where several contributors relate similar experiences, the first which meets editorial requirements will be purchased.

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them and, in fact, had been chiding the SEC about their existence. One financial columnist had even obtained some fine stories by planting his own man as an employee in one of the active houses.

All that was usually concealed was the boiler room itself. It was often a bare space fitted with no more than planks and sawhorses or the flimsiest desks. The pressure men—as many as thirty in one establishment—talked into telephones with the crudest kind of noise suppressors. In one location empty orange crates served as talking booths.

Between October of last year and March of this year ten of the largest broker-dealers operating boiler rooms were closed. Two hundred salesmen were shaken loose from their lucrative telephones.

This was a happy event for suckers who had not yet been solicited, but Windels was well aware that injunctions and suspension do not destroy stockateers. They move, think up new names, obtain new merchandise and start again. For this reason, the SEC office was also preparing evidence to present to grand juries for criminal action against boiler-room operators and salesmen.

The first of these was against Walter F. Tellier, described as the country's largest dealer in penny stocks. Tellier was viewed by the SEC as a pioneer in ways of actually using SEC regulations to further his fraudulent schemes. Tellier customers had to signify that they had read the prospectus describing any stock they bought from the firm. Tellier-printed literature, carefully filed with the SEC, carried small-print advice to customers to disregard anything that might be said by salesmen over the telephone.

Despite these cautious wrappings of the Tellier offerings, the Federal District Court in Brooklyn, on March 13, 1957, convicted Walter Tellier and two associates on thirty-six counts of mail fraud and violations of the Securities Act. Tellier was fined $18,000 and sentenced to four and a half years in jail. The charges were based on the sale of only a single security, Alaska Telephone debentures, although the Tellier firm had marketed approximately forty doubtful issues. In the sale of this one security, the court found that 1800 persons had been swindled out of $900,000.

The SEC's triumph in the Tellier case was spread broadly over a number of legal points. But the direct gain in the campaign against the boiler rooms and their operators was that the Government had shown that it could successfully prosecute phone-fraud cases even in the face of filings and registrations with the SEC. With the Tellier decision to support it, the commission was now armed with a powerful deterrent against other boiler-room operators—threat of criminal prosecution and prison terms.

In the Tellier case it was made clear that sellers of stock should not lie to customers. Now, in another major area of questionable stock distribution, the SEC is engaged in making another point—that it is also a crime for a company or its officials to evade registration with the SEC in issuing its own stock. This test is in its earliest stages of development. It has nothing to do with the marketing practices of Tellier and the stock was not handled by Tellier. But it is a big case, sprawling over countries, states and provinces, and it concerns the allegedly sinful birth of securities which thereafter were sold by boiler rooms.

The subject is Great Sweet Grass Oils, Ltd., and it carried the level of boiler-room operations, usually concerned with small, little-known companies, to an unusual financial height. For Great Sweet Grass was listed on the country's second largest stock exchange, the American, and up to last October had been traded in for about two years as a normal, modest Canadian company with some gas and oil production and perhaps some prospects of growth.

But suddenly, on October 25, 1956, the SEC temporarily suspended trading in Great Sweet Grass stock. This bombshell action forbade anyone in the country to use the mails, telephone or private wires to buy or sell the stock. What had happened? Why had the SEC taken the devastating action of throttling the public market in the shares of what had been, only a year or so earlier, a perfectly ordinary Canadian company in respectable standing?

The explanation necessarily starts way back. In its earlier and quieter days Great Sweet Grass had, using round figures, 2,000,000 shares of common stock outstanding. These shares were owned by investors, speculators or anyone else who wanted to own that particular stock. In October, 1956, the number of shares of Great Sweet Grass had been more than doubled. This increase could have been quite all right. Stockholders in a corporation are entitled to vote their corporation permission to issue new stock for a number of purposes. One of these purposes is to acquire another company by paying for it with the newly issued stock.

Presumably the company that thus acquires another gets new properties worth fully as much as the newly issued stock which pays for it. It is done every day and often it is advantageous for both parties to the transaction. It does not involve selling new stock to the public. Therefore, it is known as a "no-sale" transaction and the SEC, under Rule 133, exempts stock so issued from the rigors of full registration and approval.

Some of the increased amount of outstanding Great Sweet Grass stock came into being in this ostensibly legal manner. But also it began to appear in boiler rooms in larger and larger quantities. As October neared, there was widespread boiler-room distribution of Great Sweet Grass under heavy sales pressure at prices of four to five dollars per share. These circumstances were suspicious. It might even be thought that someone had large amounts of stock, wanted to get rid of it in a hurry and was willing to pay the high costs of boiler-room distribution instead of using the less expensive public market of the American Exchange. The inference might even be drawn that whoever was selling the thousands of shares had acquired them at considerably less than market cost.

In October the SEC exposed what it thought about these quantities of Great Sweet Grass that had appeared in the boiler rooms. The commission alleged that more than 2,000,000 shares had been created under the cloak of the above exemption, in a phony manner and for fraudulent purposes. It was alleged that the then president of Great Sweet Grass, Samuel Ciglen, had indulged in some tricky manipulation, not only to bring into existence more Sweet Grass stock but to get it back into his own hands and then to have it sold through boiler rooms in New York. His profit on such deals, not only in Sweet Grass but also in Kroy Oils, Ltd.—fairly parallel to Sweet Grass in history, market and ultimate suspension—was approximately $6,500,000. Ciglen denied it, but he refused to come into the United States to make the denial.

It is the contention of SEC that Ciglen and his ring, for example, would have

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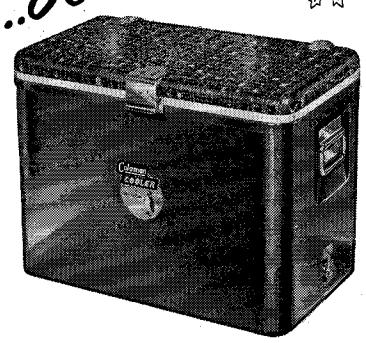

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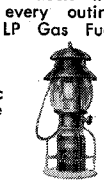

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"I have had lots of troubles"

AFTER YEARS OF WORK, the doorway to literary success finally opened. She managed to get her novel, *Moods*, published.

It promptly flopped.

Undaunted, she wrote a second novel, which instantly turned out to be the rage of 1869. Businessmen, lawyers, housewives, everybody read and talked about *Little Women*.

Fortune had finally smiled on Louisa May Alcott. Twenty years had passed between her first writings and *Little Women*—years of privation, struggle, pain. She had worked as a maid, as a paid companion, had nearly lost her life as a Civil War nurse, had once come close to suicide.

Now world-famous, her family secure, she would write many more books. And people would love them. For, as she said, "I have had lots of troubles; so I write jolly tales."

In those words, spoke the kind of unvarnished courage without which this country would be a far poorer place. Poorer not only by Louisa May Alcott's stories, but by the accomplishments of millions. For it is human courage and character that have made America wealthy and strong. And have made America's Savings Bonds one of the world's finest investments.

170 million Americans back U.S. Savings Bonds—back them with a guarantee unmatched by any other form of saving. Your principal guaranteed safe to any amount—your interest guaranteed sure—by the greatest nation on earth. If you want *real* security, buy Bonds. Get them at your bank or through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work. And hold on to them.

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Great Sweet Grass issue $2,000,000 worth of its own stock to acquire what purported to be another company worth $2,000,000. But by collusion and prearrangement, the other company would really be worth only $500,000, and its owners would secretly sell back to Ciglen the $2,000,000 worth of Sweet Grass for $500,000.

Ciglen would not receive the stock directly, since that would be dangerous, but would have it delivered to a series of fake or stooge names purporting to be investors. The stock would then be dispatched to New York boiler rooms for sale. Each block would be accompanied by a letter from one of the fake names, stating, as the rules require, that he or she was an investment owner offering this stock for sale. An FBI expert testified that these investment owners, if they were not fake, at least had a curious habit—all of one group used the same typewriter. The SEC alleges that the money all went to Ciglen and associates. And the Commission claims that the whole series of maneuvers made it clear that the acquired property was falsely valued and that instead of new stock being issued under proper exemption for a "no-sale" transaction, it was issued for the very purpose of selling it quickly and at four times what it was worth.

Some very sobering circumstances turned up in or surrounding the Sweet Grass and Kroy affair. Money that financed one of the boiler-room distributors looked as if it might have come from Western gangsters. A man who arranged an Oklahoma transaction never has been found. Neither has a woman, presumably in New York, who turned over a $300,000 block of stock to a boiler room, payment for which disappeared promptly into a Swiss trust, but emerged within a matter of hours to pay for further Sweet Grass trading. A Swiss trust or a similar institution of some other country is a bank in which the law of the land protects the identity of its accounts. This is troublesome to the SEC in its pursuit of unhealthy stock origins. But as in everything else the SEC does, the problem is how to crack open the refuges of sharpies without becoming burdensome and injurious to the honest and innocent.

The SEC actions against Great Sweet Grass look fairly innocuous, so far. After holding public hearings, the SEC on April tenth permanently suspended trading in the stocks of Great Sweet Grass and Kroy Oils on the American Stock Exchange. But the SEC also is preparing the criminal grounds for the Department of Justice to seek convictions of operators who pick up modest little properties and issue lots of falsely valued stock against them, just as in the Tellier decision SEC has a conviction of the people who peddle such stock through the boiler rooms. Then, with contemplated legislation or procedure to plug loopholes in registration exemptions, the SEC will have scored heavily against the boiler-room racket.

However, the presence of even a stronger policeman nearby is no cure-all if citizens persist in the foolish assumption that nothing bad can ever happen with the cop standing there, and consequently neglect to do their own thinking. No one knows this better than the legitimate securities trade, which is painfully hurt and tarnished by such illegitimacies as boiler rooms. Too many boiler-burned victims, failing to differentiate between the reputable and the illegal, tend to turn their backs on the whole sphere of financial investment.

Thus, when the pressure was high in the boiler rooms last year the securities trade got together with the New York state attorney general's office, the SEC and the Better Business Bureau to offer instruction on how to avoid swindles. Members of the New York and American stock exchanges and three national securities and investment bodies printed and distributed a list of five do's and five don'ts in buying securities (see box below).

Certainly dealing with a reputable broker is no guarantee against losing money, but at least you are not whipped to begin with, as you surely will be if you deal with a perfect stranger selling unknown merchandise over the telephone.

The impact of the telephone call from a boiler room varies with the individual victim, but is too often simply incredible. Why would anyone hand over to an unknown caller all or part of his life savings in return for something about whose value he knows nothing?

Take one of our half dozen, the owner of a retail establishment. He would never consider permitting a flashy stranger to take expensive merchandise from his store in return for nothing more than a few words of assurance and an I.O.U. with an unknown signature. Yet, in a way, he did just that.

"A friend gave me a tip and then I got a phone call on this same stock. The fellow who called talked so much that I agreed to buy some just to get him to hang up. I couldn't take any more." This is hardly a sound investment principle.

Perhaps one of our half dozen, the domestic in an Eastern household, may most easily be excused for her misplaced confidence. She didn't expect to be lied to, she had had no financial experience, and a long-distance call seemed awfully important to her. How could she know that employees of members of the big exchanges are forbidden to solicit business from strangers over the telephone or even by personal visits? She didn't know. But she could have asked her employer.

Without the restraint of truth, the stockateers can play whatever tune appears to offer success. If cajolery won't do it, other means might. Shame, if it can be generated. Bullying, if need be.

As far as is known at this moment, there are no large boiler rooms active in New York City. But lucrative fraud is persistent. The SEC can hardly do the whole job. Perhaps potential boiler-room victims had better help with their own defenses. If a strange man calls, hang up.

THE END

DO'S and DON'TS for the Investor

DO

- Get the facts.
- Ask for full reports in writing.
- Buy a stock as thoughtfully as you buy a car.
- Check your doubts with the man who knows.
- Deal with a broker whose reputation you know.

DON'T

- Buy on rumors or tips.
- Fall for get-rich-quick promises.
- Buy if you can't afford the risk of loss.
- Let the high-pressure man bend your ear.
- Be a Yes-man to phone-gabbing pitchmen.

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They Rescue the Mail (Continued from Page 27)

to recover the mail strewn for miles by this blast, but she imagined that it must have been a tough job and she wanted to express appreciation.

She was entirely right, and her perceptive note was received in Denver with pleasure and some surprise—surprise because rescuing the mail is a rugged job which has been given scant attention and less thanks. It is a little-known duty of the post-office inspectors. They are far better known for their highly skillful detective work against mail robbers, swindlers and forgers.

But these same men battle wilderness and swamps, race over icy roads and claw their way up mountains whenever natural or man-made violence stops the mail. They go at it as if they were stanching a severed artery, and, in a way, they are. They go at it as if life and death rode the mails, and frequently that is true.

What makes all this admirable is that the inspectors are not woodsmen or mountain climbers. Yet, they often dash in where professional outdoorsmen would hesitate to tread. They don't pretend to like it. Their assignments are often hazardous, grisly and an open invitation to broken legs and double pneumonia. But they get there.

Many things can stop the United States mail, but not for long—that's the basic policy. On one rousing occasion bad luck outdid itself by offering a burning train amid a heavy blizzard in the middle of nowhere. But some of the mail was snatched out and put in motion again, still hot, within fifteen minutes.

The circumstances in the Colorado calamity were peculiar in that the mail was thrown around, not only by a violent explosion but also by strong wind. The job was also peculiar in calling for an extremely careful search for every scrap of letter, post card or parcel, far too small to be salvaged as mail. For the dark conviction had taken form—the inspectors were the first to see this shocking possibility—that here was an appalling case of mass murder.

The searchers were all too right. Months later this case would be called "a crime without counterpart in the reported cases" by judges who added, "We doubt if anything approaching it can be found in fiction."

The case began at 7:15 on the night of November 1, 1955, when a Denver television station interrupted its program to report the airplane disaster. In a matter of minutes, R. B. Dunbar, post-office inspector in charge in Denver, was at the loading dock of the Denver post office with Inspector John A. McCullough. There they met Jack Glidden, acting regional transportation manager, who had a copy of the mail manifest and a description of all registered pieces loaded at Denver. Tossing a supply of empty mail sacks into the car, the three headed out of Denver on a lonely road, without so much as a village for a hundred miles. A cold, gusty wind occasionally blew tumbleweed across the highway. The three rode mostly in silence.

Inspector Carl A. Pollock had phoned from Greeley, a little closer to the scene. He was on the way. Somewhere ahead on Highway 87 were Inspectors Joseph Murphy and E. S. Windbigler, of Denver. Pollock would set up a rendezvous point. There was no need to lay plans. The inspectors were old hands at this work.

When they got to Longmont they found a rescue expedition forming. A pilot car led off, followed by an airlines rescue bus and assorted cars. This was farming country. Across the fields could be seen the red-yellow glow of two fires.

A helicopter milled in and took a low, zigzag course, dropping flares. The light revealed a wide path of debris: bits of metal, seats, personal effects, crumpled bodies. Up ahead, men were at work around the fires, which burned all night. Oil and gasoline soaked into porous ground which served as a wick.

Rescue workers were going about their business efficiently. The inspectors went into action with the same seasoned competence. Forming a skirmish line, they worked their way across the field. But only scattered pieces of mail were found.

"There's some over where the tail came down," a Civil Defense driver reported. The tail had landed about two miles from the point where the rest of the plane struck earth. Severed neatly just ahead of the elevators, it rested upright on an even keel. Dunbar noted, by the light of a patrol car, that it had apparently made a gentle landing. It hadn't even cut a furrow in the soft plowed land.

Here were several orange-colored mail sacks, torn, but with their contents in good shape. They found bundles of letters, and these, too, were in good condition. Dunbar began adding up impressions and was troubled. Things were too good. In that roadway of debris the searchers had seen many fragments of seats, cushions and drapes. What they had not seen disturbed Dunbar. Nowhere had they seen evidence of fire. Flammable materials had neither burned nor scorched.

The tail showed no signs of twisting or tearing. Dunbar, who had looked on many scenes of appalling death and destruction, found this sight in many ways far more shocking than anything he had seen previously. Until then, it had been assumed that this was an accidental explosion, caused by some failure of the plane's mechanisms. Now Dunbar felt sickeningly sure that he was looking at a man-made explosion, which would mean that this was a monstrous mass murder.

As a youth, Dunbar had worked in mines. There, and later in Army demolition work, he had seen hundreds of blasts. The wrecked plane looked to him like the work of dynamite—one of the characteristics of dynamite is that its paper wrapping may be shredded without being scorched.

The dynamite might have been in the luggage or hidden in some part of the passenger compartment or in a parcel in the mail. If the latter, the inspectors faced the worst of their many bomb cases, worst in number of victims.

In murder-by-mail cases the evidence usually blows itself to bits. The inspectors have solved many such crimes despite the fact that no other form of detective work starts with so little information. Usually the only clues are tiny fragments of paper, cardboard, metal and wire. From the moment they suspected dynamite, the inspectors assembled in that Colorado field were determined to recover every scrap of mail. Pieces hardly larger than confetti would be studied minutely and sniffed for a significant odor.

It was then close to midnight. Boys who had slipped through police roadblocks came up to say that they had seen mail in fields south of the Little Thompson River. The marshy meadows had flooded. The searchers' flashlights sent wild ducks into flight from reedy sections. Half-wild cattle ran as the walkers approached; then turned, snuffing and blowing, to watch. Plodding along in wet shoes, the inspectors kept walking until they were five miles from the fires.

The scurrying clouds obscured the moon and halted operations. Tugging a salvaged blanket around him, Dunbar estimated the night's recovery as a little more than 100 pounds—including, oddly, a basketball, fully inflated, shorn of all wrappings, but without a scratch. That mail was sent to Denver for examination and forwarding.

At daybreak another 200 pounds was recovered when the plane's nose was hoisted. But the hunt continued for five days, in which time the searchers covered thirty-four square miles—a strip four miles wide and eight and a half miles long.

As they finished, word came that the Civil Aeronautics Board agreed with their diagnosis that dynamite had been used. The inspectors were reasonably certain however, that it had not been in the mail. Their analysis was confirmed on November fourteenth, when Jack Gilbert Graham, twenty-three years old, confessed to placing twenty-five sticks of dynamite in the luggage carried by his mother, after insuring her life for $37,500. One of four passengers boarding the plane at Denver, she had unwittingly carried death for all the rest.

When many lives come to a haphazard end on some barren mountainside, what happens to the mail might seem relatively unimportant. But life and death can be involved in the mail, too, most obviously when rare medicine is speeding to a patient or special surgical instruments are being rushed across country for a desperate operation. These considerations, and pride in the postal service, prompt the rescue workers to get going fast.

One thing the inspectors always worry about is the possibility that a mail shipment may contain jewels. The ordinary citizen shows great respect for other people's mail. Volunteers will go to rugged efforts to see that somebody's letter is sent on its way. But this respect doesn't extend to other people's jewels, as witness the big diamond scramble that took place on Bear Hollow Mountain.

A crash south of Polk, Pennsylvania, scattered the motors, propellers and forward compartment of a smoking plane along a spring-fed quagmire. Motor oil mixed with the mud. Of 1000 pounds of mail, only ten pounds survived the fire. But searchers found a diamond in the ashes, then more, finally a total of sixty-one. To an airline official who had been the first on the scene, this seemed a lot of diamonds, and he supposed that did it. He declared salvage operations ended and left.

Some sixty onlookers had gathered. They lingered. Somebody found another diamond. Stripping off shoes and stockings, men, women and children floundered into the quagmire. Townsfolk hurried out to join the diamond hunt. The search went on all night. Next morning brought the inspectors. They set about questioning practically all citizens of all ages. Not everybody had found a diamond, but it was a well-bejeweled neighborhood. In time, 518 diamonds were surrendered by more than 100 finders.

Mud was hauled down the mountainside. In the post-office basement this was washed with scalding water, dried, screened five times, and the screenings were searched three times. It took three weeks, but in six tons of dirt 143 diamonds were recovered along with many expensive rings. A single diamond was valued at $18,840. Postal employees put in just about 1000 hours on the case.

Such searches always have elements of suspense, because the inspectors are at work long before they know what the mail shipment contains. Inspector L. E. Smith, of Norristown, Pennsylvania, was dispatched to Wilburton, Pennsylvania, one serene June afternoon. Halfway up Big Mountain the wreckage of a six-motored plane was strewn over an area equal to two city blocks. The forty-three passengers were all dead. The only rescue work to be done would concern the mail.

Men had appeared from nowhere, as they seem to do, no matter how remote the locale. Smith found a cardboard box, placed it on the ground and declared it a United States post office. The searchers brought him wallets that had been emptied, but the mail they turned in was intact. There were the usual incongruities. Near Smith's collection point lay a pile of woman's clothing, still neatly folded. The owner, as it turned out, wasn't aboard. Overstaying on a visit to Chicago, she had missed the plane.

A fur stole gave Smith his worst moments. Time after time he asked searchers not to pick it up. If they did, Smith had to replace it. The fur piece covered the head and shoulders of a beautiful young woman—head and shoulders and nothing more.

"So this is Henry's boss!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Recovery the first day was routine—about 1000 pieces of ordinary mail. But on the second day the lock of a mailbag was found a considerable distance away. One bag had been catapulted ahead in flames. Only the lock remained. When Smith saw it, his eyebrows rose. It was a rotary lock, used only on registered mail, which often contains something of high value.

Now a tiny sparkle caught a searcher's eye. He unearthed a small diamond. Digging gently, searchers found others. No two were together and they had been darkened by fire. Nevertheless, by evening 182 diamonds and twenty-five gold rings had been recovered.

The news spread rapidly. Smith figured that his best bet was to shovel up the dirt not yet explored and take it to Pottsville. As the dirt was strained and sifted, seventy-nine more diamonds were found. The plane had carried a shipment of 326 diamonds mailed by the New York gem dealer, Harry Winston. Many were worth $1000 or more.

It developed, also, that some 150 items of registered mail had contained securities, and these items were missing. In one single package there were stock certificates worth $800,000.

To get duplicate certificates is slow business, taking four to six months. Whether the stock skyrockets or tumbles, meanwhile, the owner can't sell. Fortunately for the anxious owners, the plane had hit a 66,000-volt transformer as it bored into the hillside. The violence of the impact blew a lot of dirt skyward, burying the mail as it fell and thereby saving it from fire.

Of 636 pounds of mail aboard, just under 156 pounds was recovered, but as most of it had to be dug up, literally, the work took three weeks.

Occasionally the inspectors have to recover money that has been strewn all over the countryside. Some remarkably good recoveries are made. It helps that the inspectors occasionally encounter honesty in large amounts. A pouch containing $25,000 in bills rolled back under a Union Pacific train when tossed out at Fort Lupton, Colorado. The train was doing eighty miles an hour, and money followed it like a cloud. Half of a bill picked from a coach at Rawlins, Wyoming, matched another half found at Fort Lupton, 250 miles away. Some of the money was destroyed under the wheels. Even so, the salvagers recovered $24,327. A Fort Lupton man raised the total by one dollar, a few weeks later, when he found a bill on his roof.

As it happened, very little mail was involved in the worst airline disaster of recent history. The two planes which smashed together on June 30, 1956, above Grand Canyon, carried 128 men, women and children, but only 188 pounds of mail. This was one case where the inspectors couldn't get anywhere near the burned wreckage.

Army helicopters descending to the floor of the canyon recovered five pounds and fourteen ounces of mail from the debris of one of the planes. It was turned over to Inspector K. E. Franzen, of Flagstaff, and K. W. Avery, air postal transportation officer, at the morgue at Fort Tuthill. The closest the post office inspectors could get to the wreckage of the other plane, which was on a ledge jutting out from an almost vertical cliff, was a spot on the opposite side of the canyon. To reach that they needed a Navajo guide. Careful study with powerful glasses showed no glimpse of white or orange mail sacks.

A light Army observation plane scouted for pouches which might have been thrown clear, but this, too, was fruitless. No mail whatsoever was recovered from the second plane; it was one of the rare times when these operations have to be closed with no success at all. Total recovery from the other plane was 148 letters and two small parcels.

The ratio of exertion to mail recovered often runs extremely high. What's saved may be frozen into cakes of mud and ice, soaked with water and oil, scorched, muddy or bloody. Consider the high price per letter paid by Inspector E. D. Chance and Assistant Superintendent A. E. Willoughby when an airliner crashed into a mountain, at 8500 feet, on a January day in 1942.

They drove all night from Los Angeles. Then for seven hours in heavy snow they climbed the mountain. But the wreckage was on a ledge they couldn't reach. They had to descend and climb the other side of the mountain. To get down before dark allowed only a few hours each day on the scene. They recovered about sixty-eight pounds of mail, out of 556 aboard.

That was the crash in which Carole Lombard of the movies lost her life, and it seemed inevitable that souvenir hunters would come in spring. Airline officials wanted to bury the wreckage in blasted rock. The inspectors assented, since most of the missing mail pretty clearly had been destroyed by fire.

Because of space limitations, planes can carry relatively little mail. For real disruption, affecting lives by the thousands, it takes a train wreck. The heaviest mail train operated on the Union Pacific smashed up in February of 1952 under circumstances which gave the inspectors five weeks of rugged work involving mail worth millions of dollars.

The trailer of a gasoline transport turned over and dropped to the railroad tracks east of Morgan, Utah, just as Train No. 5 roared out of a tunnel 600 feet away. Flaming gasoline sprayed the locomotive and ten cars. Heat melted air hoses, and the train froze, locked above the fire.

There were, roughly, 6000 sacks of mail on this train. There was also a railway post office. The men aboard that, working frantically, got most of the letter mail out—and into a raging blizzard.

The whole train burned fiercely, and they had to move the burning train to Morgan for a better supply of water. At nightfall the $250,000 train was a blackened hulk. Inspectors P. H. Bessliere and T. A. Follows, who had raced over icy roads from Salt Lake City, knew by now what the train carried: United States bonds worth $40,000,000; thousands of blank Treasury checks, to be used as pay checks for the Pacific Fleet; six pouches of blank United States Savings bonds; and hundreds of secret or confidential military documents and books bearing on Korean operations.

Charred mail had been shoveled into piles along the right of way during the fire-fighting. Hundreds of onlookers stood about. So a huge hole was dug, fifty by sixteen by ten feet deep, and the rubble was buried. When this pit was opened, a thirteen-man post-office crew spent fifteen days in bitter cold removing and sorting the debris.

Inquiries poured in for months. From them and from what the salvage workers recovered, you get a glimpse of what rides in a big mail shipment, what is involved in hopes and fears, friendship and love, in business. There were money orders to individuals and businesses, great quantities of business correspondence, Government credentials, Government pay checks, auto-license plates. There were passports, union cards, shipments of medicine, machine parts, gifts. And hundreds of parcels of food intended for sons in the Navy or in the Army in Korea.

Only rarely do the inspectors know what any letter says. They—and only they—are allowed to open a letter, but they do so only to get a clue to the sender's address. They know in general, however, that any plane or train will carry love letters, letters confirming business deals, bids for contracts, letters telling of births and deaths, X-ray plates and pension checks.

There will be mail of the utmost triviality, mail which would never be missed, including letters to people on sucker lists. But the only safe assumption is that every letter or card is important to someone.

Certain examples stick in the inspectors' minds. On his deathbed an old man wrote to his son, hoping for a reconciliation. The letter was delayed and arrived after the man died. Another son left home after a quarrel with his father and joined the Air Force. In December the father relented, wanted the boy home for Christmas, and sent money for the fare. That letter, too, was delayed. Assuming that his parents wanted no part of him, the son volunteered for extremely dangerous duty and was killed.

After that big Utah wreck the post office inspectors heard from an immigrant who had received a piece of smoky mail marked "damaged and delayed by fire."

"This is democracy," he wrote. "Where else in the world would a post card written in a foreign language be given such care? The card was from my mother in Czechoslovakia. It told me that my brother, who was lost behind the Iron Curtain five years ago, is alive and well."

Get the mail moving again in spite of hell and high water. That's the general resolve, and sometimes the high water is literal. In the floods following Hurricane Diane, in 1955, Inspectors J. E. Hickey and L. H. Finerfrock, of Worcester, Massachusetts, traveled a little more than fifty miles to reach Rochdale—eight miles away. The swollen French River had undercut the post office until only two walls remained. Finerfrock tied a rope around his waist, entered gingerly as bits of floor fell into the water, and recovered 653 pieces of mail from the boxes.

In any disaster, resumption of mail-as-usual is found to have a powerfully reassuring effect on the public. In their determination to retrieve the mail from any and all calamities, post-office employees have as a classic precedent an example of wonderful stubbornness that may never be topped. The tale concerns ten high-spirited men who ignored the San Francisco earthquake and rode out a holocaust.

Fire swept on the post office from four directions. Ten employees decided to stay and try to stand off this siege. They were armed only with mail sacks soaked in water from the freight-elevator tank. A whole city was burning around them, and this was as preposterous a defiance as could be imagined. The fire came through a window, doors burned, window frames burned. The heat cracked the building's granite exterior. But the defenders, flailing away with those mail sacks, wouldn't let the fire get a foothold.

Amazingly, they won. Next day they dug a well in the basement, got the boilers and lights working. Two days after the quake the post office was running again. Wagons laboring over heaps of rubble collected mail written on shingles, pages torn from books and on the linen cuffs of shirts. Nobody had stamps. The postmaster was personally responsible for all mail moved without stamps, but he ignored this cheerfully. The first wagon marked "U. S. Mail" was followed by cheering crowds. THE END

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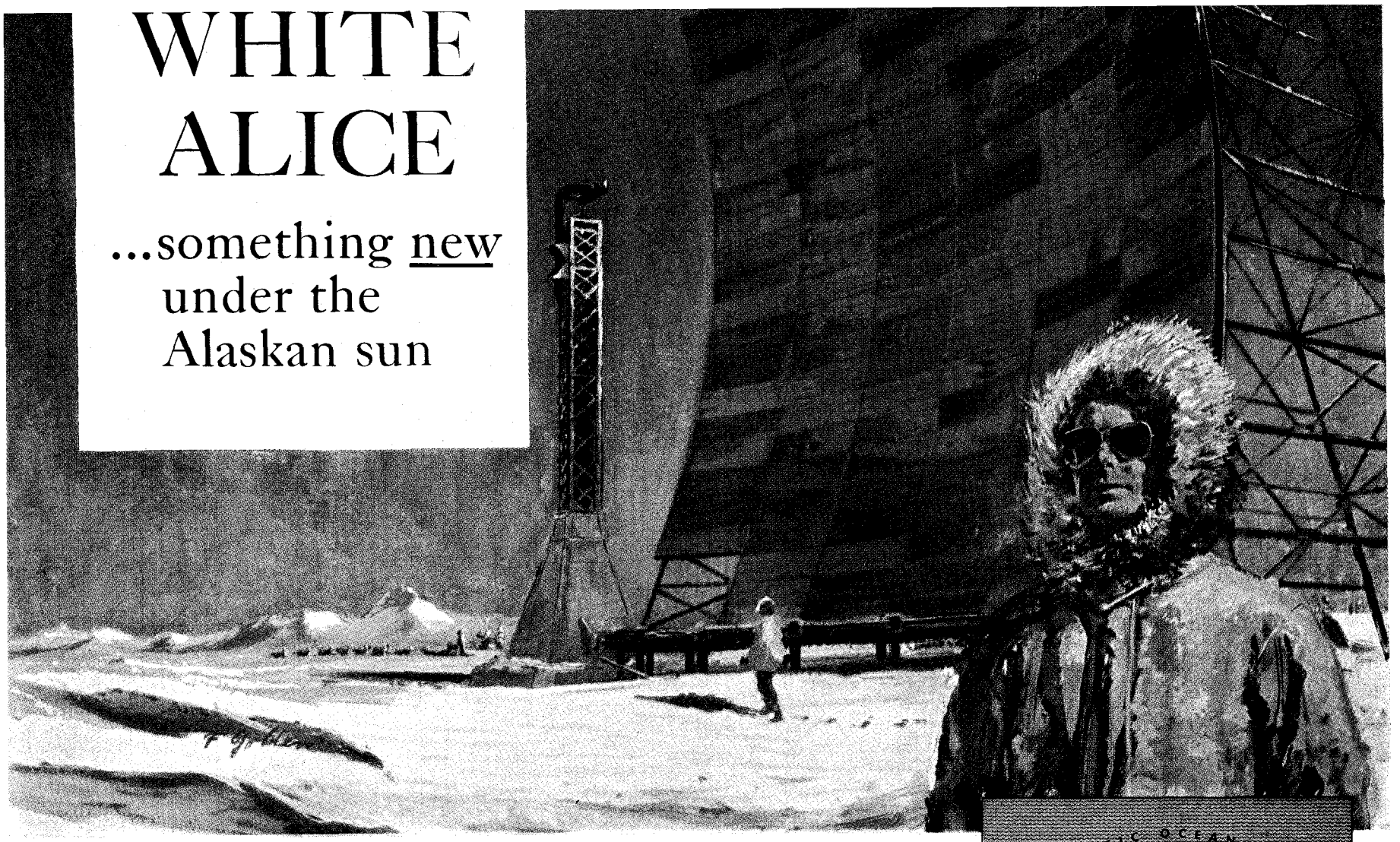
WHITE ALICE

...something <u>new</u> under the Alaskan sun



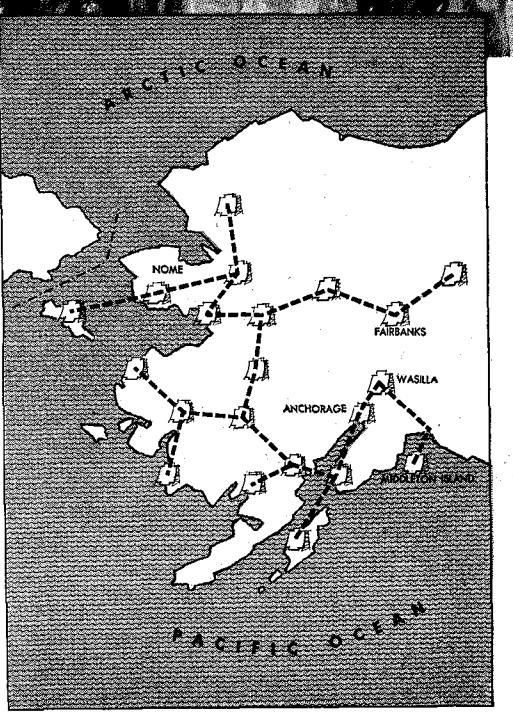
Giant "over-the-horizon" antennas like this transmit and receive signals beamed from more than 150 miles away and bounced off the troposphere, a layer of air five to seven miles above the earth's surface.

If enemy planes ever threaten our distant northern frontiers, huge antennas like this will flash the news to combat centers in the Alaskan Air Command, and do it regardless of adverse atmospheric conditions.

They're part of the *White Alice* project, the new defense communications system spanning inaccessible regions, conquering a static-choked atmosphere and savage storms. Western Electric was asked to build it by the U. S. Air Force.

The first links have already been turned over for service. When the system is completed and tied in with existing facilities, *White Alice* will give Alaska some 3100 route miles of long distance voice and telegraph channels. Besides enabling our defense forces to receive instant reports of aircraft detected by radar installations, the new system will also bring telephone service to many remote areas for the first time.

Western Electric was entrusted with *White Alice* because it is a difficult communications project – one for which we, as the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System, have the special skills and experience needed. Beyond this, we are able to call upon the combined skills of the people in our sister companies of the Bell System and our thousands of suppliers . . . the same team that provides your Bell telephone service here at home.



Sending and receiving stations will soon dot Alaska along *White Alice* routes. Western Electric — Bell telephone crews must battle sub-zero weather, summer thaw, over some of the toughest terrain in North America.

Western Electric

MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

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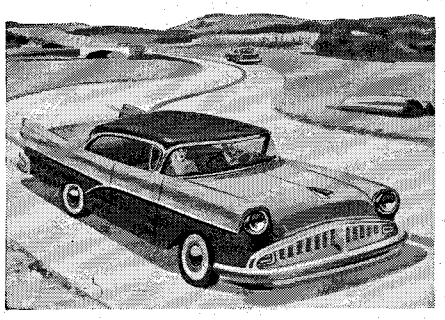

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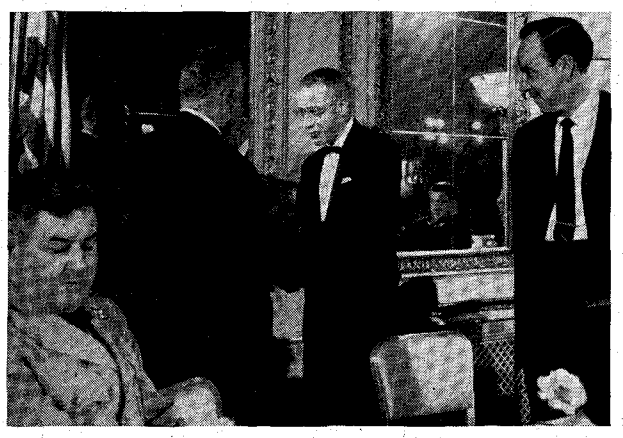
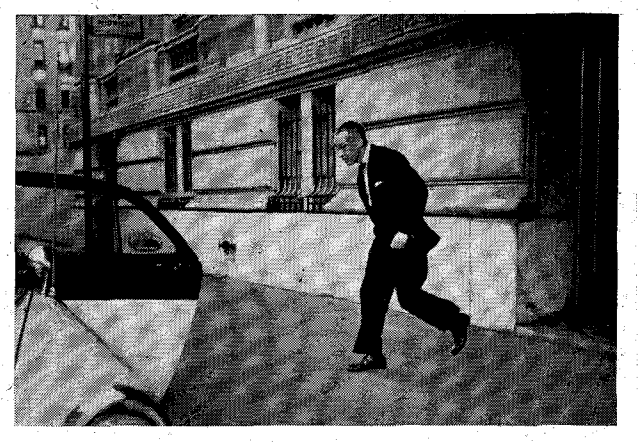
Keeping Posted



Sol Taishoff gives John Bartlow Martin the Sigma Delta Chi Award; left, Gen. Curtis LeMay, right, John Daly.



Martin departs in haste from award banquet. Reason: he's due at another one right away.

From Henning Larsen, provost of University of Illinois (right), Martin receives Benjamin Franklin Award.

Adventures of a Prize Winner

John Bartlow Martin is used to winning awards, but for his 1956 writing he had the new experience of landing two at one stroke: a University of Illinois Benjamin Franklin Magazine Award ($500) for the best article or series "depicting life, culture or institutions in the U.S.," and the Sigma Delta Chi Award for the best magazine reporting of the year, both for his mental-health series, INSIDE THE ASYLUM (Oct., Nov., '56, Post). When Martin discovered that through some twitch of fate the presentation ceremonies would occur on the same night in different New York hotels, he had the darnedest time setting up a shuttle itinerary; but with friends spotted around to whoosh him in and out of receptions, taxis and dining halls, the bewildered author and his happy wife, Fran, became practically omnipresent.

In the four years of Benjamin Franklin Awards, this is Martin's third victory. His other winning articles: WHY DID IT HAPPEN: THE RIOT AT JACKSON PRISON (June 6–27, '53, Post) and MURDER ON HIS CONSCIENCE (about Nathan Leopold, April 2–23, '55, Post). And now he's giving you perhaps his ablest achievement—see installment II of his desegregation report on page 32. Martin, an Ohioan, free-lances out of Chicago, and his busy typewriter has tackled such labors of love as turning out campaign speeches for Adlai Stevenson, both in 1952 and in 1956.

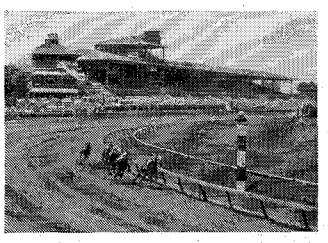
Martin, in devoting six months to the desegregation project, did most of his legwork in rented cars—"The only way to get the feel of a region is by car." He crisscrossed the Deep South just after it had been getting a lot of lumps from the Northern press, and understandably he wasn't exactly received with open arms. He was in one town three days before anybody would speak to him. "As usual, the best stuff I got was in the small places." He got a few good breaks, such as being in Montgomery, Alabama, the night the Supreme Court bus desegregation ruling came down and thus he had a chance to attend a Citizens Council meeting while things were boiling.

The original plan was for Martin to concentrate on three sample cities, one where desegregation worked easily, one where it worked with great difficulty, and one where it just didn't work at all. But he tossed out that format as too inflexible as soon as he ran into the highly organized, virtually unanimous resistance movement in the far South. "I had gone South with the impression that desegregation was working out pretty well, except for minor flare-ups or the outcries of a few die-hards." But when he found almost everybody saying "No!"—especially in rural, heartland areas—that, Martin knew, was *the* story, the untold one which he must tell America. Incidentally, Ballantine will publish both paper-back and hard-bound book expansions of his story shortly after the Post series concludes.

To point up the South's concern about The Problem, Martin tells this one: A Negro who lived in a plantation cabin, but worked in the planter's house, was asked by the Negro's wife what the white folks talk about in the privacy of the Big House. He said, "They just talk about us colored folks."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Paradise for Horse-Players"



There is a race track—a millionaire's project—where the customers are pampered and profit is no object. Sports expert Red Smith describes that unique approach to racing, Delaware Park.

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